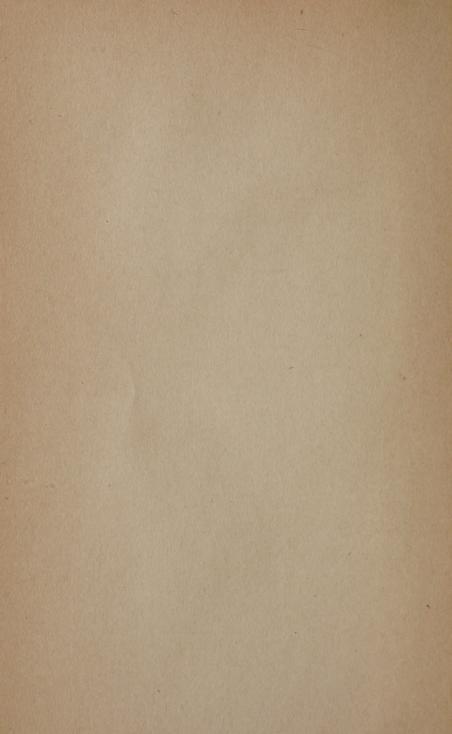




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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS







THE MAYFLOWER

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

AUTHOR OF "MIGHTY ENGLAND: THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE";
"THE PILGRIMS IN THEIR THREE HOMES"; "THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN
COLONIZATION"; "BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND," ETC.

With Illustrations



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IN REVERENT MEMORY AND APPRECIATION

OF MY ENGLISH ANCESTORS

BOTH FREE AND STATE CHURCHMEN

AND WITH ESPECIAL HONOR

TO THOSE WHO APPLIED DEMOCRACY TO RELIGION

AFTER THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF THE

SYRIAN LOVER OF THE COMMON PEOPLE



ONE of many correspondents complains that "the trouble with Americans seems to be that they consider that the Pilgrims are a unique creation of their own and that they had 'cornered' the market of the world on them — like the American Indians. It is somewhat hard for them to realize that these Puritans were bonafide, every-day Englishmen."

Too true!

I have tried to avoid this Yankee tendency, to sketch rather the historical backgrounds, to remember the meanings of words as used in former days, and, in picturing the past, to unshackle our minds from the present.

To learn about the Pilgrims I made seven journeys over the ground and in the archives of England, Holland, and America, and, in the years from 1886 to 1919, have had controversy, correspondence, or conversation with the Dexters, father and son, John Fiske, Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. E. Davis, Edward A. Freeman, Herbert Adams, John Brown of Bedford, Azel Ames, Thomas W. Higginson, R. S. Storrs, Ezra

Hoyt Byington, Daniel Van Pelt, George H. Boughton, Edwin D. Mead, Henry C. Murphy, Edwin Arber, Henry Codman Potter, Williston Walker, Charles W. Eliot, Edward J. Carpenter, Alexander MacKennal, Champlin Burrage, J. Rendall Harris, and various librarians and archivists; to all of whom my warm thanks are due.

Yet, while confessing a large debt to many friends and helpers, and still more to relics, records, and documents, I account the knowledge and insight gained while living four years under feudal and Imperial Japan of fifty years ago, to be of even more value for understanding the history of European countries, at a time when they were just emerging from mediævalism. For a true interpretation of the whole Pilgrim story, I should not be willing to exchange erudition for living experience under an ancient civilization; believing, as I do, that human nature and its response to conditions are the same everywhere and in all times, and that race prejudice is a relic of barbarism, if not of cave life.

In writing for, but not down to, young people, I have dwelt rather upon what was visible to, or interested, the Pilgrim boys and girls. Yet I have endeavored, also, to make clear the

formative principles and impelling motives, as well as conditions and events; and this without

any special interest in genealogy.

Though claiming to have no "corner" on the story of the Pilgrims, it is well for us Americans to know how much both they and we owe to the federal republic whose striped flag — the prototype of our own - was that of a true nation, and to realize how nobly the Separatists responded to their opportunities, in both Holland and America. No less than Jerusalem. Athens, and Rome do Scrooby, Levden, and Plymouth stand in history for great and imperishable ideas. The Pilgrim story shows that when democracy is conditioned by high religious motives, it is at its best. The Pilgrims believed, as do many of us to-day, that, for the building and regulating of a church, we may rely solely upon the Gospel, and that all true democracy is but the teaching of Jesus - as illuminated by his life - put into practice.

I have given my view of English history in another book: Mighty England: The Story of the English People. Nor, because I tell, more than most authors, of the mighty reinforcement in a republic of a body of loyal Englishmen, cast out of the mother country in Tudor and Stuart times, would I hinder for a moment

the deeper unity and closer coöperation, for the world's good, of all those English-speaking people, who, in 1920, join in celebrating the tercentenary of the sailing of the Mayflower.

W. E. G.

ITHACA, N.Y.

January, 1920

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE PILGRIMS

CHAPTER I

HOW THE WORLD LOOKED LONG AGO

When in 1918 two million of our American boys crossed the ocean, many of them saw old England, most of these for the first time. They were greatly surprised. They missed much that was in daily use at home. The people spoke the same language, but the general aspect was quite different. Some things the Americans wanted the English did not have. No ice-water, no ice-cream, no peanuts, no soda-water fountains, no pie, no cobs of corn, no fried chicken, no waffles! Tea, not coffee, even for breakfast, was the common drink, and almost everybody. from lord and lady to laborer and shopgirl, took a cup in the afternoon. The people on the pavements and the horses in the streets turned to the left, instead of to the right. Only a few streets ran straight, or kept the same name all the way along. The buildings were low and no skyscrapers were seen. There were few streetcar lines or subways.

On the railroads the little four-wheeled freight cars and the passenger coaches seemed more like toys or big boxes on wheels. The steam locomotives were astonishingly small, without cabs for the engineers, and the whole system, including arrangements for baggage, which they called "luggage," appeared to be very old-fashioned. Shops and stores, markets and fairs, roads and coins were different. Even the holy places had queer names, for Church and State were united.

Yet our men liked sight-seeing and studied their relations. One American infantryman, of whom General Pershing tells, was especially bent on seeing "The Church of England." Many things furnished fun for our boys, even while they met with warm hearts and open hands. England is an old, not a new country like ours, and in some things her people excel us. They cling to many customs which our fathers gave up long ago, and love them because they are old.

While the language was much the same, the accent and pronunciation, especially of the plainer people and country folk, were different, and often puzzled our boys, or made them laugh. To hear of a "goods" instead of a freight train, a "jug" instead of a pitcher, and of

"butcher's meat" and of "corn"—meaning any kind of grain except on the cob—seemed strange. The cockneys and railway porters in London pronounce ai as if it were long i. They talk of the "mine" line for "main" line, and "lidy" for "lady." When a military secretary asked a Yankee soldier, who wished to visit his English relatives, whether he wished to "go to die," it required a third party to explain the solecism, translate cockney into American, and prove that the question related to time and not to eternity. "To die" meant "to-day," and had no reference to the cemetery.

In other words, the English language and ideas, methods, and ways of looking and doing things are not the same on both sides of the Atlantic, though ever increasingly more alike. This is not merely because we Americans are made up of many nations. Even the Canadians and Australians found things and thoughts different from those in their own homes, though not so much as did "the Yanks." People whose fathers had grown up in a wild country, with new landscapes, animals, and articles of food, where the climate and weather were peculiar, and who passed through many experiences unknown to their fathers, must talk and think differently from those left behind in the

old country. Moreover, people living on an island, not much more than one twentieth part as large as the United States, find it a little hard wholly to understand us or our geography; while our boys must learn a good deal to know why "the Yanks" and "the Tommies," though good allies and comrades, are not wholly alike. Even American jokes come by slow freight into the minds of foreigners, while much of their fun is lost on us.

Still more, those soldier lads (if they remained long enough in the country to read history, to learn English ways, and to think and to compare) wondered at finding that some things connected with the government were mixed with religion in a very repulsive way. In death their comrades might not be allowed burial in what is called "consecrated" ground—for sectarianism, when backed by corporations, either religious or political, carries its edicts even into the grave. Their English friends, on receiving a bill of burial charges, might find printed on the top the headline, "unconsecrated ground."

Yet these old customs "established by law" offended millions of Englishmen, not to say Americans. The New Yorker or Texan found that, if he wanted to marry an English girl,

it must be done at a certain hour of the day and before some agent of the "church established by law." In a word, here were State and Church in union. He found in the Upper House of Parliament church rulers also, sitting as members, to make the laws. He learned that one sort of Christians had special advantages over the others, and the people in general actually had to pay taxes to support sectarian schools.

So the thinking American came to the conclusion that those laws, customs, and things most truly American had come to us, not from England, but from a republic, and from other lands than dear old England. He also found that very few English people understood our form of federal government—a sort which they had never tried; while others of our political features they envied, as indeed we admired some of theirs. In a word, mutual benefit followed on this contact of ideas.

Yet even in England, people and things are now almost as different from those of, say, 1500 A.D., as we and our ways are from them and theirs. Certain words and expressions, which not over-educated Englishmen call "Americanisms"—of which Shakespeare's plays are full—are only what our ancestors brought with

them oversea. Many a soldier from Kentucky, or New Jersey, was able to prove this, by quoting from the bard of Avon, or from the Bible.

Whatever is alive grows, and growth means change. Even the English landscape is not the same. The old forests are gone. Hundreds of square miles of drained marshes have become fertile fields. Whole species of birds and beasts once common are extinct, while new plants abound. The lepers, the horrible plagues, and the epidemics that swept off tens of thousands at a time occur no more. The modern Englishman is clean and loves soap and water, and soap-makers sit in Parliament; but in 1600 the old Roman baths were still forgotten under the rubbish of centuries, and personal cleanliness was not the shining virtue of England. To show the change in industry, there are millions of tall chimneys, where five centuries ago none was visible.

At the date of America's discovery, no English folk could understand the language spoken to-day. Even northern and southern men had hard work in conversation, for there were many dialects. Nor could a Welshman, or a Highlander, know what an Englishman was saying. Scotland and Wales were as foreign countries, as indeed many counties were to

each other. Except the castles, monasteries, cathedrals, church buildings, and tithe-barns, there were very few imposing edifices, or very fine or even comfortable homes. Nine tenths of the dwellings were but one-story thatched cottages. In the two-storied wooden buildings. there was one room up and one room downstairs, the upper floor being reached by a rude ladder or an outside stairway. Beds, in the country, were of rushes. Ninety-nine heads out of every hundred were laid, for their night sleep, on logs of wood for pillow or bolster. All lights and fires had to be out by nine o'clock. There were no carpets or matting, but only rushes, even on palace floors. Only a few people of the higher ranks knew by experience what linen, or underclothing, or bed-tick mattress, or pillows were. Such things as water pipes or bathtubs in a dwelling-house, or the regular cleaning, paving, or lighting of streets at night, were known only in a few places. Bricks had not been made since Roman times, but stone for the castles and cathedrals, wood and cement, or lath and clay, for the dwellings were the rule. There were no post-offices or postage stamps, no splendid public roads as to-day, and only a few great thoroughfares leading to the four points of the compass; that is, to

Scotland, France, Ireland, and the Nether-lands.

Of the population, thin and scattered, the majority lived in the country. London had only a hundred thousand inhabitants, and in very few towns or cities were there over five thousand souls. Banks or factories were unknown and few were the shops or stores. Mechanics worked at home, and people sold their goods in stalls in the towns; but especially at county fairs, held regularly, and along with the pigs, cattle, and country produce.

In religion no one could worship, assemble in companies for prayer or song in the English language, or have a church of any kind, except according to the one particular form—the church services being almost wholly in Latin. There were very few books and no libraries; for, as a rule, only the monks or priests could read. As for the knights, they scorned learning

and were even proud to be illiterate.

Indeed, the world into which an English boy or girl was born, even as late as the Commonwealth, was a very different one from that of which either an English or an American child of to-day learns to know. As our young people pass, step by step, from the cradle, the nursery, the school, the college, out into a trade or busi-

ness, and the more they learn of history, the more easily can they understand that English life in the time of the Tudors was like living in another world.

The uneducated, or those who in our country get their notions only from novels, pageants, the theater, and the "movies," know little of the reality; for these methods of amusement, as a rule, dwell upon whatever is pretty, romantic, or exciting, but not upon every-day life. It is usually only the dramatic side of history that attracts attention. Apart from other reasons, this means more money at the gate and ticket office.

In this book some other phases of English life and history shall be illustrated, more especially in telling of the boys and girls, whose fathers and mothers suffered as well as enjoyed.

In England, the very men who fought, and pleaded, and even died for law and freedom, were true forefathers of the American Republic. They uttered much the same words and professed the identical principles, while, better yet, living to make them real, as those which we have learned from the lips and lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Therefore, every American boy and

girl, we are sure, will enjoy knowing the full story of the Pilgrims—the story not only of the fathers and mothers, but of the young folks, scores of whom, before their lives ended, had had three homes. These were in dear old England, in brave little Holland, and in glorious America.

Across the North Sea, among the Dutch, however, the young American soldier of 1918, with his eyes and ears open, especially if he could speak and understand what was the principal language spoken in New York State until after the Revolution, would feel equally at home. He would recognize many familiar names, words, and things, the church and house architecture, the interior decoration and table service, manners and customs that were the same in the United States, and many of them exactly like those in colonial days. In a word, he would recognize the originals of that middle region, in which are New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, that forms distinctive America. People and vehicles turned to the right, not to the left. In the city ordinances and signs one could read, as could be read in old Philadelphia, "Turn to the right, as the law directs." On the breakfast table would be coffee, rather than tea; besides crullers, waf-

fles, and cookies — all of them Dutch words — sandwiches, turtle soup, and other things American that came first from Holland.

He would learn where Santa Claas lived and got his name, and where Pinxter, the old Mav-Day festival, and Thanksgiving Day, and New Year's Day calls originated. In Black Pete, servant of Santa Claas, or Saint Nicholas, he would recognize the darky servant-boy, typical of Manhattan in New Amsterdam days. He would find that a "boss" is the honorable title of a foreman. The word for a town hall, Stad Huys, would sound very much like a "state house." He might hear a song about Paul Jones on the streets. In the museums and literature he would discover a wonderful wealth of relics of the American Revolution, when the Dutch helped us to win our independence, lent us ships, officers, and solid money, which, when paid back in 1808, amounted to \$14,000,000.

In the cemeteries and on the door-plates he would recognize the family names of two of our Presidents, Van Buren and Roosevelt, to say nothing of our great men of finance, business, and government. Over the shop signs he would recognize hundreds of names of his own ancestors, or of those common in our city directories. Added to these would be hundreds more of peo-

ple of Scottish, Welsh, and Irish descent, now blended with the Dutch people. He might notice that the names of John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington were as familiar in Holland as are those of Edison and Hoover. If he could read the records in the archives, in several cities, he would find more documents about the Pilgrim Fathers than could be assembled in all England. There he would see the autographs of the Pilgrims - lovers, swains, wives and husbands — who began the State of Massachusetts. Here are numerous entries of betrothals, marriages, burials, tax-payings, and matriculations of students into the universities. who became famous in both British and American history. Before his eyes in the old paintings made in the days of the Dutch Republic, would be revealed the origin of the red and white stripes in our flag. He would learn that the first foreign salute fired in honor of the American flag, even before it had its blue field of stars, was that ordered by the Dutch governor at Saint Eustatius, in the West Indies, on November 17, 1776, from which island our fathers received nearly one half of all the cannon, powder, and supplies needed in our War for Independence.

Our soldier boy would be surprised to learn

that many of our army and ship terms are pure Dutch, and that the "camel" that carried Commodore Perry's fleet over the bar in Lake Erie, in 1813, was invented in Holland. He would recognize on the map the names of hundreds of places in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the Northwestern States of Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

With Dutch money the American would have little trouble, quickly discerning that the decimal system, on which ours is founded, was in use, and that "mint," "dimes," "dollars," and "cents" are all Dutch words. He could read street names and places, telling of English and Americans — the "Brownists," "Pilgrims," and "Puritans." If he knew Dutch history — so shamefully neglected in American schools and colleges - he would find that our ancestors, who signed the Declaration of Independence, who made the Constitution, and who founded our government, borrowed more, especially in the federal idea, the Senate, and the Supreme Court, from the Dutch Republic than from the English monarchy; because in colonial and nation-making days, the Dutch Republic, with all its defects and advantages, was a living model. He would note that this people, in 1579, throwing off the voke of Spain, formed, with a

written constitution, a federal union of seven states, all represented in the red and white stripes of the flag, and issued their Declaration of Independence in 1581; that John Adams declared that the originals of the two republics were as one transcript from the same page; while Franklin wrote that, in love of liberty and bravery in the defense of it, Holland was

"our great example."

If "the Yank" looked further into files of Dutch newspapers, from 1770 to 1783, he would find that the intellectuals of the Dutch Republic were our constant friends, and that to this day vital questions are decided in the courts of the greatest of our States according to Dutch, and not British, law. If he talked much or often with the people in their native language, or in English, which most educated Dutch folk use, he would discover that the average person in Holland knows and understands much more about our system of government than does the average Britisher.

Still further, if the American youth in khaki were a student equally of American, Netherlandish, and British history, of the story of France, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as well as of England, he would be convinced that the United States is more of a New Europe than

a New England. The Flemings and Walloons of Belgium, the Dutch and the Germans, the Scotch-Irish and Welsh, who before 1770 settled the Middle States, brought many things, ideas, and customs, from the Continent, that have gone into American life. On the other hand, the Pilgrims and Puritans also imported into the Eastern States not a few things purely Dutch; while Lord Baltimore, the descendant of a Netherlander, did the same in Maryland. By all these enriching ideas and institutions we Americans have profited, while yet grateful to England, the home of our fathers.

In short, in a majority of the things most characteristically American, and which so surprise the Englishman whose historical reading is defective, we are, in our inheritances, as much Dutch and Continental as we are English. The Separatists, or Pilgrims, from 1590 to 1625, and the Puritans from 1580 to 1640, learned so much in the Dutch Republic, that he who does not know this vital fact has not read much history, while to ignore it makes a caricature of the triple story, (1) of the Pilgrims and the Puritans; (2) how the British Whigs and Liberals fed their souls in Holland until, in 1830, England had a parliament representing men, and not land only; and (3) how we all, on this side of the

Atlantic, from many nations and countries, became Americans.

In the Dutch archives familiarity with the autographs, items, and records about the Pilgrims makes their history very real. In a word, Holland was one of their homes, and the Dutch republican army was the school in which the pioneers and early captains of New England were trained.

Let all this melt into "the infinite azure of the past," with charity and love, though not into oblivion; for if the Tudor and Stuart kings and prelates of England had been as good and kind, in giving welcome then, to the Pilgrims, as the English people are now to us - in large measure their descendants - we might never have had the glorious independent American commonwealth, and never have "hated" the England of to-day, champion of freedom and the mother of nations. Equally true is it that the facts and the proofs demand that we must hail Holland as one of the three homes of the Pilgrims and one of the fatherlands of the American Nation. And this, if we are largeminded, we can do without abating one jot or tittle of our love to the land of our sires, beautiful, mighty, glorious, and invincible England.

CHAPTER II

A MIRROR OF ENGLISH HISTORY

Englishmen of to-day can hardly believe that, altogether, thousands of people in England were once burned for their religion, or for what was called witchcraft; or were hanged, by tens of thousands, for trivial offenses - such as stealing a sheep or shooting a deer. There were over two hundred kinds of wrongdoing for which death by sword, axe, or rope was the penalty. For political offenses the legal custom was to chop up the dead man's body into quarters and distribute these over the country, hanging the flesh and bones over the city gateways. It was thought by thus exposing the human carrion — "to poison half mankind," as Pope says, and to furnish food for dogs and birds of prey - that other persons would be deterred from crime. During the reign of Henry VIII seventy-two thousand persons were hanged or beheaded in England. The laws were frightfully "religious" in form, but not in spirit. The "high displeasure of God" was a common phrase on the statute books. The priests and those in power seemed to be so busy in saving souls and looking

to the next world that they spared little time to improve this one, or to better their own or

the people's morals.

Now it was like living in Tudor England to dwell, as I did, from 1870 to 1874, in the interior of a country in which laws, manners, and customs were much the same as in Oueen Elizabeth's time. There was no such thing as government of the people, for the people, or by the people. At the top was a ruler, who claimed to represent God on earth and to be his special favorite. Under him were nobles, who lived finely in silk, with plenty of good food and with many servants. Next were the knights, who paid no taxes, but wore armor in war, and in peace the daily costume of gentlemen. As mark of their rank they carried swords. They had a system of heraldry, coats of arms and family crests, which were embroidered on their own and their servants' coats. In fact, one could tell, from his costume, in what class any person belonged.

There were also thousands of monks and priests — ten times more than were necessary — and most of them very lazy. All these, with the nuns, nobles, gentry, and "religious" people, numbering in all over a tenth of the population, did not work with their hands, but they

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owned the land and lived off the people, who dwelt in small houses and under rigid sumptuary laws. The only large buildings were castles, monasteries, and temples; but along the roads were thousands of little shrines, with images, candles, and incense, where people prayed and told their beads. There were no streets lighted at night, and every traveler must carry a lantern. Most of the larger towns or cities were walled. Beside much that was horrible, there was more that was picturesque.

Below the privileged classes was the great mass of farmers, traders, peasants, and working-people of all sorts. Below these, again, were actors, jugglers, strolling players, beggars, and outcasts. Of the four grades of common folk, the farmer ranked the highest. The merchant and shopkeeper were lower in the scale, for trade was not in honor and commerce by land or sea was just beginning. Most business was done at fairs.

These common folk, no matter how rich some of them might be — though few of these there were — were not allowed to ride on horses, or to wear any but very cheap clothes. They could not spend their cash as they might wish to do. When their children married, no one was allowed to make a wedding present worth over a

few cents. They paid all the taxes and worked hard, the whole year round, to support their superiors. A farmer could not buy, sell, or exchange land, or bequeath it by will to his children. He was not allowed to think for himself, or to worship, except in the way the Government ordered or allowed. If he did, he might be imprisoned, beheaded, or burned alive. He must do just as his lord or priest told him, for Church and State were hand in hand. In fact, many were told that if they did not leave their money to the priests, their souls would not be saved. There were some very sarcastic proverbs about the part that money played in religion, and also concerning the profits of the church corporations.

Except for a few general rules, the law was secret and no one but the magistrates knew what its details were. If arrested for crime, a man was thrust into a horrible, cold prison, with a crowd of convicts, and there he might starve if not fed by his relatives. To obtain his confession he might be tortured, by being beaten, crushed, torn, branded, or burned. He had to kneel before his judges at the trial. When his head was cut off it was stuck on top of a pole, set up beside the road, nailed up over the city gates, or placed on a pillory. Such sights were very

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common and in some places daily seen. After imprisonment everybody shunned the criminal and there were no plans for reforming him. In some parts of the country they saved the expense of maintaining prisons, by trying the condemned man in the morning, cutting off his head in the afternoon, and burying him before sunset. There were different codes of law and punishment for the knights and gentry and for the plain people. In front of every magistrate's office was the trio of defensive weapons to disarm rough or drunken knights or armed men, besides the "catchpole," of which we shall hear further on. In a word, as compared with to-day, neither Japanese in 1870 nor Englishmen in 1590 had freedom of conscience, and little of body.

There was no free general education for the common people. Books were chiefly for priests, clerks, monks, or the sons of nobles and gentlemen. Even the universities were not much above the grade of the grammar schools of our time. The so-called "public" schools — that is, outside the church or monastery — were not public at all. Education paid for by general taxation, and open and free to all, was unknown. "Hospitals" were very rare and were far from being the places of comfort we now know. There

were few, indeed, where the very poor and friendless could go. The dentist was usually a blacksmith, or carpenter, and the barber a surgeon. A druggist's shop was a museum of curiosities and its drugs were often very repulsive. Trained physicians were almost unknown, for science was just beginning. In its place, superstition ruled men's minds everywhere, among both the learned and the unlettered, the priests being especially ignorant and hostile to anything new, and using a dead language in their rituals.

All the creatures of imagination, such as fairies, imps, nixies, sprites, demons, and evil spirits of all sorts, were believed to be very real, very busy, very active, and ever close at hand. The priests, in the name of religion, were well paid to keep off these imaginary beings, for the people believed in their powers of evil. At almost every crossroad stood a shrine or image, under which, or at the temple doors, beggars and lepers - and there were a good many of them - sat and pleaded for alms. The lunar calendar was in vogue and New Year's Day came in February, or March. The year was divided up into seasons and festival days, with names based on church rules or farmers' customs.

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Nearly every child born was in terror, more or less, and all his life, because he was taught that malicious creatures were everywhere. The devils lurked singly, in strange places, such as woods, swamps, and heaths; or they roamed in throngs or droves, especially on the night wind and in storm and darkness. Children were told that the sacred bells would drive them away, and it was imagined that by making a certain sign on their breasts, or repeating a formula of words taught them, they would be protected from harm. Boys and girls wore charms or amulets around their necks to defend them from disease or the devils. Hardly a house or a stable but had nailed above the door something bought from the priests, to ward off evil. In fact, being a priest was one of the best of moneymaking trades. If a man were poor, his "religion" cost him a large part of his wages.

The center or focus of life in every village, and one of the largest of buildings, was that in which the people worshiped, said their prayers, and heard sermons or the mass. These were all in the possession of the priests, and were ruled by them and not by the people; for the common person was not allowed to think, but only to obey. He must pay the priest or monk, throw his coins in the box, and hold his tongue. It cost

a good deal of money to be buried, for it was taught that the use of bells and candles, censers and incense, with the chanting of prayers, and many other things, were necessary to scare away the demons and open the gates of Paradise. Even these were not enough, for cash must be paid for petitions to the many saints in behalf of the dead person, to get his or her soul out of the pains of the other world. There were many "chantries" or chapels for this purpose.

Yet religion had its sunny side also, for people, whether Buddhist or Christian, are alike in their nature. Feasting, pilgrimages — which, when made in crowds, were much like picnics or pleasure excursions — were common. Yet the more there were of these merrymakings and indulgences of the appetites, with gluttony and coarse amusements allowed by the church, or temple rulers, the more were the people kept in ignorance and obedience to their rulers. From the time of Lao-Tsze, the Chinese philosopher, to the present, the people are not inclined to think deeply when their stomachs are over-full.

In still another way the people among whom I lived were like those of my forefathers in Rouen, in France, at Hastings, in Nottingham, in Switzerland, and in Wales; that is, there were a few men of earnest mind who protested against

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thus keeping the masses in ignorance. These men insisted that the priests and men in power built fences, as of barbed wire, to keep earnest souls from seeking the truth. If these thinking men, whether in Japan or in England, could have had their own way, they would have smashed the images, abolished monasteries and monopolies, and stopped the dictation of foreigners living in a distant country. They would have the people educated to read, to write, to think, and to know history. For religion, they would have good teachers, and church officers elected by themselves, and be thus trained in self-government. They believed that as religion becomes purer and more spiritual, it drops the sacrificial forms and becomes educational, appealing less to the senses, the body, and the emotions, and more to the mind. These men hated excess of symbols, all priestly oppression, all state religion, and the interference of politicians with the conscience. They would have the soul wholly free. These men knew that religions are many — as numerous as weeds — but religion is one.

But what happened? In the story of freedom such men were treated exactly alike, whether in old Japan or in old England, for human nature — call it pagan, Christian, Anglo-Saxon,

or Chinese—is always and everywhere the same. Those men, bringers-in of a better time, who, in our day are honored in bronze statues and splendid monuments, were, in old days, arrested, thrown into prisons, their books and writings burned or otherwise destroyed. Many of them were put to death by fire, sword, or the gallows. English history and Japanese are astonishingly alike. Liberty of either thinking or printing was not, at first, allowed by kings, queens, or bishops, whether Buddhist or Christian. In a word, no Asiatic need be ashamed of his country's history when compared with that of Europe; for in both the evolution of liberty of thought and conscience was slow.

CHAPTER III

ENGLAND'S MOST WONDERFUL CENTURY

To every alert youth, in every generation, the century in which he lives must seem the greatest, for he is part of it and is growing with its growth. His interest in events and things visible is keener and his opportunity is before him.

The England of the sixteenth century was that of new horizons, of great sailors and explorers, and of Shakespeare. There were many unusual happenings and mighty movements. New people, fresh ideas, and astonishing inventions so crowded the stage of history that this era may perhaps be named as greatest of all; at least for the "right little, tight little island."

These were indeed "spacious days."

After the Middle Ages all Europe had expanded. Then followed the discovery of America, which pushed England out into the world, made her look westward and gave her a new point of view. Her people thereafter had many and thrilling hopes and expectations, with new interests. The ocean path opened in the direction of the setting sun and ever toward a new morning. Its lure made England the successful rival of Spain — then the dominating world

power. Adventure and enterprise, besides revealing the riches of the Orient, started Mother England on her unique career of planting colonies and building nations. Bold sailors carried her flag around the globe. In a word, from being insular and unimportant, England became Imperial. She created an empire greater than the Roman.

Yet all these doings, while very wonderful, were beyond her borders; England's most startling achievement was the discovery of herself. She found out that liberty is ever to be won only by those who seek it. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." The people learned to have faith, first in God, and then in themselves through a more direct and vital vision of truth. They found out, also, that their fellow sinners, whether living under crowns or in canonicals, could not monopolize the divine favor. We of English descent do well to sing:

"Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of Liberty";

for our English ancestors, by both faith and

works, proved the truth we sing.

Before Tudor times the conscience of England had been ruled by a potentate, the head of a religious corporation in Italy, a thousand miles away. From the Greek title of this ruler,

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which means "father," we get our affectionate terms, "papa" and "pop." About 1575 an English rhymester spoke of his "Enemie pretended, but in hart a friend to the Papa." This corporation had inherited the grand traditions of the Roman Empire and its methods were those of the Cæsars.

Not satisfied with religion, it was even more concerned with politics. It taught what we now regard as the horrible heresy that political rulers could interfere with the conscience. In England it wielded instant power over all the affairs of life and its stern rules had to be obeyed. Without its permission, men could not be married or buried. It overawed all, from the king to the pauper. It was able to drive a monarch from his throne, or set the mark of Cain upon the common man. For slavery of conscience and for political interference in another country's affairs there had been nothing exceeding it in history.

Every time we sing our national anthem, "My country, 't is of thee," we ought to feel thankful that our English ancestors first threw off the yoke of this Italian corporation, and then tamed their own tyrant kings to be their servants. Our debt to England can never be fully repaid.

[29]

How the world has changed! To-day, the British king, instead of being above the law, a tyrant and a terror to his subjects, is a gentleman beloved by all, a true friend and servant of the people, respected throughout the earth. The pope, in place of being constantly mixed up in politics, alternately the master or the puppet of kings and armies, is a Christian bishop, honored among the nations as the spiritual leader of millions whose bond is that of love and reverence. Instead of an English bishop being a feudal lord, liege-man of the king, and an arbitrary magistrate, he is the honored overseer of a flock and often among the noblest and most useful of men. More and more the principle of the Master, "My Kingdom is not of this world," prevails in, and because of, the separation of Church and State - a principle which lies at the foundation of the Pilgrim faith and the American Republic.

Then, also for the first time, England, in Tudor days, welcomed to her shores thousands of Belgian fugitives, escaping from the same slavery of conscience and from the Spanish yoke. This influx, beginning in 1567, was like the hiding of leaven in a lump, to work transformation; for these people changed England's economic life. Heretofore the chief English industry had

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been the keeping of sheep and the raising of wool, which was sold in Flanders. "The sheep's foot turns sands into gold," said the proverb. This trade had been England's greatest source of wealth, so that the crimson upholstery, on which the speaker of the Upper House sits, is called the "Woolsack," for, of old, his seat was only a bag of wool. Yet besides this one export, England, being a land of raw materials chiefly. had hardly any foreign trade or commerce and very few crafts, factories, banks, or printing presses, with only the crudest sort of agriculture. Thus, from one of the poorest, the English became one of the richest, of nations. Once wholly agricultural, they developed into a manufacturing people.

These Belgian and Dutch refugees for conscience' sake were skilled farmers, workmen, mechanics, weavers, dyers, artists, bankers, and merchants. They were artificers in lace, tapestry, and cloth, men and women who made things both fine and useful, such as only city folk had ever seen. Their trades were so wonderful that the English called them "mysteries." Within two generations garden vegetables, unknown before, and new and larger crops

of grain and grass, with improved farming, had

population doubled. So, when the seventeenth century opened, the nation was strong enough to defy all enemies and to hold its own in the world. In the third generation thousands of the sons of these refugees formed a large element in the Parliamentary army.

The Italian potentate might excommunicate her sovereigns, but verbal thunders hurt them not. Never again would England allow the servants of a foreigner to meddle with her domestic affairs, or to have any rule within her borders — not even under the pretext of religion.

How wonderful that sixteenth century was, we have only to learn by presenting, in epitome, its story.

After several foreign dynasties on the throne of England, the Welshman had his turn, as the Scotsman was later to have his. In the Wars of the Roses — which consisted chiefly of skirmishes between nobles of rival families in which the people had little interest — Henry Tudor, that is, Henry Theodore, met his opponent Richard on the battle-field. There he won victory and became king.

Tudor is only Welsh for Theodore. Nearly all modern Welsh family names are taken from Christian names with s added, which means "son," as in Jefferson, Williams, etc.; or, from

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some feature in the landscape, as Penn, from

pen, a point, etc.

Meanwhile affairs at one end of the earth affected England at the farthest west. That is the world's history: the action of Asia — where most things we enjoy and suffer originated — upon Europe and America. It is because historians ignore this fact that we get such narrow notions about ourselves and "the Orientals," and hear such rubbish as "never the twain shall meet," the "unchanging East," etc.

The Turks, in 1453, had captured Constantinople and driven the Greek scholars into western Europe. These men came west with ideas that are as powerful as armies, besides words that cut like swords, and, even better, give light. They brought the New Testament in their hands. This little library of biography and letters, written, much of it, in prison or exile, by men suffering for conscience' sake, who were "pilgrims and strangers on the earth," proved to be, to oppressors, worse than dynamite. It was as the TNT explosive, used in the big war, through which we have just passed; because the reading of this little book was bound to upset the prevalent systems of Church and State, and to bring to birth republics and democracies. To allow it to be read by the people, in a true trans-

lation from the Greek, was almost certain to tumble over both thrones and cathedral chairs. Its translation and publication in common language meant a moral earthquake. Plain folks would quickly find out that kings were as great sinners, and often as great fools, as commoners, and as surely to be punished for both their folly and their wickedness.

Worse yet, if "Hodge" - which is the nickname of the English farm laborer - should learn to read, he might discover what both real and original Christianity, and its counterfeit, were. He would see, for example, that apart from teachers, the only necessary executive officers in the early Church were two, overseers and servants; that is, bishops and deacons, as Paul wrote to the first Christian Church in Europe, at Philippi. Still more menacing, to crowns and mitres and "princes of the Church," was the New Testament record that the people elected their own officers by votes, in a show of lifted hands, as the Book of Acts tells us. It might even dawn upon them that a "church" was not a building, or a corporation with political power over the souls of men, whether Christian or Hebrew.

The result, so dreadful to monks and prelates, would be that religion would be transferred to

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the home and family, with its seat in the conscience. Then a man's character would be judged by his acts instead of by his words. This would be disastrous for kings and church princes, for Bible reading showed that in the ancient Christian congregations neither kings nor prelates had anything to do with the matter

of personal religion.

In the early days a bishop — that is, a superintendent, guardian, inspector, or overseer —
was simply the pastor of one church, and he was
chosen by the church members, in open meeting, by a show of hands. All the first churches
were "conventicles," such as Queen Elizabeth
denounced by "law"; that is, they were small
companies of believers who held meetings in
private houses; no such thing as an edifice,
called a "church" or a "cathedral" — that
is a chair-house — being known for three centuries after the crucifixion. The very word
"church," now popularly used to mean a building, is a curious corruption of the original term,
meaning a company of people.

Moreover, the language of the first Christians and of the New Testament was Greek, not Latin. Readers would find, too, that many of the customs, fashionable in Christian churches since the Middle Ages, had been borrowed from

the heathen or introduced from Buddhism; such as priestly uniforms or vestments, millinery, lace coats or shirts, lights, incense, beads, rosaries, prayers for the dead and to the saints, angels having feathers and wings, and the use of books to pray out of. When they saw that the Saviour's memorial supper had been changed from a social meal to a priestly function, made into a passion play, set forth in the form of a drama, and called "the mass," they were both surprised and pained. Seeing this, together with "consecrated ground" - from which all except adherents to one form of ritual were refused burial — besides a thousand other things unknown in the New Testament, resulting in corruption of the pure and primitive faith, they would ask disagreeable questions which might disturb the priests to answer. They might even find out the true history of the Church; and, in fact, they did find it out. They believed that the Church could exist without the State, and religion flourish outside of politics.

To-day, in our free country, we have dropped the Roman, the Tudor, and the Stuart idea, that every one must think and believe alike. So has England. We have substituted Nature's method of variety in harmony. All these different outward ways of worshiping God — Greek,

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Roman, Russian, Reformed, Episcopal, Quaker, or what not — are left to the conscience of the individual, or to the vote of the congregation; but to have any one method of belief or worship forced upon us, on pain of torture, imprisonment, or death, seems barbarous, and is to be resisted.

In what respect were these Europeans different from Chinese or Japanese, who contemporaneously engaged in the same cruel business of persecution? Before they knew it, our Separatist ancestors were good Americans.

Let us understand at once the difference in purpose and principle, between Pilgrim and Puritan, between the ruling ideas of the Middle Ages and of modern times. With the Anabaptists, the Dutch Republic, the Pilgrims, and the United States of America, and now, with most civilized nations, religion is a matter of the individual conscience; with the others, religion is and was made an engine of government. In none, as yet, however, is either perfection found or absolute consistency exhibited.

CHAPTER IV

FUN AND PLAY IN THE OLD HOME

One of the best ways of understanding the Pilgrim men and women is to study their lives when they were boys and girls. For permanent impressions made and influences on character, we must look to the working in early life of the factors of environment. In later years the forces of heredity have freer and often inexorable play. In middle age men and women find the inheritances from ancestors more powerful even than their own wills. Yet to discern and appreciate the normal adult as he is, when the faculties are in balance, we must look to his childhood.

George Washington declared that the forces of ability and experience are best blended between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. A true representation of his boyhood gives a clear insight into the life of our great leader. The authentic anecdotes show that the boy was

father of the man.

In the case of those who left the church and country of England, to seek a new environment, in order to hand down a different sort of heredity, a true picture of life and amusement in the England of their time explains why they re-

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jected most of the popular sports and chose a more serious life. We shall see why, after turning their backs on their old home, they spoke of it as "Egypt." Their experience was as the nightmare of slavery appears to the freedmen of America. These Non-Conformists read and re-read the story of deliverance from Pharaoh, and they sang of the "year of jubilee" as the Conformists could not; for "They jest at scars who never felt a wound."

We shall glance at those English sports, in Tudor and Stuart times, to which a boy naturally looked for enjoyment. To him they seemed appropriate, because so popular, and yet those most delighted in by all classes inflicted pain

and suffering upon the dumb brutes.

Closely allied in morals to Spanish bull-fights was bear-baiting or the worrying of Bruin by English mastiffs. This brutish enjoyment was delighted in by all, from queens to scullions. That "bright Occidental star," Queen Elizabeth, sat through the process of tormenting thirteen bears in one day. She was the Diana of English history, "hunting every other day until six or seven o'clock in the afternoon," and bringing down many a deer with her crossbow. Since at times the theater might interfere with the delectable sport of bear-baiting, Her Majesty

had an edict issued in 1591 that on Thursday, or bear-baiting day, no drama should be performed.

In the "Paris," the most famous bear-garden at Southwark, in London, were two animals renowned for their claws and teeth; one named Sackerson and the other Harry Huncks. These could upset, tear, or drive off the attacking dogs; but the bear "ward" or owner was careful to see that his money-making pets were never too much mauled by his canine rivals. These bear-baiting shows were catchpenny affairs. An admittance fee was charged, and Sunday was the great day when the manager would "ring in the brass"; the gate money being a halfpenny for each person. To see the bear rear itself, tumble, strike out, and claw, often bloody and "slavering" while in the ring, delighted the spectators.

Even the clergy were so fond of this brutalizing pastime that, like fashionable parsons at our seaside or other bathing-places of old, they would hurry or adjourn divine service in order to be present and see the big game. In many cases in England, as on the Continent, bears were kept at the expense of the town, as at Berne, or "Bear Town," in Switzerland. When the animal thus kept for public amusement

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died, the parish officers were, in some cases, known to sell the Bible from the church desk in order to buy a new brute.

Many are the veiled or open references in Shakespeare to this pastime. In "Twelfth Night," Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, who, when in college, furnished an example too frequent, of the student who never allows his studies to interfere with his academic course, said, in later life: "I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues [languages] that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!" This is the wail of the derelict and submerged ex-student in every age, and most pathetic is the story of those quondam spendthrifts of time, strength, and money, who in after years attempt when too late to redeem the wasted years.

Once in a while the bear broke loose, adding an unexpected and undesirable item to the programme. It was highly exciting when the maddened brute turned upon its human tormentors. Stories are told of big bites by Bruin out of the calf of many a runaway on these occasions. The Puritans kept this sport within bounds, securing at first only regulation, rather than prohibition; but during the Commonwealth they abolished the cruel custom; which,

however, was re-introduced at the Restoration. This degrading sport was not swept out of existence by law until 1835.

In his "History of England," Hume wrote that "even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offense." There is more fun than fact in Macaulay's rhetoric, when he followed Hume, telling us that "the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Both of these witty statements are more or less false. One old writer declared that this sport "drew all the devils to one place"—which might be the bear's opinion also. In this matter British Christian society fell below the moral standard and the general practice of Buddhism.

Bull-baiting was also practiced for the public amusement; four dogs being set at a bull. "Cock-throwing" was another form of enjoyment. A rooster was put in a box with its head protruding, or was tied fast to a stick or rail. Boys then threw stones or cudgels at the poor prisoner, until it fell under a mortal stroke. Or, if put into an earthen vessel, the lad who, with a stone, hit the crockery and smashed it, carried away the bird as his prize.

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There was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in those days, and religious bigotry added to the sufferings of the poor creature with red comb and shining tail feathers. Even the parsons enjoyed this sport, justifying their weakness by calling the cock the "devil's messenger," because it crowed thrice when Peter denied his Master! Others beside clericals made this their excuse for their cruelty in "cock-throwing."

How different was all this, as seen on the Continent, where chanticleer was hailed as the herald of the dawn and symbol of the resurrection, teaching the idea of the eternal day after the night of death! Among the early Christians the crowing cock was the emblem of vigilance. On the lofty church spires, in both old and New Netherland, this was the constant lesson taught. It is true that in modern days the significance of the chanticleer on the spire, now a "weather" cock, has been popularly forgotten and associated with weather probabilities.

Wrestling and archery were more manly pastimes, the one being a test of strength, the other of skill. With bow, arrow, and quiver ladies also found pleasure in this fine outdoor exercise with its social attractions as well as

its physical benefit to eyesight and muscle. In 1545 the great educator, Roger Ascham, wrote his famous book entitled "Toxophilus"—which means love of the bow—and this quickly became very popular. He urged that even children should early be taught under good instructors how to handle bows and arrows, so as not in later life to have to unlearn bad ways. For the little folks a "bird bolt" was made. This, being short and blunt, could not do as much harm when it went astray as if pointed or barbed. Cupid was pictured with a bow and one of these bird bolts. In the play, Biron says to the French princess,

"Thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt arrow of the boy Cupid."

The range of the shaft shot by a skilled bow-man was tremendous, the Cornish standard for a hit being 480 yards. "To clap the clout" was to hit the white mark on the target or the "bull's-eye." In battle a flight of arrows from the English archers more than once won decisive victory. These skilled targeteers were considered England's first line of offense on the battle-field, and the second for home defense. In London, in 1583, a procession of three thousand of these bowmen was seen, many of them wearing gold chains on their

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necks. The competition was held at Smithfield, which afterwards became a famous place for cremating Christians, called "heretics," by order of the Church authorities.

As long as poor powder and the clumsy and over-heavy cannon made slow and slight progress in efficiency, the bow was the main weapon relied upon by the British in war—for the Welshmen were the best and most numerous in the corps of archers. When "small arms" in the hands of the Netherlanders—then the nation, especially under Maurice, leading in military science—meant "snaphances," or "snapcock" guns, a musketeer could fire without carrying along a heavy iron prong for a rest. He could also take better aim and pull from a trigger, instead of touching off the powder in the pan with the lighted end of his six or eight feet of rope, or "match."

Gradually the bow fell into disuse, for now the soldier could be "cock-sure" of hitting what he aimed at. The main reliance in battle then shifted from the wooden to "the leaden arrow," and the bow, arquebus, or cross-bow went out of army use, in the time of Henry VIII. From this era on, archery was, for the most part, a pastime rather than a war craft. Then also the allied industries of the

bow-maker, the fletcher or arrow-maker, the whiffler or string man, with the ushers, pages, and associates, sank into slight importance.

Other outdoor sports were hurling, wrestling, football, quoits, hunting, hawking, coursing, and wild-duck shooting. These made England a country, probably excelling all others, wherein the men, dogs, and horses were well acquainted with each other. Going out at night with torches into the woods, swamps, and bushy places and clubbing or catching birds when they were half blinded by the glare, was a very

successful way of providing pot-pie.

Hare and rabbit hunting furnished fascinating sport. The cunning of these creatures, in throwing dogs off the scent, by hiding in a flock of sheep, was often noticed by writers. Yet we must not mix the conies and the kings. It is remarkable how many places in England are called after "conies," as rabbits were then called, or after warrens, or rabbit burrows. The old word "konig," "koning," or "koenig," meaning "king," was in sound much like that for "Molly Cottontail." Hence one must be careful in deciding upon derivations, as in Cunningham, Warren, etc.

On visiting Scrooby, in harvest time, I noticed that the American reaping machines



THE VILLAGE OF SCROOBY FROM THE MANOR GROUNDS



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made a stubble and thus quickly laid open to the light the covert of the long-eared, fluffy creatures, driving them into a small square, whence they were more easily caught. I was impressed with their great numbers. From very old days rabbit pie has been an autumn staple on English dinner tables. Even in the time of Julius Cæsar one tribe of people on the Continent was called "Caninefates," or "rabbit-catchers" or "eaters."

England's favorite saint furnished fun for the boys of Tudor days who enjoyed the stories about giants and dragons, very much as the youngsters of to-day like to read about and, in imagination, in tableaux, and in play, pose as pirates, cowboys, stage-robbers, Indian killers, and other strenuous characters. It was not difficult for the Puritan fathers and mothers to switch off the minds of their children to the wonderful narratives in the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, which contain the stories of adventure and action which boys crave so constantly.

"Riding Saint George" was a play, or pageant, at first encouraged and then enforced by law, in which the guilds and soldiers took part. Even more of a fad was the play called "The Holy Martyrs of Saint George." Great

preparations were made in advance for the filling of stomachs, as well as for the delights of the eye. At such a season all the inns would overflow with guests who had come to see the parade and the crowd. The living man chosen to represent the dragon-killer was usually a big, handsome fellow, who rode on the best and most richly caparisoned horse in the shire.

The long and rather waddling dragon was a compendium of ferocity and terribleness, but most gloriously painted and gilded. With two boys inside, to furnish legs and motive power, the pasteboard monster moved, or swayed, in more or less orderly fashion, though the front and hind legs did not always keep step. Occasionally the much elongated creature showed signs of nervous prostration from some internal trouble. From far down his throat, and sticking out a goodly length, was the famous spear of Saint George, which, thrust in at the right moment, finished the monster.

But a horrid dragon, without a lovely maiden to devour, furnished only half the fun. So the prettiest girl in the town was selected to be the rescued princess. Decked out in tinsel, with gorgeous bodice and spangled skirts, she was poised on a raised platform fixed on wheels. Altogether, this "moving mass of splendor"

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quite rivaled the modern circus, whether we think of alluring advertisement or the reality upon sawdust.

There was also a pet lamb, all garlanded, and with the traditional Mary as its keeper, who was all blushes and smiles, while her cheeks resembled damask roses. Bells and horns made the appropriate noises, so delighted in by the small boy, and formed the proper appendix to the general epidemic of rapture.

Thus it has come to pass that in the course of centuries the English people, with their country customs and rustic pageants, have developed a national folk art, well worthy of study, and on which a charming volume has been written. Few things so accurately mirror the life of a people as their amusements.

¹ English Pageantry. By R. Withington, Harvard University Press. 1919.

CHAPTER V

A GIRL'S LIFE IN MERRIE ENGLAND

THE girls born between 1590 and 1608, who grew up to be the women in the Pilgrim party, were, until their journey across the North Sea, in all their ideas and inheritances thoroughly English. Moreover, they were born and reared in the country. Hence their thoughts, habits, and association were rural. Not until reaching Holland had most of them ever seen a city. As mature women, mothers, and wives, they could not lose either their race memory or their own personal recollections. It is therefore good to inquire into the background and atmosphere of their education which began in their cradles. No university ever built can equal the training in the nursery and home. For girl or boy this is as relatively rich in practical values as that which in later life is measured in years. Moreover, the old mother's proverb - coined before the days of general scattering, in our days of the American family, because of the West, the new economics, the ease of travel, or the lure of Europe or Asia — was then impressively true:

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife: My daughter's my daughter all the years of her life."

A GIRL IN MERRIE ENGLAND

Not then was a "spinster" an old maid, but usually a very young and fresh one, or even a sedate housewife. The modern artist paints correctly the Pilgrim maiden, who is wisely sought in marriage by a lover of the King Lemuel type of mind, as busy at the wheel. The young woman of whom it could be said, "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands," was likely to be wooed and won by the swain who, delivered from the bondage of the present, looked also to the future.

Beside a daughter's accomplishments in the fine arts of baking and brewing — so necessary if a good mate was to be caught and held and the daily round of varied domestic duties in house, farm, and garden, there were the fun and frolic of games and sports, and the claims of the church year, with its festivals and fasts. There were also some things that came even closer to the business and heart of the average maiden. These were the mystical lore and methods by which, it was commonly believed, she might learn about her future husband. As marriageable age approached, these were by no means secondary matters. The talismans and secrets of the art lay chiefly in the vegetable kingdom, as we shall see, and it was when England's hedgerows turned into bouquets, and the

procession of the flowers began, that girls were happiest.

One of the prettiest and most attractive parterres, or larger beds devoted to flower culture, in England, is the "herb-garden." Here are grown the aromatic plants which few Americans — at least those dwellers in cities ever see, either cultivated or in their natural environment. To most of us the chief place of origin of these plants is in our mental associations, as furnished by the older poets, especially Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Herrick; and notably in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Here we distinguish mint, rue, cummin, caraway, rosemary, Saint-John's-wort, vervain (verbena), orpine, anise, coriander, chicory, amaranthine, love-in-idleness, thyme, muskrose, eglantine, and what not. To most of us the literary savor prevails over practical acquaintance or botanical classification. One of the most attractive of the sentimental and artistic treasures of Central Park in New York is, or was, the "Shakespeare Garden," opened in 1917, and containing the flowers, over two hundred in number, blooming perennially in English classical poetry. Its originator named it "The Garden of the Heart."

To the English maidens of Tudor times some

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of these plants had significance and potencies not discerned by the modern male. The girls of 1600 gathered them to put under their pillows at night, hoping to conjure up dreams of their mate-to-be. Especially elect plants were Saint-John's-wort, vervain, orpine, and rue. A sprig of orpine, set the day before in clay or on a bit of slate, when looked at the next morning was prophetic; for according as the stalk inclined to the right or left, the maiden's lover would prove true or false. This inquisition of the future was generally made at the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist, or Midsummer Night's Eve, on June 24, just after the solstice. Hence the pertinency of the title of Shakespeare's play of that name.

In the sixteenth century the common flowers in the meadows were violets, daisies, pansies, the blue and white milkwort; and on the hills the yellow gorse and pink heather — for Scotland is not the only part of Britain in which these heath blooms are plentiful. In the orchard were pears, mulberries, apples — though not the splendid big ones of many varieties that make New York State a great orchard. The garden boundary walls were of clay, or mud, and were usually thatched on top.

Household comforts were few. Windows, or

the "wind-eyes" — that is, holes in the house walls — were in most houses covered with horn, skin, or greased paper. When glass came into fashion it was at first known only among the richer folk and treated very much as personal baggage is with us. On removal to another house, it was the custom to take out the sashes and carry them into the new domicile.

As in old Anglo-Saxon days the fireplace was usually in the center, but later was removed to the reredos, or "back," of brick or iron. It was supposed that the smoke not only hardened as well as blackened the rafters and woodwork, but made the house air healthy. For light there were only candles and oil lamps. For cooking and warmth wood or charcoal was the only fuel, stone coal being unknown. When chimneys were first introduced - which was not generally the case until Queen Elizabeth's time - old folks laid the blame for the colds. coughs, and "rheums," which seemed to be unusually common, on these new-fangled inventions. Few attributed "colds" to gluttony and the attempts of nature to rid the human machinery of its surplus nourishment and the consequent cleansing of its clogged conditions from over-eating. Perhaps a study of what happened to the children of Israel, from too much

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quail when eaten for a whole month, as told in Numbers 11:20, might have enlightened them.

Paper for the walls had not yet been introduced from China and Japan, nor matting for the floors. Flemish tapestry was affected by the rich, but on the walls of the average house was hung the "painted cloth," of which we so often read in Shakespeare.

If for the head to rest upon at night a sack of chaff took the place of the log of wood for a bolster, it was considered as great a luxury as when pewter plates came in to displace the ordinary wooden trenchers, or the larger dishes of the same material called "chargers." "When houses were of willow, Englishmen were oaken; when houses were of oak, Englishmen were straw," growled the old fellows who did not like the new fashions. "Charity died when chimneys were built" was another growl.

It was Italy that taught the use of the fork. When introduced into England, this eating tool helped greatly to improve table manners, and one chronicler tells us that the novelty meant "a great sparing of napkins." Very few of the common people ever saw white bread, for the every-day loaf was not made of wheaten flour, but of rye or oatmeal. Maize was unknown. Home-made beer was the universal drink. For

each family three hogsheads for each person were brewed.

The general hour of rising, when men got up from their rushes on the floor and dressed for the day's work, was at four in summer and five in the winter mornings. At nine o'clock at night the bell sounded the curfew, as the signal to cover the fires. Soon after that everybody was supposed to be in bed. The streets were not lighted at night, even in the cities, until well into the eighteenth century. In place of public illumination those who were outdoors after the curfew hour must carry a torch, flambeau, or lantern. Gradually there grew up in London the trade of the link-boys, who were paid for carrying the torches. Street lighting in cities is not much over a century old.

How the girls and women of the sixteenth century dressed would amuse their descendants of to-day, who are apt to get totally wrong ideas, if they think — as most readers of romances and attendants at theaters usually do — only of court ladies, queens, and princesses. There were, as a rule, no hats or bonnets, no stockings, and no laces or buttoned shoes. In fact, everything was held with strings or straps. Buttons, a French invention of later date, were not in common use until the eighteenth cen-

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tury. Then they burst into bloom, like a May orchard, or a hawthorn hedgerow. The working of buttonholes and the sewing-on of buttons, were not then standard female duties, nor was keeping them on one of the carking cares of one half of humanity. Ultimately buttons became even more an article of decoration than of use - row upon row having no buttonholes to correspond. In a sense, buttons were a substitute, in dress equipment, for floral adornment. For shoes, the buckle and strap gradually became more common. For fastening the bodice and dress, and holding up skirts and trousers, laces, strings, and belts were relied upon. Pins, of a much larger size than at present, were used occasionally for dress fastening. The modern small pins, with which we are so well acquainted, came in much later than Pilgrim days. The word "button," from the French word "bouton," "blossom," in the next century, made a man's dress a veritable garden of metal blooms.

Among ladies of wealth or rank there were various kinds of headdresses, and the styles of wearing the hair changed often. In the smaller towns and villages, and in the country, the female part of the population went bareheaded most of the time, or with a snood, or close-

fitting cap, or kerchief tied on their heads. Knitted stockings were not known or worn until well into the seventeenth century. In the voluminous wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth there was, it is said, only one pair of stockings—which she did not wear. Nevertheless, she had a mighty array of feminine paraphernalia. On one of her visits to an interior city—a "progress," it was called—she took six hundred carts, for there were no carriages as yet. These were necessary to carry the "luggage" of the court ladies and their swains.

Shoes were made to pull on, and they held their place on the foot much as leather slippers do. Buckles came in fashion later.

Most children of well-to-do parents received at their christening, through or from their parents, the present of a silver spoon, called an "apostle" spoon, according as the baby was born on or near one of the days sacred to one of the twelve. The wrought metal would have on the top a figure of Saint Peter, John, Matthew, James, or Andrew, as the case might be. Hence the expression, which we still use about an infant, "born with a silver spoon in its mouth."

It was believed that fairies of the unlovely sort would steal into the house at night and take out of the cradle the human child and put

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in place of it their own ugly, deformed, or diseased offspring. Such an infant was called a "changeling." In these early centuries many an English child as it grew up was the victim of neglect, cruelty, and untold suffering, because suspected of being a fairy's brat.

No doubt the merry maidens had plenty of fun over their alluring superstitions, for girls laugh easily, and get more use of and make more mirth with their tongues than do males. They have far more pleasure, too, in talking over an event after it has passed than the lads or men. "Three women and a goose make a market" was a proverb which mirrored the truth that chat and gossip were deemed as important as barter and sale. No girl or woman would miss a fair if she could help it.

In fact, the market and the fair furnished the greatest of all stated gatherings for every class of the people. Rare was the woman who willingly missed this oasis of variety in the midst of the otherwise year-long desert of monotonous toil. Without newspapers and with very few books, and with no popular postal system, the tongue took the place of telegraph — print and pen giving in those days vastly more than the modern "windy satisfaction" of which the cynical poet speaks.

Other notions and strictly personal treasures, more or less harmless, like the American rabbit's foot, or horse chestnut kept in one's inside pocket—though likely to drop out on inopportune occasions—was the "coal" in the black root of mugwort to which was attributed potency in the popular magic. This sooty-looking substance insured safety against carbuncles, lightning, ague, incendiaries, etc. Fern seed had the reputed power of rendering one as invisible as the cloak in fairy tales.

In fact, the world was very populous with the little people, the brownies, nixies, water sprites, and fairies of every variety; for the forces of nature were not yet caught and harnessed, and to every effect there must be ascribed an antecedent cause — usually one with intelligence and a body of some sort. The monsters and dragons, astonishing heroes, like Jack the Giant Killer, of fame and power, and sundry nimble princesses who outwitted the ogres. were then much more believed in than in our day. The classic melodies, later ascribed to "Mother Goose," and the nursery rhymes, jingles, and stories of horror or joy that never die, though they travel from country to country and reappear age after age, were many and thrilling. Like the Wandering Jew, or Rip Van

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Winkle, that have some substance of fact or a real person in history behind them, the ancient ideas when clothed in English were always enjoyed. "Once upon a time" was all the date needed to start a story.

The marriage service, or "Form for the Solemnization of Matrimony," now in the Book of Common Prayer, is a composite made up from four local English sources. It has apparently become, with novelists and dramatists, the standard of all weddings among English-speaking peoples all over the world. Neither the injunction of obedience nor the endowing with "worldly goods," however, is so prominent in most forms used in the Free Churches. As matter of fact, the equality of man and woman, as set forth in Genesis 1:27, is better guaranteed in the British colonies and the daughter nations of England than in her canon or statute law.

The sixteenth-century English girl, especially if she lived in London, saw an amazing number of new things, all wonderful, introduced in her lifetime. Between 1518 and 1578 the catalogue of novelties included bricks, beer made from hops, starch, bedsteads, underclothing, carp, pippins, apricots, turkeys, hops, and tobacco. Especially for women were masks,

busks, muffs, ruffs, fans, periwigs, bodkins, woven hosiery, spinning wheels, and many more things Continental, Oriental, or American. England ceased to be only or chiefly the land of raw materials for export and took her place as a producing country, soon, by the aid of her ships and sailors, colonies, and daughter nations, to lead the world; the Pilgrims being the successful pioneers.

CHAPTER VI

PURITAN, INDEPENDENT, SEPARATIST AND PILGRIM

In America, the story of the Pilgrims — only extricated and made clear within the memory of men now living — is a national heritage. The grandest voyage of the Mayflower has been made in our day. Traversing the oceans, boundaries, and sections, her name has come into spacious havens once undreamed of. Well does the seal of the Congregational Club of Chicago picture this ship of promise, with her sails bent for Fort Dearborn! In August, 1919, after the march through London, and under the Stars and Stripes, of twenty-seven thousand American soldiers, in celebration of peace and victory, the London "Times" thus made reminder to its readers: "The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers came back to Europe to defend those very principles and liberties for which Cromwell fought."

Mighty England and her great daughter nations, knitted together through inheritances, ideals, and language, in a covenant of love and mutual help, are now proud that the blood and

tongue of the Separatists were theirs. Crossing all lines of demarcation, the Pilgrims' bequest of faith and courage is shared among good men and women of all names, creeds, and colors, and on every continent. All now welcome "the return of the Mayflower," even as its sailing

marked an era in the world's history.

We Americans can speak freely of things done long ago in England; for nothing, either in our praise or condemnation, can exceed the criticism and procedure of the English people themselves. They, like us, have grown, and therefore changed. Instead of autocracy and the arbitrary methods of Tudor and Stuart days, they have, in orderly evolution, persevered in the establishment of freedom. British democracy rivals and in some respects excels our own. Britons have dethroned sovereigns. sent kings and bishops to the block, tamed their princes, in both Church and State, to be servants, and established a noble commonwealth, with an hereditary head who is the chief umpire in the noble game of politics. Even now, they are preparing to give back the land to the people, harness the House of Lords to the people's will, and, besides making conscience wholly free, separate Church and State.

It therefore behooves us to make clear the

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reasons why there were in succession Conformists and Non-Conformists, Nationalists and State Churchmen, Reformers, Puritans, Separatists, and Pilgrims. All who are not in the Anglican Establishment are, in England, called "Non-Conformists," by those who conform; but by themselves they are known as "Free Churchmen."

Although men's minds change slowly on the subject of faith in the unseen, yet there is progress in religion. It took ages in the evolution of humanity to separate Church and State, and in religion to make clear the difference between form and spirit and to distinguish the symbol from the reality.

In every land and tongue on earth religion makes progress when it turns from sacrificial ideas and symbols and becomes educational. Then the plain people can see for themselves what are the original records upon which their faith and hope are based. That is the reason why, in the three countries of Great Britain, the sermon displaced the mass. To the glory and honor of England's rulers the Prayer-Book and the Bible were given in a "language understanded of the people." In the time of the Pilgrims two versions of the Bible were put into the hands of the English people. One, made at

Douay, in France, from the Vulgate Latin, was a translation of a translation; the other, made from the original Greek at Geneva, was the one which the Pilgrim Fathers used. The continuing labors of translation, ever progressing, was notable in 1611, and again in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, until the American Revised Version of 1901 crowns the work.

For over a thousand years the Bible had been a book for the clergy and the church corporations. The dispersion of the Greek scholars, its renderings into the vernacular, with the general use of the printing press, made it the people's book. All these influences combined to force the Reformation. Following this, the movement for free churches, governed each by the congregation, meant the march of democracy and the higher evolution of the human race. Out of the horde and flock man and woman rose into a nobler and higher individuality. Or, as the original Greek of the New Testament, not as the Latin Vulgate, or as King James's version of John 10:16 has it, but as the Saviour said, "that there may be [not one fold, but one flock, one shepherd." The idea of the Free Churchmen was to award more honor to the divine Shepherd, who led his sheep which are not of one fold, or in one en-

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closure, but of one flock, shepherded by the One who is above all. The purpose of the Puritan was to recognize the Shepherd, even more than the particular enclosure, and to honor the Master more than his ambitious disciples. Yet the Puritans would keep Church and State together. The Separatists, on the contrary, insisted on keeping conscience and the rule of magistrates apart.

The transfer of emphasis was from a building - however sacred, an edifice of wood, brick, or stone - to the home. The Puritan gloried in and made practice of the New Testament doctrine of the priesthood of believers. The people in the Reformed churches were more likely to be fathers and mothers, with children to rear for God and society, than celibate monks, nuns, priests, and prelates. The old corporation had its grip on everything in human life, from the cradle to the coffin. The material building called a "church" had become the fortress and citadel of priestcraft. Marriages, christenings, funerals, confessional, and worship must take place inside its walls. The Puritan transferred these functions to the home, giving them there the preference, and equal validity with what was done in chantry, chapel, "church," or cathedral. The father re-

sumed his place as high priest in his family. He read and taught his household out of the divine Word, in their own living speech — to the vast moral improvement of society at large. Beautiful in its word and exact as a transcript of reality is Robert Burns's picture in verse of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" — when the Puritan Sabbath began — and Whittier's "Flemish picture of old days" in New Hampshire, in "Snow-Bound." Nothing in the literature of the old church can excel these as picturing fam-

ily life.

The Church said, "Believe and obey." The corporation shut the mouth and bound the brain of thinker, protester, or reformer. To the men living under the Tudors it was but a change in form, not in spirit, of autocracy and of the ecclesiastical machinery of the realm. One pope, even though English, and with a crown instead of a tiara, proved to be no better than another, and one act of uniformity was as crushing and paralyzing as the other. Happily for the freedom of the human spirit, the Puritan unquailingly led the way; the Separatist, the Baptist, the Quaker, the Methodist consummated the evolution, and liberty became fixed in law. The Commonwealth, the Revolution of 1688, the Parliamentary Reform of 1830, fol-

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lowed each other in creating the spirit and breaking the path for the world-struggle of 1914–18, in which autocracy has been improved off the face of the earth, and democracy made the law of humanity.

The Reformation shook the nations of Europe both east and west. Even before the flight into Holland and England of the Walloons, Flemings, Huguenots, persecuted Germans, and Reformed Spaniards and Italians, there began a great dispersion eastward of Englishmen into the Netherlands, Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy. This was among the most noteworthy of the various emigrations and scatterings in British history.

Hitherto there had been many military expeditions into France. Even down to late times one of the titles of the English sovereign, which seems to us ridiculous, was that of "King of France." Yet legal fictions die hard and forms linger after the life has died out. As the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, was made under the British flag in Independence Hall, so, also, the Mayflower Compact was in the name of James I, one of whose titles was the "King of France." In reverse of this, never before on a peaceful mission had so many men of intellect and station left England

as in Tudor times. These went as passionate pilgrims for a threefold purpose—the saving of their lives; for what was best in the English inheritances; and for fresh knowledge; especially that of the Holy Scriptures and of Ref-

ormation principles.

What these men abroad, who studied with Calvin at Geneva, or learned from the Reformers, either in Germany or in the Netherlands or in Switzerland, from Luther, Calvin, or Zwinglius, brought back, may be seen to-day in the public common-school system of Scotland, and in the English Book of Common Prayer, which is in daily use by millions who speak the tongue in which its noble words are expressed. Nevertheless, many of the outstanding features, the shining sentences, and the felicitous phrases in the Prayer-Book, are to be found in the older German manuals of devotion. Cranmer, one of its makers, had studied in Germany and wedded a German wife. Many other things of glory and of beauty were thus brought to England; with ideas, also, that no fires, kindled by the craft of king, churchman, or statesman, could reduce to ashes.

In the evolution of the new life of England, those who thought to reform the Church from

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within, but to keep it still a State affair, mixing together politics and religion, were the Puritans. Those who would keep these apart, the affairs of conscience and those of the State, were called "Separatists," and later in England, "Independents" or "Congregationalists"; and, only within our own lifetime were popularly spoken of as "Pilgrims."

So far as known the earliest reference to the Pilgrim Fathers under that title is found in the "Columbian Centinel" for December 25, 1799. In that issue, it appeared there in an "Ode" by Samuel Davis, which in the final stanza has the following words: "Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!" Bradford refers to himself and his companions as pilgrims, in the religious sense, but neither he nor his successors until 1779, or about that time, used the exact expression "Pilgrim Fathers."

England under "Bloody Mary," who was born in 1516 and reigned from 1553 to 1588, had had a most un-English chapter of history and one that reads more like a transcript from Spanish annals; but it was thought Elizabeth would be more tolerant. Yet this fierce nationalist—"our most gratious Hester," as one of her admirers called her, and "Europe's Matchless Mirror," as another styled his queen

- was even more determined upon uniformity. Moreover, she was goaded on by the clericals, who were smarting under the stings of Martin Marprelate, whose cryptic publications—like "La Libre Belgique," or "Free Belgium," during the German invasion of Belgium of 1914-18 — had so marred their reputation. The sleuth hounds of the law now lay in wait for the Separatists, who were leaders of the "conventicles," as "the law"—which was chiefly the sovereign's will - called them. All Christians who held to the simple, original church polity of the first disciples of Jesus, were outlawed. Nevertheless, the number kept on increasing of those who, after reading carefully the New Testament, felt that their supreme loyalty was to their great Captain, Jesus, founder of the Christian Church. These gathered in private houses to hear the Gospel message. They assembled in the remote gravel pits at Islington, at times on the very spot where the martyrs were burned under Queen Marv. They were found in the different villages that now are swallowed up in the great metropolis.

Many of these plain people, on their way to Sabbath worship, looked up at Temple Bar — now in the heart of throbbing London — and saw human heads hanging, fresh and bleeding,

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or old, rotting human flesh. Hungry dogs were gathered to await a feast should the carrion tumble from its hooks. What in our day we have known as an architectural relic was once a shambles. Though these inquirers after truth realized what would be their fate and that of their leaders, they moved on as bravely as ever soldier charged in battle. They would not go into the great cathedrals or parish "churches," but wended their way to their secret "meetinghouses" - often to "God's first temples," the groves, or to the gravel pits outdoors — there to commune with the Eternal Father. They sought fulfillment of the glorious promise that where two or three were gathered together in the name that is above every name, they would find their Friend there. The ash-heaps of the martyrs have proved to be good foundations for many of the noble edifices of the Free Churchmen of to-day.

From such secret conventicles in London the leaders, with the rank and file, were seized and dragged to prison, even as in the persecuting days of Saul of Tarsus. I witnessed the same procedure in government in old Japan, where a like fate awaited all non-conformists, and where the heads of decapitated criminals were stuck on poles. Both rulers, European and

Asiatic, thought they were doing Heaven service.

The men who separated Church and State, and conscience from politics, were called "Separatists," just as Abraham, Ezra, Paul, and others who have advanced the human race were called in their times. Yet from what did the people, who were later called "Pilgrims," separate? They detached themselves from bigotry, intolerance, despotism, and the narrowness of formalism. This they did in order to fulfill the higher ideals of loyalty to Jesus and obedience to God. They held their spirits to still loftier account. They were God-filled and God-driven men. They were willing to test their ideals. They chose affliction, poverty, and exile, rather than ease and comfort in conformity. To-day the world honors the men who took action and lived in accordance with principles that are unchangeable and eternal.

There are arguments — not a few — in favor of a national church that should include every one; and these are ably and winsomely presented in English poetry, fiction, essay, drama, and picture play, as well as in polemics and argument, by able men and women of deep convictions. Even Non-Conformist writings and classics, like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Prog-

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ress," have been "medicated" by Anglicans. Some passages on this theme of a national church in De Quincey's writings are classic. In America, however, and in a true democracy, these lose most if not all of their force; for with us such names as "Non-Conformist," "Separatist," "Independent," have little or no meaning. We are devoutly thankful to those prophets of spiritual freedom, Roger Williams, William Penn, and Thomas Jefferson — all of Welsh stock — and the fathers of the Republic who, in civic life, at least, made religion a matter of conscience and conviction, but not of political interference.

CHAPTER VII

MIDDELBURG: THE LONE STAR OF FREEDOM

In the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, of Free Churchmen, and of the evolution of the United States of America, other places seem as planets, while Middelburg shines as a star. Here, first in Europe, the voice of spiritual freedom was heard from a magistrate. Here began the divorce of religion from politics. Here ended the unholy alliance of Caiaphas and Pilate. Here began the literary history of the Free Churchmen, Separatists, and Pilgrims. All Americans who read their nation's history—not an "official" report, as written by a sect, a section, or a race, but discerned from all the known facts in the case—will be able to see this.

It is very hard for us to get into the mind of the sixteenth century. Then the idea of religious liberty was unknown to governments or rulers of either states or churches. It formed no part of their ideal or programme, nor ever entered the official mind. The mediæval idea of the State Church dominated all society and politics. It was taught that there could be no

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separation between the secular and the spiritual allegiance of a man. Any difference of opinion, therefore, or freedom of mind in religion, or attempt to form a new denomination of Christians, was treated as treason and rebellion, to be put down by fire and sword. A heretic was not looked upon as a person mistaken in his ideas, but as a felon and no better than a murderer.

The Latin idea and motto, cujus regio, ejus religio ("whose is the region, his is the religion") ruled all Europe. The Prince was expected, not only to govern the people, but also to rule their consciences. The magistrate decided what, and only what, his subjects should think, in matters of faith. The Peace of Augsburg, in 1530, was settled and signed for this purpose - not whether a state should or should not give freedom of conscience, but that every subject must be either Catholic or Protestant. In like manner, in Russia, under the early czars, one must be either a Hebrew or a Christian. In a word, much the same ideas held by the Tartar, the Turk, and the Yedo despotism ruled in Europe. Catholic, Calvinist, Puritan, Lutheran — all were "tarred with the same brush." None was tolerant. In that age they held sentiments abhorrent to the Constitution of the

United States, and which are now held, as a rule, only by savage tribes or despotic governments. The less civilized, the more do despots claim divine partnership, monopoly, and guidance. It is foolish, therefore, and marks rather the uneducated person, to stigmatize the pope, or Calvin, or Luther, or Elizabeth, or Philip II, as common murderers. On the contrary, these rulers were highly conscientious persons. They were all the more dangerous to liberty because so honest and so deluded. A bigot is intellectually a mule; that is, the affectionate offspring of ignorance and obstinacy.

Yet, like the upspringing light in the eastern sky, there appeared in this blackness of darkness men of vision, to whom American and the

world's freedom owes much.

In Switzerland arose the people who called themselves "Brethren," but whom their enemies nicknamed the "Anabaptists," or "Rebaptizers"; because they did not accept the rite of either the Roman Catholic or the State Churches. They took the New Testament literally and Jesus seriously; and they put in practice ideas that are now as abc in our country. These people were not free from the usual weaknesses of human nature. They found that perfect government, in State or Church, can no

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more be expected than can a true republic, like a mushroom out of a dead log, spring up overnight.

In the Swiss Republic, Zwinglius (1484–1531), declaring himself free of papal control, began, in 1516, to preach the good news of God. He held that neither pope nor church nor council was necessary to make the Scriptures plain, but only the Holy Spirit. He expounded the Reformed, as distinct from the Lutheran, or Romanist, interpretation of Christianity. In his view the congregation, and not the hierarchy, was the true representative of the church. Zwinglius was a strong believer in representative government and in a democracy.

By 1521 the Anabaptists were active. Thousands of them, driven out of middle Europe, overflowed into other countries, only to be put down by military force, in blood and fire, as anarchists; for rare indeed was the ruler who could catch even a gleam of the idea, now so common, that conscience should be free. In the main, the Anabaptists were only forerunners of the Pilgrims and of the Americans of 1789; for they held to the principles which are embodied in that immortal document, the Constitution of the United States.

The first clear public exposition in English

of Separatist or Congregational principles—that is, of the idea of "a free church in a free state"—was printed and published at Middelburg in Zeeland. Here was the first unpersecuted church, the initial literary cradle of independency, and the birthplace of spiritual freedom.

It was at Middelburg that the first voice of a ruler spoke for full freedom of conscience. Like an unheralded star of the first magnitude, there suddenly appeared above the horizon of Europe the harbinger of a new day whose light was to spread over all the world. William of Orange-Nassau (called, after his death, William the Silent) stopped the persecution of men for conscience' sake and rebuked their persecutors. This he did in the face of friends who turned against him for his liberality in matters of religion. His charity they condemned as sin against God.

The case was this. The thoroughly honest city magistrates, with consciences educated in the mediæval way, were oppressing the Anabaptists. When William heard of it, he wrote, under date of 1577, and in these words laid the foundation of both the Dutch and the American Republics, giving humanity a new charter:

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"We declare unto you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of any one, so long as he has done nothing that works injury to another, or a public scandal."

What is the life-story of this pioneer of spiritual freedom whom the Dutch called the "Fa-

ther of his Country"?

William the Silent was born in a family reared under the Roman obedience. As a child he became a Lutheran when his parents did. In mature life and out of deep personal conviction he adopted, for the outward form of his spiritual discipline, the doctrine and church order taught by Calvin. Yet never, either as a private individual or as a ruler, did he believe in or practice either what those did, who in England drove out Non-Conformists; or in Germany approved of putting down the peasant uprising by armed force; or in Spain gloried in the burning of heretics — which even Calvin in a single instance allowed.

In fact, it was the puzzle of William's life to learn why real Christians should want to injure each other for opinion's sake. Christianity was to him life, not theory or dogma; it was applied righteousness and the spirit of Christ in daily life. In the free working of the Holy Spirit, he was a hearty believer. He abhorred and resisted

the enforcement of church rules or doctrines by political or military force. He would "make no law establishing religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

In this school of thought and practice John Robinson, William Bradford, Roger Williams, William Penn, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln were pupils. The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States is but a commentary on the ideas of William of Orange

of 1577.

The Englishman who wrote and printed at Middelburg, in the land where printing and religion were free, the first Congregational tract was Robert Browne (1556-1633). He had been a minister in the State Episcopal Church at Norwich, a city in which were hundreds of Dutch Anabaptists. Here during Queen Mary's reign firewood actually had once grown scarce and so high-priced as to work discomfort to the poor, because of the burning of men called heretics. In 1579, the year when the Dutch United States was formed, Browne championed the cause of these and other Separatists and went over to Middelburg — not "Middleberg" as many writers have it. Not satisfied with the Puritan Cartwright's ideas about reformation, Browne formed a church — not a building, but

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a congregation - of Christians. These bound themselves together by the sort of a covenant which is still the heart and soul of a true Congregational church, and of which the compact at Cape Cod in 1620 was but a logical development. In the year following the Dutch Declaration of Independence, in 1581, Browne issued his famous work, "A Treatise of Reformation, without Tarrying for Any." In this book he advocated separation from the political churches; or, in other words, a free Church in a free State — the principle established in the Constitution of the United States and in every one of Great Britain's colonies; that is, by three fourths of all English-speaking people. In this work one may find the foundation ideas and principles of the Congregational churches of to-day.

This tract and Browne's other writings were circulated in England, but the colporteurs were promptly hanged as felons. Browne was the first champion of the Congregational idea, even though those who later in substance adopted his principles, including Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers, did not care to be called "Brownists" or to take their name after any man. They were loyal Englishmen in politics, but in spiritual matters they owned allegiance only to Jesus Christ. For many years, however, the Puritans

of Massachusetts persisted in calling the Plymouth people by this name—"Brownists." The local struggle between Pilgrims and Puritans was much the same as in New York between the people and their English governors, of democracy and aristocracy.

Yet who in this world lives up to the full measure of his ideals? What company of mortals do exactly as they say, or preach what they practice, or, after only a few months' training, succeed in doing the will of God on earth as it is done in Heaven? Browne's church broke up

within two years.

The original editions of Browne's books, printed at Middelburg, are to-day worth their weight, possibly, in diamonds. Only a very few copies have survived fire, the hangman, the gallows, and the lapse of years. "Towering o'er the wrecks of time" they shine as lighthouses on the pathway of the free peoples and the American Commonwealth.

How close the connection of Browne and the Middelburg pastors was with the people we call the Pilgrims, may be a question for scholars; but William Bradford, when in 1606 "tossed with tempest, afflicted and not comforted," landed at Middelburg, he had an experience with Dutch freedom, law, and justice which

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gave him a respect for the usages of this republican people which, throughout his long life, he never lost. A busy-body, mischief-maker, and tell-tale fellow passenger had informed on him to the magistrates, as "having fled out of England." Dutch justice, represented by the Schout—predecessor of our American district attorney—at once made examination and set him free.

What a long procession, in American history, westward, in forest, frontier, and prairie, does this Dutch word, Englished as "scout," connote, from Lake George to California, and from

wood ranger to the Boy Scouts!

In Middelburg, Janssen invented the telescope which Galileo used and who won the greater fame, besides being entangled in the "Conflict Between Science and Dogmatic Theology" — as my friend and neighbor, President A. D. White, of Cornell University, entitled his book — which attacks no creed, propagates none, but nourishes religion. The rough tin pipe with which Janssen explored the heavens contrasts amazingly with the splendid apparatus and equipment of some modern throne rooms of astronomy, such as the Naval Observatory at Washington, or the observatory at Flagstaff in Arizona or at Mount Hamilton in Califor-

nia. In like manner, William of Orange and Robert Browne, in the same city, were fellow heralds of the new day. They swept the spiritual heavens with their gaze, and the means and equipment of both suggest the same contrasts with the results of to-day as in science, both real and so-called.

Not to be forgotten, as Browne's fellow student at Cambridge and his bosom friend at Norwich, was Robert Harrison, also a man of light and leading among the Separatists.

Many times have we visited and rambled around Middelburg and Veer, reverently examining the Scotch Church records, or meditating in the clean, little Fish Market, overlooking what was Browne's press and place of worship, and in the glorious Town Hall, where William Bradford stood. From this city, as from a fountain, flowed influences that have shaped democracy and American history.

Most pleasant of all occasions was the visit of the author (an American member, also, of the Zeeland Society of Sciences) on September 21, 1913. Then, in the Scotch Church—anciently a convent chapel—before the burgomaster, the local magnates, and an audience of Netherlanders, who spoke or taught English, we stood in the quaint pulpit and unveiled a

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memorial tablet, which, with inscription and symbols, tells its own story.

The charter of liberties, of 1253, in the vernacular, William the Silent, Robert Browne, Janssen, Cartwright, Harrison, all starry names! What a glorious record for Middelburg!

CHAPTER VIII

MARTYRS FOR A FREE CHURCH

In the history of the Free Churches of England, the prophecy concerning the first Christian witness-bearers, as described in the Revelation of Saint John, was grandly fulfilled—"The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Not only did these martyrs in Tudor times awaken the conscience of England, but they made more converts to the idea that religion should be free. To-day, that body of Christians in England which holds to the principles for which either the Puritan or the Separatist martyrs died—the Congregational—is second only to the State Church in numbers, wealth, power, influence, and missionary and philanthropic activities.

Like the mother and her seven sons, mentioned in the second book of Maccabees, II:7, and made arguments for faith and endurance in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the pioneers in England—of their faith and ours—"were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." Between the slow rot of filthy prisons, or the gallows, or

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exile, there was little to choose. These people were executed or imprisoned, often to death, because they were Separatists, and they accepted the loss of their goods and bodies rather than deny their faith.

The first martyrs in a cause are, or ought to be, best remembered. William Dennis, of Thetford, was the file leader of a glorious procession of those who gave up their lives for liberty of conscience. Elias Thacker followed him on the gallows. Both were bookbinders of the sheets printed at Middelburg.

More famous than these was John Penry, the Welshman, publisher of the Marprelate Tracts. He was the initial "Pilgrim Father." It was he who, first of all, advised his fellow Free Churchmen to leave intolerant, Tudor England to become "pilgrims and strangers in the earth." He dropped the seed which ripened into the Mayflower venture and the Pilgrim Republic in America. We shall look at his name and personality, but first glance at his fellow martyrs, Barrowe and Greenwood, who were hanged for being Free Churchmen.

The Separatists, or Free Churchmen, were called "Barrowists" as well as "Brownists," for what reason we shall see.

John Greenwood was, from 1577 to 1578, a
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student of Corpus Christi College in Cambridge, from which Robert Browne had graduated. He became first a Puritan and then a Separatist, and in 1586 was arrested and thrown into prison. There he was visited by Barrowe. an old friend, probably a college chum. The prison keeper at once seized Barrowe and hurried him in a boat down the river to the archbishop at Lambeth. The two prisoners had several trials and inquisitions, but their minds remained unchanged. On the contrary, they kept their pens busy. Barrowe's idea of church polity was rather on the Presbyterian model, which gives the power, not directly to the people, the members of the church, but to the elders. His preëminence and the early date of his arrest and writings soon made the name "Barrowists" current.

Despite all difficulties — much like those with which the radical gospeler, whose autograph was "Paul the prisoner of Jesus Christ," was surrounded, when Phœbe of Cenchreæ from Corinth "carried under her girdle to Rome the whole future of Christian theology" — the appeals to posterity went on. The Separatists had more faith in humanity at large than in officeholders. Types, printer's ink, and Dutch presses kept up that battle of freedom which, "though

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baffled oft, is ever won." In spite of the slander and hate of the political bishops, the truth was dispersed abroad. Not only tracts, but bound volumes in quarto appeared. They concerned "certain conferences had in the Fleete, according to the Bishops bloody mandate, with two prisoners there," and they advocated "such a true church as has separated itself from the ungodly by a covenanting together of believers." These were written on bits of paper, smuggled out of prison and sent across seas to Dordrecht, and printed by Dutch compositors and pressmen. As there was no chance for the author's revision, comparison, or proof-reading, the wonder is that they were so well done or that any survived.

The deep gulf of difference between the State and Free Churchmen is discerned in this, that the hierarchy looked with a fear, that was ultimately impotent, upon the people; declaring that they "are too blind, seditious, and headstrong to make it safe to trust them." In reverse, the Separatists put confidence in common folk, when these humbly sought the aid of the Holy Spirit and were loyal to their Master and to the constitution of the primitive Church. Barrowe insisted that the queen had no right to make other laws than Christ hath made and

left in his Testament for the government of his Church.

Long after this, a statesman, named William E. Gladstone, defined the issue between two political parties as "trust in the people, tempered by prudence," and "distrust of the people, tempered by fear." The question in the sixteenth and that in the twentieth century were much the same. Most Americans persist in discriminating the England of landlordism, Toryism, and of feudalism, entrenched in the Anglican establishment, and the England of the people, which is best interpreted in the daughter nations, which will have neither state church nor nobility.

At last, after urging the trumped-up charge that the Free Churchmen were in league with the Spaniards to assist in an invasion of England, and after thwarting the will and vote of the House of Commons, which had vetoed the bishops' hasty legislation, the two victims were hurried to execution. On April 6, as early and as secretly as they well could in such case, the bishops carried out their murderous purpose.

The victims were carted to the gallows and

two aged widows carried their winding sheets for decent robing at the burial. Let us hope,

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even if it be against hope and in the face of the execution of Penry, that the story told by John Cotton, in his "Answer to Roger Williams," that the queen was displeased when she heard of what had been done, is true. Thus perished the martyrs who died for soul freedom.

Yet nearly three centuries were to elapse before a Jew was enfranchised in England — the bishops ever opposing.

The next victim of prelacy was John Penry.

Let us see how he got his name.

As in Wales and the Cymric settlements in the United States - notably in the Welsh barony in Pennsylvania, and around Utica, New York — the prefix "ap" meaning "son of," was sooner or later joined to the family name. The Ap Howells became Powells, and many other similar changes are noted by genealogists. So "John ap Henry," born at Ofubrith in Brecknockshire, in 1559, became "John Penry." He studied at Cambridge, matriculating at Peterhouse, December 3, 1580, and was probably a chum with Greenwood. He soon, by conviction, became a Puritan. He received his degree of A.B., and on July 11, 1586, entered as a commoner at Saint Alban's Hall. Oxford. Later he took holy orders, preaching at both Oxford and Cambridge, and was noted

as an edifying preacher. Eager to have a vigorous gospel dispensed in his native speech and land, he printed at Oxford in 1587 a book to that effect. For his exposure of realities in his book in favor of Wales, he was censured.

During this time and, indeed, while publishing the Marprelate Tracts, and even until his return from Scotland, he was a Puritan, for he believed that preachers should be sent out by the prelates and receive their stipends from the State. The Separatists would repudiate one who held to this idea of the union of Church and State, but when in London, with the Free Churchmen, Penry became a Separatist.

When out of jail he married Helen Godly, of Northampton. It was from her birthplace came the people who settled in western Massachusetts, and thence went forth into northern New York, and named their town after Pulaski, the noble Pole who helped us in our struggle for

freedom.

After publishing, in 1587, the Martin Marprelate Tracts, Penry fled into the land of John Knox, still keeping his pen busy for the spread of the truth as he saw it. That truth is what we all sing to-day — "The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ the Lord." He returned to London in 1592, again becoming active with the

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Free Churchmen. Seized and haled to the Poultry Prison, he was kept on bread and liquids; nor, though in poor health, was he allowed to have the nourishing food his wife would bring him.

On the 10th of April Penry was brought before the inquisition. Popular feeling having been aroused by the judicial murder of Barrowe and Greenwood, the magistrates had to move carefully. Nothing overt could be alleged against Penry until they found some private memorials of a petition he intended to complete and send to the queen. Because of this entry in his diary, and probably a portion of a prayer to God for the sovereign — their very existence known to no soul on earth but Penry himself - two indictments were framed, or perhaps we should say "framed up," by Lord Coke. This legal worthy ransacked the law books to find a death penalty that could be made to apply. This State Churchman found that which he sought in what Penry called a "diary or daily observation of mine own sins and corruptions and of the special requests which I made unto the Lord."

There was on the statute books the reënactment of a law passed during the reign of Bloody Mary and her Spanish Philip — who stands in

history as responsible for the death, by fire, sword, rope, and torture, of scores of Englishmen and thousands of Belgians and Dutchmen. Behind Lord Coke and Lord Treasurer Burghley were the prelates eager for blood and urging on the judges.

In a letter, written the night before the jury rendered its verdict, "to be hanged without delay," Penry wrote out a long paper, not for life or reprieve, but only to demonstrate his innocence and loyalty. Like our own Nathan Hale, whose single regret was that he had but one life to give for his country, Penry wrote: "If my death can procure any quietness unto the churches of God and unto the state of my Prince and her kingdom, wherein I was born, glad am I that I had a life to bestow in this service."

He wrote further, "The Lord bless her Highness with a long and prosperous reign to his glory," etc. His hope was "subscribed with that heart and that hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of our sovereign Queen Elizabeth."

One can readily see what kind of a government England had that could send a man to the gallows on such evidence. On the 29th, the authorities, fearing the people and probably a

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mob of rescue, the prisoner was led out, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the execution ground on the Surrey side. By orders from the prelates Penry was choked off from saying a single word, and the only witnesses were sympathizers on the watch for just such an atrocity.

At thirty-four years of age Penry died a Free Churchman, servant of Jesus Christ, and a true Pilgrim Father, in that he urged his people of like faith to leave England and emigrate to the land "where religion was free for all men" and conscience was safeguarded. There was, indeed, need for flight. Fletcher, in his "History of Independency," pictures the situation, as the prelates were "causing heavy decrees to come forth against us, that we should foreswear our country and depart, or else be slaves therein."

Penry advised the Separatists to go in a body and keep together, hoping also that his widow and four fatherless children might be taken with them. His words, showing that he was to the first emigration to the Dutch Republic what Robinson was to the American venture—its animating spirit—are worth quoting. We should remember them, especially, as we enter upon the fourth century of honor to the Pil-

grims. He desired that the communal spirit of the first followers of Jesus should prevail. In a word, neither Bradford, nor Brewster, nor Robinson, great as they were, rose above Penry, in voice or spirit — because such a thing was not possible. What the Compact, made at Cape Cod, was to the Pilgrim Republic in America, Penry's Legacy was for the first refugees in their exodus to Holland.

Thus Penry wrote: "And my good brethren, seeing banishment with loss of goods is likely to betide you all, prepare yourselves for this hard entreaty and rejoice that ye are made worthy for Christ's sake to suffer and bear all these things . . . that none of you look upon his particular estate, but regard the general state of the church of God, that the same may go and be kept together whithersoever it shall please God to send you . . . consult with the whole church, yea, with the brethren of other places, how the church may be kept together and built wheresoever they go. Let not the poor and friendless stay behind here and be forced to break a good conscience, for want of your support and kindness unto them, that they may go with you," etc.

In these noble words is foreshadowed the whole history of the Pilgrim movement and

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that of the churches, in true apostolical succession, which, from being independent, became Congregational in unbroken brotherhood.

Against the brutal epitaphs of the contemporaneous rhymesters we may place in contrast Lowell's hymn, now sung in both the State and the Free Churches in England and wherever in our English tongue his words are lifted in thankful praise to God:

"Once to every man and nation Comes the moment to decide."

That time had come for the Free Churchmen to be pilgrims and to leave the old home. Again we remember Lowell's words:

"Yet that scaffold sways the future."

In history's perspective of three centuries we discern fulfillment. It was from Penry's scaffold that the movement of the Pilgrim Fathers began. "The future," swayed by that scaffold, is now American history.

And to-day how glorious the difference between a bishop of Tudor days, able to imprison and order to death, and one of the age we live in! From England, in 1918, is this voice from the Committee appointed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York, in preparation for the World Conference on Faith and Order, which

includes representatives of the Established and Free Churches:

"The second fact which we agree to acknowledge is that there are a number of Christian Churches not accepting the Episcopal Order which have been used by the Holy Spirit in His work of enlightening the world, converting sinners, and perfecting Saints. They came into being through reaction from grave abuses in the Church at the time of their origin, and were led in response to fresh apprehensions of Divine truth to give expression to certain types of Christian experience, aspiration, and fellowship, and to secure rights of the Christian people which had been neglected or denied."

Under date of April 24, 1919, a venerable American bishop writes from Saint Louis: "The Church is the whole body of the faithful, who believe in Jesus Christ as God the Son, and want to love and serve Him. A portion of the faithful body is known as the Protestant Epis-

copal Church in the United States."

Such words compel in us all, of every name, "faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

CHAPTER IX

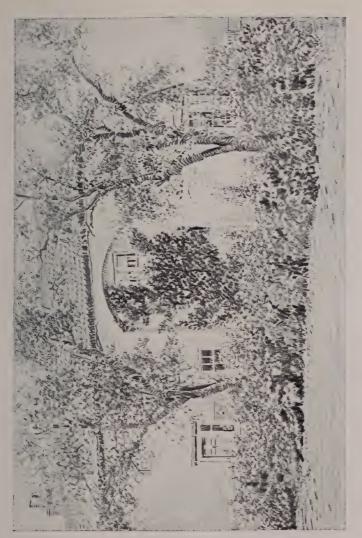
BREWSTER: THE BOY TRAVELER

The Pilgrim story covers somewhat over a century, if we begin it with the birth of William Brewster, about 1567, and end it in 1690. Within that space of time no figure stands out more prominently. He lived to be eighty years of age, and in 1647 had seen more of the world than any one else in the Plymouth Company. He was the traveled man of the party and their pilot into the land "where religion was free for all men." In Leyden he was the Pilgrim church elder, printer, and publisher. At sea he led the worship. In Plymouth he was guide, philosopher, friend, and teacher, and the ancestor of many families eminent in American history.

Brewster the boy lived when times were lively. Most probably he read the Martin Marprelate Tracts. England was beginning to have something like a postal system. Born at Scrooby, probably in 1567, the boy received some education locally, and then went to Peterhouse College at Cambridge. It may have been during a vacation that he met the queen's envoy, William Davison, traveling north to Scot-

land, who stopped at Scrooby. Then, most probably, the two made each other's acquaintance.

In 1584 Queen Elizabeth sent Davison as her ambassador across the sea to the Dutch Republic and Brewster went with him as page. This was a wonderful experience for a wide-awake lad in the Dutch United States. He at once noticed how much alike, yet how different from those at home, were the language, people, houses, and manners. In many things the republicans were not only "up to date," but were often far ahead of the English of the Tudor era in the comforts and victories of civilization. He noted especially the freedom of the press and the liberty of the types; for the Netherlands was then the printing office of Europe. In Brewster's country nothing could be put in type or published without the consent of some bishop, who made it his business to suppress whatever did not please him. Hence in England the common people could find out what was going on only by holding secret meetings. Even the Bible and other printed matter had to be smuggled in under shiploads of grain or in barrels of herring or flour. Nevertheless, the English people in the Free Churches made abundant use of Dutch facilities for their long fight,



BREWSTER'S ROOM IN THE OLD MANOR HOUSE SCROOBY



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which was one of reason against unreason without resort to violence. It was at Dordrecht that the English Separatists printed their first confession of faith, which was most probably from the pens of Barrowe and Greenwood. The work was entitled "A True Description out of the Word of God of the Visible Church." The pith of this democratic document — the heart of Congregational Church government — is in the sentence, "Thus hath every one of the people interest in the election and ordination of their officers . . . by the holy and free elections of the Lord's holy and free people."

Tyndale, the greatest of all the makers of the English Bible, had been garroted and put to death for translating the Holy Book. On the contrary, in Holland, anybody could print anything that was not false or libelous, or that did not help the Republic's enemies, the Spaniards. Books, as well as pictures, were much more general among the Dutch than among the English of this period. For many years, even after Brewster was eighty years old, most of the Bibles in English, read in the British Isles,

ported into England by hundreds of thousands. Another thing, which this bright English

were printed in Amsterdam and thence im-

boy noticed, was the almost perfect freedom of religion. Instead of shutting up people in prison, or putting them to death for holding religious meetings, every one, Catholic, Anabaptist, Protestant, Jew, or heretic of any sort, could worship God in the way he chose and no one hindered him. Even those people who had odd ideas about government, war, and property were let alone, if they behaved themselves and injured no one. Let them enter their houses and shut their doors, not making any public show or street parade, and no one was allowed to harm them. Already, as we have seen, the great William the Silent had rebuked the magistrates, who, having minds like those of English bishops, were inclined to persecute. All this was very different from the state of things in England.

Young Brewster noticed also that the refugees of both races from Belgium, the southerners, or Walloons, who spoke French, and the northerners, or Flemings, who spoke Dutch, were very numerous in the Republic, which had been formed in the edifice called the "Old Cradle of Liberty" (in which to-day is a tablet reared by Americans), at Utrecht in 1579. He saw everywhere the orange, white, and blue national flag; and on all the ships the seven red

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and white stripes of the flag of the Federal Union, in which every stripe stood for one state, with one vote in the national congress.

In the English language the word "stripe," meaning a color band, was not yet in use, so that the Hebrew record, in Genesis, of Joseph's "coat of many stripes," and of the Princess Tamar's robe, in 2 Samuel 13:18, had to be translated "of many colors." Later, during ten years, Brewster lived as neighbor and friend with many of these Belgian people. He sailed away to Massachusetts, while the Walloons settled in New York and New Jersey, as the Pilgrim Fathers of our Middle States.

Another strong characteristic of the Dutch, which this bright boy could not help noticing, was their zeal for education. Their public schools were open and free to every one — for girls as well as boys. These schools were sustained by general taxation and were already an old institution, such as England did not have until nearly three centuries afterward.

What seemed very remarkable was the great number and cheapness of pictures and engravings, for woodcuts were general. The Dutch loved fun and satire. They were great people for making sarcastic sketches and caricatures of persons and things. In place of kings, bishops,

and courtiers they had political parties and their politics were very lively. Young Brewster was mightily taken with this idea of a free press; for when in Holland again, some years afterwards, he set up a printing press and became a printer of books, thus hoping to convert his countrymen to Free Church ideas. The Pilgrim Press in Bell Alley had a famous history. Its effect in England on King James was much like that of a bent pin laid point upward on the royal chair, making the sitter very angry. The royal Scot in London tried hard to get his clutch on Brewster, but he never caught the Pilgrim printer and founder of the Pilgrim Press.

It was in August, 1584, that young Brewster traveled through Holland. So he saw his first foreign country at about the best time of the year. The flowers and the birds were out, the children were at play in the streets, and the farm laborers busy in the fields. In spite of the fact that it was war-time and soldiers were everywhere, making things lively in town and camp, the country seemed very prosperous, for the Dutch knew what sea-power was. Brewster noticed that they had more green things and a greater variety of food on their table than in his home land. The British sol-

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diers, six thousand of whom were in the Republic as allies, called Zeeland "Queen Elizabeth's kitchen garden," because so many succulent garden vegetables, then hardly known in England, were raised here and exported to London.

The towns, besides The Hague, of which Brewster saw the most, were the great seaport city of Flushing, on the river Scheldt, in Zeeland; Brill, near Rotterdam, on the west coast; and Rammekins, which was a small fortress in the south. These "cautionary towns" were held by British garrisons as security for the payment of £100,000, which, as a true "liberty loan," the London merchants had made to the Dutch Republic. Bergen-op-Zoom was also a famous place for British soldiers, and here an English church existed for some years. The British, or rather the English, flag was a very familiar sight in Holland, from 1584 until 1648. When most of the British troops returned home, the Scotch Brigade of three regiments remained in Holland, in the service and pay of the States-General until 1795. In 1776, our Dutch allies in the Revolution would notdespite pressure from King George III and Sir Joseph Yorke, the British envoy at The Hague - allow their splendid battalions to be used

against us. A tablet in honor of this superb body of soldiers was reared by grateful Americans upon the walls of the Scotch church in Rotterdam and unveiled in 1913.

Davison, as we have seen, had lived a long time in Antwerp, and had a good reputation with the Dutch, who trusted him as they did not trust Leicester. There was also a brilliant young officer, Sir Philip Sidney, who, on hearing of the Dutch fight for freedom, had crossed the sea, like our Lafayette, to help the struggling republic against overwhelming odds. In one of the first skirmishes with the Spaniards at Zutphen, he was struck in the leg with a bullet; but, unlike our French altruist, who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. Sidney did not recover. Yet, like the Americans led by General Pershing, who, in 1917, laid a wreath on the hero's grave at the Picpus cemetery in Paris, the Dutch, who have always felt gratitude to their noble deliverer, reared a splendid monument at Zutphen, in 1910, in honor of Sir Philip's memory. His name is undying among us Americans also, for Sidney's Latin, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem" is the motto of Massachusettswhich in 1918 might be that of the American Commonwealth - "By the sword she seeks

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placid calm under liberty." In our days, Henty, the boy's delight, has written the story, "By Pike and Dyke; or, By England's Aid." It is entirely true that Queen Elizabeth, with the inspiration of her presence before her army at Tilbury in noble language and with material assistance, aided the Republic, sending thousands of "help troops" to fight the Spaniards; but it is equally true that Holland was fighting England's battle—just as France, England, and Italy were fighting for us in 1914–17—and that both were making the world safe for the democracy which we enjoy.

Nor could young Brewster fail to notice that Dutch family names were, as a rule, taken from the places where they had lived, while similar geographical terms in England were mostly confined to nobles. Place-names in the Netherlands, were not, as in Germany, monopolized by the junkers or nobles, but were allowed to the common people. When plain folk in England took family names—of which there were few before the Reformation—these were almost wholly borrowed from trades or occupations. The reasons for this are very plain. Under feudalism the land is held chiefly by nobles, the common folk being less tenants than semi-serfs, or "villeins," as they are

called in Magna Charta, or adscripti glebæ, in Latin, which means written as belonging to the soil. This system of land-ownership held on later in England than in the Netherlands; where the people, especially the workmen in organized industry, won their freedom and the farmers became owners of the soil. As for the Dutch cities they had charters, not in Latin, but in the speech of the masses, and some of them as old as Magna Charta. In fact, in some parts of the Netherlands, such as Friesland, where democracy was permanent, feudalism was hardly known.

Naturally in England, when, under the new economics, the feudal system faded away and novel interests and occupations arose, the people took their names from their trades, such as Brewster, Fletcher, Webster, Smith, Wright, Warner, Goldsmith, etc., writing them with a capital. Nor is it anything wonderful that the Smiths and Wrights are so numerous. The organization of the guilds stimulated the taking by the craftsmen of family names from their trades. In other cases the son's name became the family name, such as Robinson, Johnson, Williamson, Richardson, etc. Later on, the town, or "ton," as in Washington, Johnston, Clifton, etc., became more common.

BREWSTER: THE BOY TRAVELER

Still later, the plain people adopted the terms "hurst," "thorpe," "by," etc., which are now so general.

Even to this day, in Great Britain, which awaits the same beneficent agrarian revolution as has taken place in Holland, France, Japan, and most civilized countries, there are relatively very few owners of the soil, most of the land being held by less than half a thousand persons, instead of by tens of thousands of peasant proprietors, as in the other countries named. In a word, Brewster — this potentially future American — found that things in a republic in the sixteenth century were at many points in notable contrast and often far better than in a monarchy.

Wars, besides rarely ever settling the questions for which they are fought, are always costly and wasteful. The Dutch republicans were hard-pressed to raise money enough to keep an army in the field to drive back the Spaniards. Beginning in 1567, according to Father William's motto, "I will maintain," they kept up the struggle, which was not ended until 1648; that is, for eighty years. They had to make repeated "drives" for "liberty loans." Every one in the Republic, man, woman, girl, and boy, had to "do his bit" in order that the

soldiers of freedom should go "over the top" in victory — which they had done long before peace came officially. There was an armistice, or truce, from 1609 to 1621, which was the time of the Pilgrims' sojourn in Holland.

William the Silent had set the example, by selling off, for the benefit of the fatherland, his splendid outfit of "plate" — from the Spanish word "plata," "silver" — consisting of cups, goblets, dishes, and ornaments of all sorts. It is no wonder the Dutch, during his lifetime, called him the Father of his Country and still do so; giving us in this a noble precedent; for our Washington, as general, served without pay. The people responded to Father William's call, the women offering their jewels and the men their coin.

So it came to pass than when Davison and his page Brewster sailed on the return voyage to England, they carried over £40,000 or \$200,000 worth of Dutch jewelry and plate. This was part of the security, or collateral, for the money loaned the Dutch. It was a true "liberty loan" in aid of freedom, of which the world, and especially we Americans, enjoy the benefit to-day.

After Davison had returned to England he was in daily attendance on the queen from

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August, 1586, to February, 1587. He was even made Clerk of the King's Bench. His being high in office gave his page, young Brewster, splendid opportunities of seeing court life and the sights of London. This was when "the City" and Westminster and the villages, now swallowed in the great municipality, were distant and separate.

Who knows but the boy met Shakespeare or saw and heard some of his plays? Most of the great bard's comedies and dramas were written more especially to please the young folks of his time. The theaters were then of the rudest sort, very far from being equal in comfort to some of our Pennsylvania barns. Shakespeare kept himself astonishingly aloof and free from the great living questions of his time. Among other people, whom the great playwright heard and made fun of, were the "Brownists." This tickled the audiences, that were then passive under the oppression of their kings and prelates and far different in their sentiments from those of to-day.

A mighty change was soon to take place in young Brewster's life. Davison's ambitions and high hopes, his fortunes and his public career came suddenly to an end when the queen made of him a cat's-paw for her alleged self-protec-

tion. She signed the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, and then sought some one on whom to throw the odium of the act. In this those who think the sovereign of England was a male find an argument! She certainly had a genius for discovering scapegoats, which was quite equal to that of our first ancestor, Adam.

CHAPTER X

BRADFORD: BOY HERO AND TYPICAL PILGRIM IF William Brewster be thought the typical Pilgrim, layman, church officer, man of the world, and leader of the first flight beyond sea of the Separatists, William Bradford stands out as the practical, all-around, business man, in the second and trans-Atlantic voyage. Like that of our Washington, his was "a well-

balanced organization." To strive for perfection in man's threefold nature, body, soul, and spirit, according to his Master's command and Paul's prayer and ideal, was Bradford's life endeavor.

Less than two miles from Scrooby is the market town of Austerfield. In this village lived a boy several years younger than Brewster. Yet these two were to be lifelong companions, and both of them were pioneers in all the good ideas and actions that make the United States, and the best Americans, what they are. This boy was William Bradford. Some of us have seen the record of his baptism in the little Norman church at Austerfield on the Austerfield church parchment. We re-

member also the old font, or baptismal bowl, before which he was christened; though when, in 1891, we made examination, it lay upon the ground and was used for chickens to drink out of. It had become so old, dark, and crusted by centuries of use, that it has been replaced by a new one. Not long after the ancient font was bought as a relic by some American.

Bradford's ancestors had been yeomen, who formed the class next to the knights, some of whom owned land and from whom in wartime the infantry, or archers, spearmen or swordsmen were recruited. They won deserved fame for their steadiness in battle, their bravery in the charge, and their accuracy as archers. In using, as we still do, the phrase "yeomen's service," we do but recall old traditions.

At the north end of Austerfield village, a brick house is shown in which Bradford is said to have been born. It is now divided into tenements for two families. This tradition may be true, for the Flemings had introduced the making of bricks a century or more previous, and such dwellings were then becoming common. There is also still standing, on the old manor ground at Scrooby, a brick house, later than the main edifice, which latter has long ago been taken down.

BRADFORD: TYPICAL PILGRIM

Bradford's father and mother died early in his life. Among other things bequeathed to him by will were a "cupboard in the house," a settee, a yoke of oxen, a corselet, or bit of body armor, and an iron-bound wain, or wagon. In old English the "house" meant the best inside room, or parlor; because, indeed, before evolution into the modern form of the dwelling divided into many apartments, this big room was all there was of the house, whether in castle or cottage. The "home" meant of old the seat of domestic life, including both the dwelling and the ground near by.

Bradford was a serious boy, and therefore, in the long run, one of the happiest, and sure to live the longer for being so; existence itself meaning enjoyment. Quite early in life he fell under the influence of a Puritan minister at Babworth. This place is now about ten miles from Scrooby; though when the high hedges, which are now so general in England, were not so common — for most of the land was then used as sheep pasture and unenclosed — a good walker could, by short cuts, shorten his route a mile or two.

So Bradford as a boy had the delight of growing up to be a true Christian — than which happiness there can be no greater path of pleasure

or one richer in the durable satisfactions of life. His was the joy of following closely in the footsteps of Him "who left us an example that we should follow in his steps." Whether we call that towering figure in history, a Hebrew, the Prophet of Nazareth, the Samurai of the Ages, the World's First Gentleman, or "our Friend, our Brother and our Lord," Bradford, by keeping his commandments, knew him in all these endearing relations. Bradford's attitude was ever one of devoted loyalty to his Master. Hence his unquailing courage throughout life.

View and appraise Jesus as we may, according to our hereditary, family, or theological notions or inheritances, adjudge Him from his simple manliness, or as a unique character in human annals, we shall appreciate Him all the more if we also can enter into Bradford's experiences. This eminently practical man, of deep feelings and tender emotions, by ever closer acquaintance with his Master, sweetened in character and grew stronger with age. He sat ever at the feet of the Teacher, who stands higher than any dogma, tradition, ritual, or organization that claims to represent him.

It was this typical Pilgrim who gave his company their immortal name. As brave as Bunyan's ideal hero, Bradford was as certain, de-

BRADFORD: TYPICAL PILGRIM

spite life's varied obstacles, to reach that goal of true success which stands the test of time and of eternity. To the Pilgrim governor there was no potency for the solving of problems equal to that enfolded in the precepts of Jesus. Bradford found that in common life the Sermon on the Mount was workable, because his interpretation of it came from a vital view and use of its truths, quite apart from creeds, speculative philosophy, or church policy. He saw that all human actions have worth only as they are freed from selfishness, and as the Father in Heaven sees them. To him the Word of his Master was ever as David's old sword — "none like it." Bradford wrought always as in his "Great Taskmaster's eye."

That Bradford was a happy boy needs no proof or argument to any who, as a boy, has known by rich experience that real religion which is never outside, but always within and very deep in the soul. To have hung or based his life wholly on a corporation, a ritual, a creed, a tradition formulated by somebody else, might have meant sorrow or abridged his joy; but to have found in his own soul the test of sonship with God, with proof and assurance, and in his daily life tokens of loyalty to his Master and great Captain, meant perpetual cheer and un-

diminished delight. In fact, his Christian experience was for him a deep, unfailing well of refreshment, from which he could hourly drink and gain new strength, and this deepened with his years. In old age his annotations or second thoughts, expressed in his manuscript history, are pæans of thanksgiving. Of certain old pilgrims before him it was said that, "passing through the valley of weeping, they made it a place of springs."

So all his life Bradford found perpetual fountains of cheer. He was the man to inspire others, because he himself was so richly provided with the elements of hope. Like the lone prisoner on the Roman corn ship in the stormy Mediterranean, when others were paralyzed by terror or white with fear, he could stand unafraid on the deck, be the real captain, and say, "Sirs, be of

good cheer."

Bradford's religion was that of the genuine Puritan, which was and is as different from the caricatures made of it by the average modern scribbler, on the stage, and in the novel, as sunlight differs from the whale-oil lamp that serves to make darkness visible. The life of God in Bradford did not consist merely in attending meetings, going to church or conventicle, on keeping the Sabbath — important as these

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might seem — but of daily, hourly gratitude to God and willing service to man.

Bradford learned by bitter experience that "the Church" so called, the State-propped or supported corporation, whether universal or local, whether "Holy Catholic" or "Holy Christian," sectarian, or however named, is not necessarily a patron or lover of either righteousness or true holiness. Whether in his day or ours, or in the centuries past, who can associate any radical reforms with "the Church"? Be it simony, slavery, the slave trade, prohibition of liquid poison in strong drink, the abolition of flogging in school, army, or navy, prison reform, rational medicine, proper treatment of the insane, the enfranchisement of women, the white slave traffic, oppression of the laboring man by legally buttressed corporations, "the Church" has in all these matters lagged behind, to let individuals - "heretics" usually - do the work and often in the very teeth of "the Church's" opposition. The archives of the history of man's progress show that ecclesiastics have thundered in opposition, attempting to silence the protester, while the lightnings of prelates have tried to transfix the reformers. "The Church" went on defining dogma and telling men what they ought to believe, while

hanging, burning, or imprisoning men who tried to make the world better through their preaching that Christ's law in Church and State is the only true democracy.

The whole life of William Bradford shows that simply to label him with the name of any sect or church, or to appraise his life and work by calling him this or that sort of a Christian, is to belittle him. He was a God-filled man, and what God-filled and God-driven men have done, without respect of name or creed, let Professor I. H. Holmes tell us:

"Men God-driven are men unsatisfied. The hope of the future lies in the rebellion of men against circumstances, their splendid unwillingness to leave things as they are. God-driven men turned the cave into the house and the house into a temple. They took the wild grains and made wheat and corn. They took the crabbed, wild fruits, and gave us apple, grape, and pear. They took the simple roadside weeds and gave us the crimson rambler, and all the glory of our household flowers. They took the rude organization of the tribal clan and made the nation. They took the despotism and made the democracy, though this task is yet unfinished. The unrest and longing in the heart of man is the voice of God. It calls him from ease to

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effort, from the war of appetite to the greater war of social development, from selfish grabbing at personal goods to creative life. So is the word of God a sharp sunderer of men from many things dear to them; so has it been a clarion call leading them to new fields and new service — a bugle note stiffening the sinews and summoning the blood for pioneer service in new ways."

Bradford was always "up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Job's words, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," interpret the quality of Bradford's piety and faith in the Father of Eternity. In his "History" he declares, in effect, that the democracy for which one would not dare to be imprisoned or die is not the true metal acceptable to Him who sits "as a refiner." Of Bradford, as of Joseph, it might be written that he was ever ready to labor and to wait "until the time that His word came; the word of the Lord tried him," and he stood the test.

CHAPTER XI

SCROOBY: A BATTLE-GROUND OF PRINCIPLES

One thing to keep in mind, while reading the Pilgrim story, is to note carefully that there were, in the England of 1600, two centers of Separatism, Independency, or Free Churchism. One was in the north, the other in the south. Their persecutors also were, in each case, quite different. In London the searchings-out, punishments, imprisonment, and hangings of the Free Churchmen were done by the Government, and the judicial proceedings were more or less well known to the public in general. In one sense it was a national affair, and the spirit and legal procedure, if not the actual methods, were closely akin to those of the Inquisition in Spain.

In the case of the northern Separatists, or Independents, who became the "Pilgrim Fathers," the matter was wholly different. At Scrooby the troubles and vexations were for the most part petty annoyances from their neighbors.

Scrooby is only one of hundreds of places ending in the Danish by; for this townlet lies in that part of England long under "Danelaw" and

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Danish kings. After the Norman Conquest all the bishops of England were liegemen or feudal retainers of William the Conqueror and his successors. This sufficiently explains the political and persecuting character of a bishop in Tudor times. Scrooby, in Domesday Book, was simply a "hamlet of Sudton, of Yorke manor." To this day the rector of Scrooby is also in charge of the Sutton church, which is but a few miles south.

Should one buy a railway ticket for Scrooby he may be more fortunate than was the writer, on one of his visits, when at the station, not over thirty miles away, the young man who "booked" you, or sold tickets, stoutly insisted that there was no such place. He even made me spell the name. In very few gazetteers or old guide-books will this name, so long in obscurity, be found.

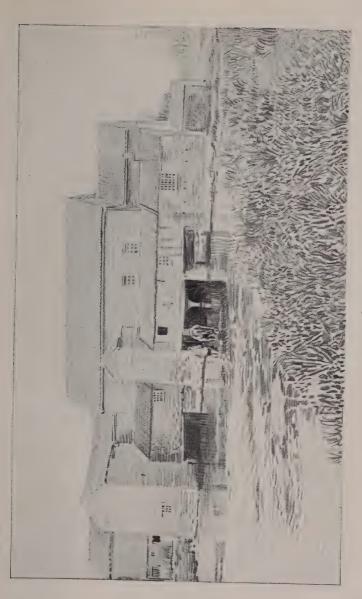
Scrooby lies on the Great Northern road, as we said in our chapter on Brewster, he being the post agent there. The old Monk's Mill, the church of Saint Wilfred, and a few buildings from Elizabethan days are still standing. The Manor House or Summer Palace of the Archbishop of York, a semi-fortified edifice duly defended by a moat, is no more. It was further equipped with fishponds, still traceable, but nearly filled up, while the lumpy and irregu-

lar surface of the present pasture, in which the cows graze, suggests that under the greenery lies much rubbish of old foundations, though the edifice itself was of wood.

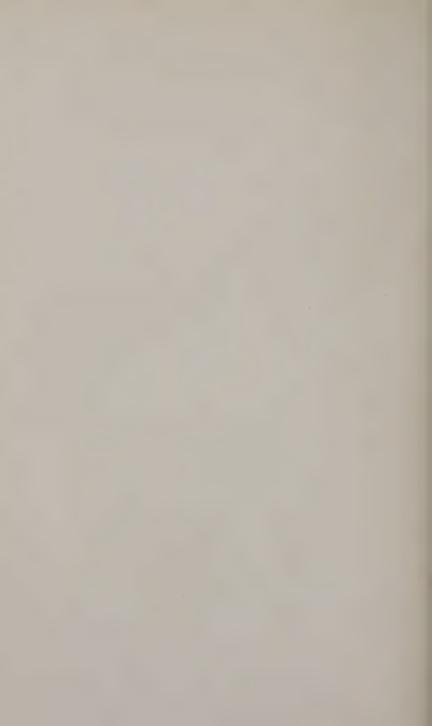
The antiquary, John Leland, who was chief appraiser and confiscator for Henry VIII, thus describes this ancient structure, the quondam residence of the Archbishops of York—"a great manor place withyn a moat and builded into courts, whereof the first is very ample, and all builded of tymbre, saving the front of brick."

The later addition to the main house is the annex, which evidently served for servants' quarters, built of brick and still in use. In its rooms upstairs and down are the vestiges of the old days when holy water, burning candles, crucifixes, and other religious furniture were in common use, being supposed to be necessary in the worship of God.

In not a few places in Europe where old monasteries have been, but are now gone, one can find a relic of the past, perhaps in some gable end of a farmhouse, or part of a wall, out of which protrudes a knob of sculpture, a saint's head, a bit of inscription, or the fragment of a cherub, it may be; but at Scrooby one must go out into the cow-house. This was built much



THE OLD MONK'S MILL, SCROOBY



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later. Here are the mouldings, wainscot, and carved oaken beams of the old manor house. These, made useful as rafters, have been duly utilized by the spiders for their tapestry, fulfilling the Scripture of Proverbs 30:28. Whether the creature mentioned in the old or the new version be the one intended, we saw it in both forms.

In a word, where in 1600 things wore the face and garb of their time in architecture and surroundings, the scene and environment of today is modern. What in 1600 was an affair of walls, moats, gates, monastery, mill, fishponds, and other things mediæval, is now a plain farmer's house and home. An American mowing and reaping machine added to the disenchantment or the charm — as one may nominate it. The old pen-fold for stray cattle, and what was once the timber of the stocks, the rabbits caught in the mown wheat for pie, the absence of an inn having lodging-rooms, and the "Flying Scotchman" dashing along on the steel rails to Edinburgh, break the dream of the past and open the door of the present.

Informers and spies were very plentiful in 1606. When the Separatists met for simpler forms of worship, Bible study, and real preaching, the local authorities began to be very ac-

tive in measures of suppression; yet these Free Churchmen kept on. They were too eager in their truth-seeking to quail at once before danger, even when informers and spies were numerous.

While no close relation between the southern and the northern Separatists — the former in London and the latter at Norwich, Gainsborough, and Scrooby — is recorded, the martyrdoms of several Free Churchmen, in the eastern counties, must have been fully known to the Scrooby people, for these judicial murders took place in their neighborhood. Bradford tells us that at least six Free Churchmen suffered death, either in London or at Norfolk, Thetford, or Saint Edmunds. Of the heroes of faith who at Norwich were burned alive, not denying their Lord, a poet, as true as the later Tennyson, of the charging troopers at Balaklava, might have sung:

"Long shall their tale be told, Yea, when our babes are old, How they rode onward,"

in their chariots of fire, as did Elijah.

At last, in 1608, having found by experience that life was intolerable in England unless they violated conscience and denied the supremacy of Jesus, their Master, the Free Churchmen re-

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solved to give up country, home, comfort, and settled means of livelihood. They would cross the seas, become foreigners in a strange land, risk poverty, and find graves in alien soil. All this because they refused to be cowards or renegades, and had faith in God. How they sought flight, first by way of Boston, only to be betrayed and driven back, has been often told.

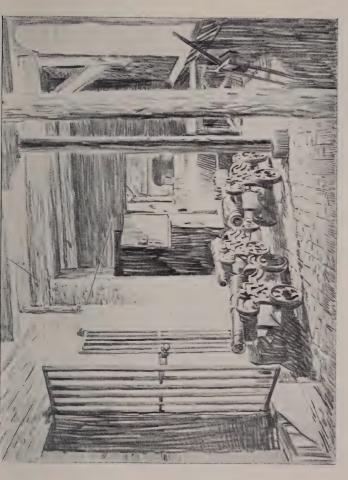
Bradford introduces us to the catchpole, a character famous in feudal days when men wore armor and when swords were part of the daily dress of men in the privileged classes, just as I saw the men and the thing in Old Japan.

Catchpole was the name of a man and also of a tool or human neck-trap. He was a sheriff's officer sent to arrest people who were in debt, or had infringed in some way the laws of the realm, especially those laws which, in late Tudor and early Stuart times, forbade a man to worship God as he saw fit. It was the business of the shire-reeve, or sheriff of the county, to see that the laws were carried out. The minion who obeyed the sheriff's orders was named after his instrument. As this functionary might have to deal with an accused person who owned a sword and knew how to use it in resisting or defending himself, the catchpole and his henchmen usually went together in a party. They had, for

their chief dependence, a long pole with an iron contrivance of two springs at the end, shaped like the branches of the letter Y, set in front of the letter O. The part to be pushed and clasped around the neck worked on the springs; and back of this was the circle.

This tool was a long-range instrument, so that the holder, when expert, could keep himself beyond the reach of a club or sword-blade and thus save his own bacon. Whether by thrust in frontal attack, or by sneaking up behind, the catchpole would push his steel trap upon the neck of his victim. Its jaws, once snapped together, held the man helpless and at a distance, so that he could be easily disarmed and tied. An assistant carrying a rope would bind the person arrested and lead him off to jail. Bradford tells us how these minions of the law, who too often proved themselves grafters and official thieves, caught the Separatists and dragged them off to prison. It is easy to picture to our minds the sheriff's posse at the door of the humble cottages with rope, pole, and bill, haling men, women, and children to jail.

At Boston Bradford says, "Being thus first, by the catchpole officers, rifled and stripped of their money, books and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messen-



TWO OF THE CELLS IN THE TOWN HALL OF BOSTON ENGLAND, WHERE SOME OF THE PILGRIMS WERE INCARCERATED



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gers sent to inform the Lords of the Council, and so they were committed to ward."

For a month the Scrooby refugees were kept in the Boston cells, and then, except seven of the chief men - Brewster longer than any were dismissed to find their way home as best they could; probably being obliged to beg their food on the way. Like many other Americans we have stood inside these cells with as much admiration for the Puritan magistrates - who dealt lightly with these Free Churchmen and liberated them — as contempt for the grafters who, in the name of the law, robbed these poor people. In the Boston Congregational House, on Beacon Street, among several relics from Scrooby, one may see the old iron rails which held in those who were prisoners for conscience' sake.

When Tudor England cast out her children, the exodus of the Scrooby company to Holland proved to be the forlorn hope of the Free Churchmen of the England of to-day and of the spiritual freedom now enjoyed by the English people. The Separatists did not, for they could not go at once as one body. They tried twice, notably, in larger groups, by way of Boston in the southeast, and from Grimsby or Hull, to the northeast. They failed and were turned back,

as has been often described. It was finally a movement of parties, boat by boat, as it were, from a sinking ship. Indeed, when, as Bradford tells us, they were surrounded on all sides by spies and some of their number had been clapped into prison, while inquisition, bonds, and death threatened the others, it was, by the summer of 1608, more like leaving a vessel in flames or foundering at sea.

"Women first," and the strong helping the weak, is ship law, as it was New Testament law always; and glorious are they who, even to the yielding of their own lives, if necessary, whether on the Titanic, or an army transport, or on ordinary craft, uphold this law. The pastors of the flock at Scrooby, Clifton and Robinson, were the last to leave the craft, for "they stayed to help the weakest before them."

This part of the story seems the real epic in the career of the Pilgrims. They were like the migrating bird, facing a storm while flying to its nest — mounting, sinking, veering, riding the billows of the air, driven back, yet again attempting and ever pressing forward, while steadily nearing the goal. The Scrooby people, finally, in small parties reached Amsterdam, then the refuge of the oppressed of every land and clime.

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Scrooby stands in history as one of the world's great battle-grounds of principle, where the human soul is tried, noble ideals are put to proof, and great principles illustrated. In their flight these Separatists led the glorious soulliberty of to-day. After three centuries of the testing of their lofty ideals and their practical polity, the twofold demonstration is clear: that pure religion has no necessary connection with either man-made dogmas or with a centralized religious corporation; and that separation of politics from matters of conscience — the Pilgrim and the American idea - is the law that is peaceably dictating the customs of the whole world. Instead of this form of church government being "simply nowhere," it is rather, in more or less close adherence to apostolical methods and spirit, reaching out to the everywhere. Whenever men sincerely declare theirs the motto, Nisi Dominus Frustra — the spirit of the 127th Psalm — there will democracy in the church be the rule. So the Pilgrims taught and believed.

That which was the animating principle of the Separatist movement and the fundamental law of the Free Churches can be discerned at Scrooby and Gainsborough. It was a battle of forces. On the one hand was the dogma of an

established church, enforcing its will by physical violence, prison, exile, and death, with feudalism, autocracy, thrones, and kings behind it. On the other were faith, preaching, teaching, popular and higher education, free schools for the people, the printing press, and the instruments of reason and argument. The Separatist and Free Church movement represented the future and the now fulfilled prophetic vision. Based on the law of God and the life and teachings of Jesus, it was antipodal in spirit and action to that which we have witnessed in Europe and must face in America.

In the organization of each Free Church the principle was that of brotherhood; the soul of which is discerned in the covenant, without which to-day no true Congregational church can exist. Bradford, writing in the third person, has thus recorded the covenant: "To walk in all His ways, made known, or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them."

Of the London Free Churchmen it is recorded of the members in 1616: "Standing together they joined hands with each other and solemnly covenanted with each other in the presence of Almighty God to walk together in

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all God's ways and ordinances, according as he had already revealed, or should further make known to them."

"In His written word only" was the Pilgrim's slogan.

CHAPTER XII

TUDOR ENGLAND CASTS OUT HER CHILDREN

An English writer declares that the banishment of the Independents marks the beginning of the long estrangement between England and her American colonies.

However this may be, it is well to note the new environment of the exiles in Holland, and to inquire how they were influenced during the formative stage of their career. We ought to realize what they saw and learned concerning ideas and things which were not, at that time, prevalent in England. In a word, we should inquire how, by dwelling in an alien country, and to what extent thereby, they were fitted to be makers of the American Commonwealth.

There are those who maintain that in the Dutch Republic these wayfarers did little else than "tarry for a night." The true and sufficient answer to such a surmise, based on rather narrow prejudice or willful ignorance, is found in Bradford's history. On his pages are scores of admiring references to Holland, with grateful acknowledgment of both Dutch hospitality and of Pilgrim indebtedness. Yet Bradford was

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no exception, but rather the embodiment of Pilgrim opinion and feeling. He represented the consensus of the people of the Mayflower and New Plymouth.

Still further, any one intimately familiar with the life and customs, the law and literature of the Dutch, besides the church, city, and national life, in the first half of the seventeenth century, can but confirm what Bradford wrote. Such a student discerns, in many of the deepest things in American life which could not have come from England, both the direct borrowings and the abundant importations from the Republic. Among all those who were makers of the American Commonwealth, none exceeded the Pilgrims as purveyors; though the fact, so apt to mislead, that they were mostly English and spoke the English language, has made this truth almost invisible in some sections of the United States. In fact, it has camouflaged the whole subject. In this twentieth century, when the two greatest of English-speaking nations are reaffirming ancient friendships, inheritances, and ambitions, truth will help, not hinder, the desired unity.

There were pilgrim fathers before those which the Mayflower brought over; and besides the Free Churchmen who were publicly de-

prived of their lives, there was a "lost battalion." Far more numerous were they who died without notice in the London prisons. They rotted to death in the damp and foul dungeons of the Newgate and Fleet jails. By 1596 the names of at least twenty-five of these victims—twenty males and five females—were known. They were true martyrs, because a martyr is one who bears witness to the faith that is within him.

The English Government, after attempting by prison, fire, and the gallows, to arrest the progress of the Reformation toward its logical issues, tried official banishment and drove the Dissenters into exile. On the two continents, of America and Europe, the Free Churchmen found refuge and surcease from persecution.

By the year 1597 the legal intellect presiding over the English Government had reached a lucid interval, and a policy for the colonization instead of the imprisonment of Free Churchmen was decided on. Certain "Barrowists," loyal and true subjects of Queen Elizabeth, petitioned the council to be allowed to colonize Rainea, one of the Magdalen Isles, which lie north of Prince Edward's Island. Three English merchants, who during a voyage of fishing and discovery had found these, now hoped to make

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their fortune in colonizing them. Having two ships ready they asked for leave to deport certain mechanics and "other persons that are noted to be sectaries, whose minds are continually in an ecclesiastical ferment." The council allowed the would-be planters to take out four Barrowists from the London prisons to America. Bonds had to be given that the four — two in each ship — should not return "unless they be content to reform themselves and to live in obedience to the laws ecclesiastical."

Thus casting out her children, even as Spain had driven out the Moors and France was later to banish the Huguenots, and Germany the Salzburgers and Moravians, Tudor England forbade the return of these Independents, lest a worse fate than prison might await them, as in the case of Greenwood, Barrowe, and Penry—the martyrs of Congregationalism.

Let the names of those selected stand in honor. If, as was often alleged, the prisons of Europe were emptied for the settlement of America, the character of the prisoners betokened the fact that in many cases they were incarcerated in bonds because of their deep study of a certain book written mainly in prison or by prisoners, and largely by one who was proud to sign himself "the prisoner of Jesus

Christ." The four Londoners selected, as perhaps the most dangerous to State Churchism, and thereby, as we Americans think, honored, were Francis Johnson, Daniel Studley, George Johnson, and John Clark. The ships were the Hopewell, of one hundred and twenty tons, and the Chancewell, of seventy tons. The first was sixty tons less in burthen than the Mayflower, and the second ten tons larger than the Speedwell, of later Pilgrim use and fame.

Possibly when the Clink prison doors opened to let out these four, who were probably leaders, the other Free Churchmen were dismissed also. At any rate, it is known that there was soon after this a love feast at the pastor's house in London. For this sailing of four "Pilgrim Fathers" to America, to win "freedom to worship God," the ships weighed anchor at Gravesend, April 18, 1597. After lying at Falmouth. because of contrary winds, they faced the ocean on the 28th. An eight weeks' voyage ended, June 23, by the Chancewell running on the rocks. Happily, on the 27th, the Hopewell hove in sight. Yet, when all were crowded on the one ship, equipped only with old and rotten sails and cordage, and a limited stock of provisions, the only alternative was to return, and by September I they were back at Southampton.

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In naming these bleak bits of land after the Magdalen, the first discoverers, or those who had experienced life on them, must have had in mind the "lost" nature suggested by the name.

The four zealous Christians - or dangerous characters — were able to reach London and hide for a fortnight, with the prospect of getting a rope around their necks if caught; until, from Gravesend, they took ship for Amsterdam, their haven of safety. The church of the Separatists there was made up largely of ex-convicts — a company to which their Lord and Master once belonged - a convict by unjust human law, but never a criminal. Of this true church Francis Johnson was pastor, Henry Ainsworth teacher, Daniel Studley, George Johnson, and M. Slade elders, and Christopher Bowman deacon. In the midst of exile, imprisonment, or banishment, their faith had been born, and now, on free soil, was again given to the world. They were Free Churchmen in a free state the Republic of the United Netherlands. It was this "ancient church," to which the scattered fragments of the Scrooby company upon arriving in Amsterdam joined themselves.

Yet they were but one among seven English Separatist congregations, and in a score or

more groups of fugitives, Free Churchmen from several lands.

Of these aliens in the city on the Y, the greater number consisted of Walloons. These French-speaking Belgians, arriving in Amsterdam as early as 1574, are known to have had, by the year 1578, a well-organized church, with pastors and officers. After the fall of Antwerp to the Spaniards, in 1585, this church was greatly enlarged in numbers. It was but one of nearly seventy Walloon or "French" churches in the Netherlands, whose history is known.¹

From the first, the relations of Robinson and his people with the Walloons were close and warm. By the "French" churches, so often referred to in the Pilgrim writings, are meant, in almost every instance, the churches of the Belgian Walloons. Of this septuagint of churches, there are over a dozen still remaining and using their own speech. Their history both in Europe and in America has been, in most English and American writers, virtually lost under the name "Huguenot," with whose churches they were affiliated in doctrine, for they held to the same Reformed faith and their confessions were very much alike.

¹ Histoire et Influence des Églises Wallones dans les Pays Bas. Par D. F. Poujol. Paris, 1902.

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Wherever the early English Separatists went in any Dutch city they found Walloon congregations, brethren in the faith; and not a few marriages took place between the members of both. There are thousands of English-speaking people, especially Americans, who say and think they are descended from the "Huguenots" of France, when to the Walloons of Belgium belong the fact, and, let us hope, the honor, of being their ancestors.

The English refugees made their homes in the poorer parts of the Dutch cities and seaports, which are most closely connected with Pilgrim history. These are Dordrecht, Middelburg, Amsterdam, Leyden, Delfshaven, Kampen, and Naarden. In Amsterdam, new land had been made by filling up old spaces once under water, such being called "polders" or drained land. In this new quarter clustered the immigrants or foreigners, to whom the Republic gave a home and shelter. The city authorities, with their excellent system of relief, helped these poor people with food and money, "without distinction of nation or religion." Here were refugees from the four nations of the British Isles, Brabanters from Belgic land, Walloons and French, Westphalian Germans, and others, whom the native

citizens lumped together under the name of "the poor Hussites," or Reformed folk. The Separatist congregations and the Pilgrims were only samples of outcasts, including also the Jews who had been driven from the Spanish dominions, to find in the Republic shelter—as the little bird from the cruel hawk.

Though the pastor of this church, Francis Johnson, still lay in the Clink Prison in London, their teacher, Henry Ainsworth, was active in building up the congregation. His friend, Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, declared that Ainsworth "had scarce his peer among a thousand academicians for the scripture originals, and yet he scarce set foot within a college."

Among his most popular translations was one published in Amsterdam in 1612, entitled "The Book of Psalms, Englished in both Prose and Metre." This was the Pilgrims' Hymn-Book. Longfellow, in his "Courtship of Miles Standish," refers to this volume in the hands of Priscilla. To illustrate the humorous side of the Pilgrim story and to show how men's prejudices make them cross-eyed, one has but to consult a French work of reference, La Grande Dictionnaire Historique. This gives two biographies of one man, there imagined and

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alleged by the editor - a would-be Solomon — to be separate personalities—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde — "the able commentator of the Scriptures," and the arch-heretic, "a Brownist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The reader is, in this French book, warned against "confounding the two men," though the reality stands, in the fact of the two names and the two personalities being blended in the one son of the one mother. Both the heretic and the scholar were latent, not in twins, but in the one baby born at the one moment, Henry Ainsworth, scholar, orthodox Christian, Separatist, alleged heretic, and servant of man and God. The "Brownist" and the scholar cannot be separated.

What high honor it was, in 1891, to the author of this little book about the Pilgrims, while in Europe and after active attendance upon the International Congregational Council, when visiting Geneva, to be at first refused lodging, because, though a tourist from Boston, he was suspected of being an "Anabaptiste" by the lady-proprietor of the pension, who was of the Roman obedience. This name, Congregationalist, to the French boarding-housekeeper, was something unspeakably dreadful.

Perhaps the most striking feature of life in

the new country, to the Separatists of 1593, and in the years between, even to 1609, was the almost absolute freedom of religion. No one was persecuted for his belief. On the streets of Amsterdam one would meet Jews, Anabaptists, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Turks, Moslems, Agnostics, and Protestants of all sorts, including those just out from England, and there considered by many as pestiferous people; though now known as "Congregationalists." Amsterdam was, for generations, the target of as much scorn and ridicule by State Church wits and jesters, because of its toleration and liberality, as was the United States, by European autocrats and aristocrats, for a century or more. Yet the men who, beyond sea, fed the fountains of American freedom, were, for the most part, educated in the Republic of the United Netherlands. The Dutch Government did not allow processions or parades of people in church uniform, or the public carrying of symbols, such as the crosses, or banners, like those common in Spain, Italy, and Austria. Nor were any other creeds and forms than those in the Reformed Churches permitted public propaganda; but, within his own house, a man could think what he pleased and worship as he liked. His conscience was free. The Roman Catholics

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had church edifices with plain brick fronts and their services as of yore and were unmolested. The refugees from Belgic land were as devout and as earnest students of the Bible as were the Separatists, and had made equally great sacrifices for faith and principle. Thus, all enjoyed

the atmosphere of soul liberty.

In the long war for freedom the Dutch had beaten the Spaniards on land and crippled their power at sea. Spain asked for an armistice. In the winter of 1608 the Spanish envoys were met at the southern frontier by polite Dutch delegates, and the two parties in sleighs drove to The Hague. After many sessions they agreed upon a truce, which was to last twelve years, from 1609 to 1621. It was during this peaceful time that the Scrooby Separatists, the Pilgrim Fathers, dwelt in the land "where religion was free for all men."

In this capital city and on the site of the house of John Adams — the first legation of the United States — a bronze tablet commemorating three centuries of unbroken peace and friendship between the Netherlands and [the potential and actual] United States, was unveiled in presence of Queen Wilhelmina's representatives and the curators of the Peace Palace, on September 18, 1913.

CHAPTER XIII

UNDER THE FLAG OF SEVEN STRIPES

After noting the Genesis of the Pilgrim movement, it is now time to consider their Exodus. Until their arrival in Leyden we do not know very much of their Leviticus or detailed law of their organization, or much about their book of Numbers until they began to be "mustered" (as the Hebrew, which Bradford studied, has it) in ships for their movement westward. The analogy of their story with that of the Old Testament's Pilgrim's Progress, is very close. In Amsterdam, in 1609, the company of Scrooby people were exiles from home, strangers in a strange land. Let us inquire what was their political status.

They were without the protection of their government and sovereign. They were no longer under the crimson flag of England, then bearing one white cross, and very different in appearance from either the Royal Ensign or the Union Jack of to-day.

Two flags in the Republic waved over them. The first was the tricolor, orange, white, and blue; from the arms of William, the Father of

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his Country; while floating at every ship's mizzen, on the flagstaffs, and in the towns and cities and on the church towers, was the sevenstriped flag of the Union - emblem of the Federal Government, the United States of the Netherlands. This red and white striped flag, prototype of that of our own union and federal system - Old Glory - may be seen on almost every naval picture of the historical painters of old days. Proud of their federal republic of seven states, in the senate of which each state, large or small, had one vote, the Dutch, always fond of brilliant colors and gav decoration, displayed their flags by the thousands. In fact, this was the first time in history — feudalism having passed away - when there was a country without a king, and law and order without a throne, that there was such a thing as a sovereign, national flag which did not belong to a feudal or royal ruler, but was the popular expression of the nation at large, that is, the commonwealth. No flag like it had ever been seen in Europe.

The Amsterdammers gloried in the arms of their prosperous city, with its shield on which were three silver crosses. They had driven out the Spaniard and, because of this, they flaunted the symbol of their victory all the more. In fact,

we Americans have borrowed from the Dutch the words "flag," "stripes," "union," "staff," "bunting," and almost the whole vocabulary relating to our national symbol; for these terms, with their modern meaning, were in Dutch before they were in English. The words which we employ in our every-day speech and in our correct diction were in general use among the founders of the Middle States before they were known or used in England.

Officially, peace had not yet come; but the Twelve Years' Truce had been signed. It was during this tranquil period, from 1609 to 1621, that the Pilgrims were to live in the Republic in peace. They were free, on the one hand, from both Tudor and Stuart kings and bishops; and, on the other, from Spanish tyrants, bigots, and

inquisitors.

For the children and young folks the strange land now entered was a veritable new world. "Old heads on young shoulders" may be possible in caricature, but not in reality. The boys and girls were not, could not be, interested, except in a vague and remote way, in what filled the souls of their elders. They were more influenced by what was visible, audible, and tangible. They noticed the dikes and dams, storks and windmills, wooden shoes, costumes rich in

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color, the metal headdresses of the women the glorified crown of thorns from early Christian days - and the splendid town halls. The Stad Huys in Dutch became the "State House" on American tongues, and this altered pronunciation is but one specimen of scores of Dutch names and words the Pilgrims brought to our land. They heard the carillons in the church towers, and listened to the psalm tunes and song music of the chimes, and the bells that struck also the hours and quarters. The curious houses with their gables and crowsteps, the bas-reliefs of Old Testament scenes in the Jews' quarter — of Moses and Sinai, of Jacob dreaming, and the angel-ladder, of Elijah fed by the ravens - the tiled fireplaces, and all the wonderful things which had already blossomed into common life from contact with the Orient; the games and sports of the men and women. the skates and sleds, the golf, and the kermis fun, were all of interest.

What they never saw or heard of were "schnapps"—a German word—or "Knickerbocker"—a name coined later in America—besides things, imaginary things, associated with Holland only in English and American vulgar tradition or in our Anglicized history. With the goodies and cookies, the waffles and

finger cakes, the stoves and manifold home comforts, they were delighted, for against these

there was no Pilgrim law.

They found that people turned to the right instead of to the left; and that the Dutch took public and official care of their orphans, widows, wounded soldiers, and aged couples, not leav-

ing these to private charity.

Bradford writes glowingly of the "many and goodly and fortified cities strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men," and then sets in striking contrast his own company of poor people who were plain rustics and villagers. All this power and so great prosperity in the Low Countries were very impressive to the exiles, and perhaps Brewster was the only traveled person among them. Thus does Bradford himself tell the story in epitome: "For though they saw fair and beautiful cities flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the grim and ghastly face of poverty coming among them like an armed man with whom they must buckle and encounter and from whom they could not fly."

Nevertheless, with both grit and grace, "armed with faith and patience and by God's assistance, they prevailed and got the vic-

tory."

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What was the political status of these English people, thus cast out from the country they loved, and by the sovereign to whom they were loyal? One might think them embittered by their experiences. But no! On this point they had taken early care to fortify themselves, a dozen years before, when the first exiles reached the country "where religion was free for all men." Their place in history is clear.

In 1596 a little book dropped from the press in Amsterdam. Its title-page ran thus: "A true Confession of Faith and Humble Acknowledgement of the Allegiance which we, her Majesties Subjects, falsely called Brownists, doo hould toward God and yeild to her Majestie and all others that are over us in the Lord... Published for the cleering of ourselves from those unchristian slanders of heresie, schisme, pryde, obstinacie, disloyaltie, sedition, &c. which by our adversaries are in all places given out against us," etc.

In a word, it was not the Salem Puritans of 1630, only, who loved the country which had cast them out. Those forced to become "pilgrims and strangers upon the earth" loved their country too.

Amsterdam was a world in itself, for here Europe and Asia, the Orient and the Occident,

had their point of meeting. No other city in western Europe could show along its wharves a greater number or more interesting variety of ships sailing out to the Far East and away to other strange countries. Every day there were fresh arrivals in the harbor, bringing spices, silks, drugs, perfumes, fruits, confectionery, and all sorts of curious things from the tropics. Quite early began the Dutch distinction between India on the mainland — almost a continent in itself — and Insulinde, or island India, while the shops put out the sign, "Oriental and Colonial wares." It was near the waterfront that Rembrandt and the later brilliant array of Dutch artists found their most picturesque themes. Turks, Arabs, Javanese, Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Islanders, and the Indians of North and South America were found here in their quaint costumes, curious dress and weapons, and odd gestures and language.

One of the sights enjoyed by the children was the curious round building, erected in 1482, and still in use as the harbor-master's office. It stands on the Prince Henry Quay, in Amsterdam, and is still called the "Shriekers' Tower," from the fact that here in old days gathered the weeping wives and children, relatives and friends of those who sailed away to America or

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to the Far East. In our time the steam launches, tugs, and steamers make the scene even more impressively what it has always been — the busiest place on the water-front of the world's most hospitable city.

It was from this point that Henry Hudson, in the Dutch ship Half Moon, had sailed away only a few weeks before, on March 20, 1609. He went out to "thread the needle," if possible, by discovering the northeast passage to China; but he turned back and sailed westward into American history by locating New Netherland.

Among other things were the free public schools in which both sexes were taught, the girls receiving the same education as the boys. This was not the case in England, and even in Massachusetts girls were not admitted to the public schools until after the Revolution. In Holland, too, because the girls were thus trained to other than the purely domestic duties, the women took charge of the charities, such as the hospitals, orphanages, and the homes for old men and women and aged couples. The struggle for freedom and independence had greatly developed the spirit of the women. Even in war they showed themselves as brave as the men, notably at the siege of Alkmaar, Haarlem, and Leyden. The statue of

Kenau van Hasselaer, in Rotterdam, who drilled a company of women soldiers, tells its own story. Her female warriors formed a "Battalion of Death," like those in modern Russia and Poland. The social condition of Dutch women and their status in law were strikingly in contrast to those given them in England, which was unchanged until almost within our own memories.

The American in Holland, who knows well his old New York, Albany, Schenectady, Kingston, and the towns along the Mohawk and Raritan valleys, recognizes in these numerous originals of things which, though now American, were Dutch in old colonial days. Certainly the delights of the antiquarian are great. There are several streets, or alleys, in Amsterdam, the names of which reveal the former presence of the English Separatists, the most notable being the Brownisten Gang, or Little Street of the Brownists.

The Scrooby people, Robinson's congregation, stayed only a year in Amsterdam, because of quarrels which broke out in "the ancient church." The cause of this and other troubles lay in the fact that, in breaking away from priests and bishops, these Free Churchmen had gone too far in the opposite direction of scruti-

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nizing each other's faults and bringing them to public inquisition.

Of the incident of the quarrel about a woman's clothes and the fault found with the pastor's wife because she dressed too fashionably and slept in bed too long on Sunday morning, we have told in "The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes." This was not the cause, but it was the occasion of Robinson's leaving Amsterdam. The camel's back was already overloaded, and the collision of the church crank — a brother with "a crackt brain" was what some called him — with Mrs. Johnson, who had been a dressmaker in London, broke the back of the camel; which, in this case, was the Scrooby company. From the very first the real and underlying reason was that those Independents, or Separatists, who had come to Amsterdam before Robinson and the Scrooby people arrived, had formed a Barrowist, but not a true Congregational church; that is, theirs was not a church in which the seat of authority or power was not in minister or teacher, elder or officer of any kind, but in the congregation.

In this latter view and practice, all were brethren. No church authority existed, save as it was bestowed by the people who had taken the covenant, their supreme allegiance being

to Jesus the Christ. Everything in the real life of the congregation was decided, not by the vote of the "parish," but by the vote of the members of the church; for it was as true then as now, and as in New Testament days, with those whom Christ had made free,

"The crowning fact,
The kingliest act,
Of freedom is the freeman's vote";

and whether in Church or State, where intelligent voters are educated to their duties, democracy is the best rule; while even in republics where autocracy has gained control, government is parasitic and not from the roots of New Testament religion.

The Amsterdam church was one rather on the Presbyterian model, in which the elders had

more authority than the congregation.

For over a century the Separatists — always called "Brownists" by the Reformed and State Church people — remained in Amsterdam as a distinct body. The Reverend John Canne, who succeeded Ainsworth, was also a mighty student of the Scriptures. He wrote Biblical commentaries, and was the first scholar to add those marginal references to the Bible which are now so familiar and in general use. In 1662 their meeting-house was destroyed by fire, but they

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built another, with a parsonage. Bruinisten Gang is the Dutch form for Brownists' Alley. It runs between the canal and Brande Steeg (Place of Burning), where the fanatical monks, from 1522 to 1578, under Spanish rule, amused themselves with the auto da fé, then so common in Spain — the cremation of Anabaptists and other Bible-reading people. Here the Separatists worshiped until 1701, when the survivors, a feeble remnant, were received into the English Reformed Church in the Beguyn Hof, or Court of the Beguyn nuns, which is just off the Kalver Street.

In this historic edifice, in which American and other English-speaking people delight to gather and worship, there was unveiled in 1909, in celebration of the tercentenary of the Pilgrims' arrival, by the Chicago Congregational Club, a bronze memorial tablet. It contains the names of Ainsworth, Johnson, Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, with the classic quotation, "Freedom of religion for all men."

In 1915, after the old meeting-house and parsonage in Brownists' Alley — sold in 1714 and changed into a tenement house — had served its varied purposes, it was torn down. On its site was erected a building for the "People's Institution," by the Society for the Salva-

tion of the People (*Tot Heil des Volks*). In the *débris* several old relics, tiles, metal pieces, etc., were found, recalling memories of the past. Yet Amsterdam has many other memorials of these exiles, which, however, it needs a cicerone to point out.

Robinson's real purpose in leaving Amsterdam was to form a true New Testament or Congregational church, in which all authority lay in the people who had taken the covenant. To this resolve he was hastened and spurred on by the petty matter of the "clothes question," and the accusation against pastor Johnson's wife. He feared lest, in a small controversy, the greater blessing of soul-liberty might be lost, and a mighty enterprise be wrecked on a little snag, unworthy of even the name of rock.

CHAPTER XIV

LEYDEN AND AMERICAN HISTORY

Once settled down in Leyden the Scrooby party, of a hundred or so, were more or less separated for several years, but on May 5, 1611, a deed was signed giving them possession of a fine lot of land in Belfry Alley, opposite Saint Peter's great church. On this, Jepson, the carpenter, built twenty-three little dwellings and the larger pastor's house, and here abode the chief single group of people in Robinson's congregation.

The latter-day descendants of the Pilgrims, in visiting the Dutch archives and looking at the signatures of the betrothed and wedded among their ancestors, may be amused and perhaps disgusted at the quaint spelling of the English names; as, for example, "Mayke Botler," for "Mary Butler." "Mayke" is the Dutch pet name for "Mary" and perhaps when in Holland she, or her lover gave that form to the scribe.

But let us remember that neither blushing maidens nor bold swains are noted for clear enunciation when answering the questions of

census takers or of city registration clerks, who have their own troubles. Yet apart from the linguistic or aural defects of the Dutch penman or their apparent stupidity — people whose language we do not speak or understand are usually, by natives, thought to be slow of intellect — the uneducated person usually speaks louder, as if that would help the poor "foreigner"! We must not forget how the actual spoken English sounded three centuries ago. Its vocables differed much from those which meet our ears today, except as we may hear them from Hibernian laborers or Irish friends or servant maids; or even from the American highlanders, the "mountain whites" of the Southern States.

It is easy enough to laugh at the so-called blunders and misspelling of Dutch clerks, who tried to catch the sound of English personal, family, and geographical names that seemed so odd and uncouth in their ears. Apart from the fact that, under such circumstances, young folks, who are lovers, are not usually experts in audibility or enunciation, we must not forget that the English of these people was not pronounced as it is in our day by cultivated Londoners. Far from it. These immigrants were country folk, and, since England lacked a general system of elementary public schools, the

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variation in the dialects spoken in Kent, Yorkshire, and the midland counties was very great.

One must read Bradford to see how English was pronounced in Queen Elizabeth's time, or, better, listen to an Irishman talk. As spoken three hundred years ago our vernacular was very different in sound from that heard to-day. Add to this the fact that, among the Separatists, or those joined in marriage to them before 1620, were Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Flemings, Dutch, and Walloons — as the records show.

One easily understands the case who reads Bradford critically and sees how he spells and pronounces certain words, such as "viage" (voyage), "foule" (fowl), "imbrases" (embraces), "tooke" (took, i.e., tuke), "aire" (air), "diate" (diet), "salvage" (savage), "firie" (fiery), "shuch" (such), "wrastling" (wrestling), "Henery" (Henry), etc. He quickly gets a general idea of how some of these names sounding so uncouth in foreign ears - were actually pronounced three hundred years ago and quite different from to-day. When to this is added a Dutchman's difficulty of catching the local or dialectic pronunciation of English place-names, often so contrary to that of their spelling, or as taught in our American schools, or heard even in the conversation of educated

people, we may have more sympathy with those penmen who honestly tried to be accurate. Possibly we may do this, even though the laugh may be turned upon ourselves or our ancestors.

All American people ought to know about Leyden, the second city-home of the Pilgrims, and the only city in which these North Country people of England dwelt long and happily. Here they consolidated their interests, scrutinized new-comers into their company, nourished their strength, shaped their doctrines, and fixed both their church and civic polity. This latter was, perhaps, largely influenced by Dutch municipal life, even as the initial procedure of the early Christians was shaped by the Greek city governments and society as Dr. Edwin Hatch, in his Bampton Lectures, has demonstrated. Here, more than in England or anywhere else in the world, are their earliest autographs, their records, and their sleeping dust.

No city in all Europe is so closely connected with American origins, or has had, through the education here of many eminent men of both Great Britain and America, a more vital influence on the political development of those colonies which became the United States of Amer-

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ica. The first settlers of the Middle States, driven out by Spanish autocracy, were in the same brotherhood and community of faith as the Pilgrims. In Leyden these Belgic Puritans, from 1567 — that is, a generation or more previous to the Pilgrims - had dwelt and gathered strength. From 1609 to 1620 the undivided Pilgrim congregation lived, worked, and worshiped. Here in 1619 they saw, with their own eyes, the fort built on the Broadway and garrisoned by the local mercenaries of one of the two provinces which, under Barneveldt, threatened disunion and secession. These they saw yield to the might of the Union army, under the red and white striped flag, and led by Maurice. Dismantling and surrender to superior force meant the triumph of union and the vindication of national supremacy.

The boys and girls could understand patriotism and even partisanship, in both civic and military matters, better than the points, even the main ones, of controversial theology. When Bradford tells us that Robinson "began to be terrible to the Arminians," his reference is as much to a political as to a theological party, without allusion to anything cogitated since

John Wesley's time.

Rembrandt, the mighty painter of Puritan-

ism, who, out of light and shade, created a new world of art, was born in Leyden in 1606; and with him, it is quite possible, some of the Pilgrim boys and girls played or were schoolmates.

Scores of the English Puritan leaders, also, in Stuart times - especially the founders of Connecticut, refugees from Charles and Laud - found haven and inspiration in the Republic.

As from a hive there swarmed off from Leyden colony after colony in flight to the American shores. After the Speedwell followed the other Pilgrim ships, the Fortune and the Handmaid, the Ann and Little James. Until 1629, when the last party left, the Separatists voyaged oversea or left the Dutch city and

country for their old homes.

Perhaps in no one course of action were Separatists more nobly persistent and more truly consistent than in refusing all favors in religion from the civic authorities, whether English or Dutch, or any aid from funds derived from taxation. Thus they first solidly established that principle which has become the settled policy of the American people in every part of the land - no public money for the teaching of sectarian religion. The Pilgrims not only did not ask, but they would not have received, any

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gift or material favor from city or state. "They stood on their own legs," said a Leyden professor to the writer. They paid their own rent, thankful enough for the soul-liberty denied them in their own land. In this, they fixed the American policy, the law which is for all time—the complete separation of Church and State, and no division of the public money for the teaching of the sectarian phases of religion. On this question—more consistently followed in the Middle States than in the Southern and Eastern—the great statesmen, Fillmore and Seward in 1840, parted, first in policy and then in friendship.

By the year 1661 almost all of the once young people of Robinson's congregation had gone away, returned to England, had married into Dutch families, had become old, or had died. Thirty-five returned to England in 1629, and sixty in 1630. By 1662 the last vestige of the Separatists had disappeared from Leyden. One notable Welsh family, the Montgomerys, returned to Wales. In 1684 the twenty-three little wooden houses of the Pilgrim Fathers in Leyden, built by Jepson, the carpenter, were taken down, and the present structure, the Pesyn Hof, was erected. It was the gift of Jean Pesyn, a Walloon. In the space within the hof,

or court, are still the little brick houses in which are the homes of aged married couples. There

are forty of such hofs in Leyden.

Meanwhile in this city, so famous for its cloth manufacture, sundry English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish folk dwelt or traded. It is written by the historian Stevens, "The English, who settled in this town, were genteel families, whom the superior advantages of education [in the University] drew hither in considerable numbers; and there were besides a few cloth manufacturers and other artizans."

Above all others the Scots had frequented Leyden, even before the future founders of the States of New York and Massachusetts dwelt in this city. In 1609, at the joint expense of the States of Holland and the City of Leyden, a Scottish church was instituted and endowed, and the Reverend Robert Durie was made pastor. After his death, in 1616, other ministers followed in course, among whom, in 1688, was the Reverend William Carstairs, domestic chaplain and adviser of the Dutch king, William III. This grandson of the greatest champion of freedom of conscience in modern times, William the Silent, was that king of Great Britain under whom the American colonists and English Free Churchmen enjoyed unusual religious liberty.

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In direct continuity of worship and service this Scottish church in Leyden, except with an interval during the French Revolution, continued until 1805.

Remembering that the Pilgrims did not ask and would not receive aid in religious matters from the state or city, we note that the Dutch authorities always provided liberally for the other English-speaking people dwelling in Leyden. In the one edifice, though meeting at different hours, the French and German Reformed people, who were in the city for business or education, assembled for divine worship.

Brewster and others in the Pilgrim company were able to eke out their scant incomes with the fees gained by teaching the English language to some of these fellow aliens, chiefly Danish and German. The different buildings thus assigned the three sets of strangers in cosmopolitan Leyden for religious use were the Saint Catherine Gasthuis, from 1609 to 1622; the Jerusalem Kirk, from 1622 to 1644; and the Beguyn Chapel, from 1644 to 1805. By that date there were few or no British people resident in the city. In 1822 the beautiful tower of the Beguyn Chapel was pulled down, and in the rebuilt and enlarged edifice were installed

the University's splendid Anatomical Museum

and Library.

Yet during all the time of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as one may read in English history, plays, and novels, came many people from the four nations in the British Isles. They sent their sons thither for education in Leyden, or they lived there while their children were at school. The Whigs in politics, the Free Churchmen, and the students who became Non-Conformist ministers, were especially numerous. Peacock's index of students, from 1572 to 1872, gives the names of several thousand of these young men, to whom full freedom of conscience was denied in Great Britain.

Shut out of the universities of England because of the triumph of sectarian and political religion, or attracted by the fame in medicine of the world-renowned Boerhave (whose statue the tourist may recognize to-day soon after leaving the railway station), or by the eminence of professors in the legal world, the young Britishers flocked into the Netherlands, to Amsterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, or Groningen. Almost all of these were opposed to the autocracy of the Stuarts and the German kings of England. More especially the champions of the American cause in Parliament had been edu-

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cated in Holland. Sitting at the feet of great teachers in the Dutch Republic they reinforced the principles of British liberty. Thus, tempered by Scotch, Dutch, and Welsh democracy, as well as enriched by their common inheritances from Anglo-Saxon freedom, these men of intellect formed a noble line of Liberals, who were our friends during the American Revolution. They fought peaceably for what were essentially the same principles as those for which Patrick Henry, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Thomas Jefferson contended.

In later days came John Adams as American envoy, who put his two sons, one of them John Ouincy Adams, as students in Leyden University. Here Benjamin Franklin, our first electrician, learned about the Leyden jar. During our struggle for independence Leyden was the center of pro-American agitation and for the creation of a Dutch public opinion through Jean Luzac and his fellow friends of America in our favor. The results were the prevention of the use of the Scotch Brigade against us, the reception of John Adams as an acceptable envoy, recognition of the United States as a sovereign power, and a liberal Dutch loan to our Continental Congress of money for the payment, before disbanding at Newburgh, New

York, of Washington's army. When paid back in 1808, principal and interest having amounted to \$14,000,000, this sum was invested in the purchase of four million acres of land and its development in the Middle States. Of these transactions the stone edifice of the Holland Land Company at Batavia, New York, and a rosary of Dutch names in central and western New York are memorials. Even Buffalo, like Manhattan, was laid out as New Amsterdam. The Hague tablet of 1913 shows that Americans have not forgotten these facts.

In still later time the first memorials in Europe erected in honor of the Pilgrims were dedicated in this city. The site of John Robinson's house, and the wall of great Saint Peter's Church, opposite the ancient settlement and enclosure of the Pilgrims during forty years, were selected for the tablets, one of bronze and one of stone. The Luzac tablet is at

112 Rapenburg.

Thus out of Leyden came three great strains of blood and life, British, Walloon, and Dutch, that have entered into the American composite; while in colonial, Revolutionary, and constitution-making days the political theory of the United States has been repeatedly reinforced by reference to the shining precedents

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drawn from the history of the Dutch Republic. To-day the American visitor will read in his home language the inscription reared by grateful Americans to the Pilgrims, to Robinson, and to Luzac. The most imposing of all, on the walls of Saint Peter's Church, is the bronze memorial of John Robinson, though without a hint or word of Dutch hospitality, or the guarantee from the Republic of "freedom to worship God."

CHAPTER XV

JOHN ROBINSON: PROPHET AND LEADER

No one knows how John Robinson, the Pilgrim pastor, looked, or about his height of figure, for we have no authentic portrait, picture, or description of him. In fact, only one of the Pilgrim company, Edward Winslow, is known to have been painted or pictured. Eager editors have more than once published what somebody imagined to represent in ink, with light and shade, Robinson's features and expression, but no genuine counterfeit of the good man has yet been found. We are sorry for this, for we all desire to know how any one looked, in whom we are much interested, just as we like to see the face of the person who is speaking to us.

Yet what we aver of Robinson we must say also of the other Pilgrim leaders of the May-flower. Were we like some genealogy-mongers and coveters of crests and coats of arms, we should go to Europe and have a complete gallery of our ancestors painted to order. Some royal dynasties and not a few newly rich folks have been illustrated in this way. We knew of one wealthy lady who averred that she was

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going to Europe "to have the portrait of her daughter painted by the old masters."

We should not grieve too much over the facts in the case when we think of some of the hideous woodcuts and repulsive black-letter prints that have come down to us. These often made a child look like an imp of darkness, or a dear old saint like a sooty devil. They have in them more black than white. Do we not remember what Hawthorne said of these fearful-looking worthies, and the effect that their effigies have upon us? When we think that Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, Carver, Standish, and the men who, we know by their lives, words, and works, were good fellows, we ought to be rather glad that their faces escaped a bath of ink. In fact, some of us prefer to keep our own ideas of how they may have appeared at different times. Herein is the difference between caricaturist and artist, truth and falsehood, and whether we form our opinions of the Puritans and Pilgrims from vile woodcuts and hostile tradition or from exact record and true picture.

This we certainly know, that John Robinson was one of the best men that ever lived; for character is the greatest thing in man, and this noble pastor had it in rich measure, with great self-abnegation.

From first to last this man, one of the greatest of the makers of America, was pure, honest, generous, catholic in spirit, helpful, tender, and self-effacing. Above all, he was true to his conscience when it cost him ease, comfort, and even safety, to walk in the footsteps of his Master. We have an idea that Pastor Robinson was, in both character and appearance, the kind of a man that all children, and most real boys and genuine girls, would like to know and meet often. We should enjoy hearing the story of his boyhood; but when he lived there was not much written to, or for, or about young people. Even Dr. Watts had not yet been born.

If it had not been for that most wonderful and interesting of all books in the whole world, the Bible, the young folks of the sixteenth century would have had little to read. No doubt they found it hard to sit so long in church and listen to the sermons which kept the delighted attention of their elders. Yet attendance upon their simple, reformed service, with a minister beloved, teaching in their own language, could not have been half so tiresome as to hear a priest talk Latin, and go through a long string of repetitions during the programme of motions — turnings round, going backwards and forwards, kneeling and rising very often — say-

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ing the same prayers over and over again, and making signs like a magician. Such monotony and the "longsomeness," so often complained of, made up the old form of church service.

Nor can we of to-day, deluged as we are with newspapers, magazines, books, and stories, realize how hungry the people, old and young, were to learn. Moreover, the Bible in English was then a new book and its stories all fresh and in a winsome form. They were willing to listen for hours at a time to a vital message from an earnest man. Indeed, even to-day, no form of communication excels that of the living voice, whether in speech, song, or drama.

It is a proof of the matchless worth and eternal importance of the theme, as well as of the wisdom of the divinely appointed means, that many a man, with whose voice, presence, thought, and personality the auditors are familiar, can hold his audiences, year after year, though speaking in the same place, and to the same people, and on the same general subject.

In this method Robinson believed, and, according to his faith, it was done unto him. Let it not be forgotten that the Reformation was in essence a fight for a free pulpit. It was a turning away, in the spirit of primitive Christianity, and after the example and manner of Jesus the

Christ, from the sacrificial to the teaching form of religion. The soul of Puritanism is discovered less in the Old Testament than in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The appeal was not to the Jewish kingdom, or autocracy, or to the people, but to the spirit of primitive republicanism in the Israelitish commonwealth and in the synagogue. In place of the mass and an altaroften built of solid stone - in the middle front of the house of worship, with a pulpit hung off on one side, perhaps to a column, there now stood in the center, as in the primitive meeting of Christians, a pulpit. It is undoubtedly true that the general order of procedure in the public worship of the Reformed and Free Churches followed those suggested in the book printed at Geneva in 1556, entitled "The Forms of Prayer and Ministrations of the Sacraments, &c," used in the English Congregation at Geneva; which, in a sense, "standardized" the Reformed Churches. Robinson taught from the Holy Scriptures three times a week. The Lord's Supper was celebrated every Sabbath, and baptism as often as required. As it ever happens, true progress was made by entering most profoundly into the spirit of the past. Men said of Robinson "that he had been with Jesus and learned of Him."

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In the celebration of the Lord's Supper, Robinson and the Pilgrims held to the original idea and custom, as initiated by the Founder of Christianity. "All ye are brethren," was the Master's word. When the disciples sat at the table in the upper room in Jerusalem, they were equals at a memorial meal. Nor is there anything in the New Testament to suggest a hierarchy, or the idea that only a person claiming to be superior in rank could administer the bread and wine, giving or withholding as he or some corporation pleased. In applying democracy to this sacred memorial, and in having mechanics and plain men assisting the pastor or teaching-member of the church, the Pilgrims believed they were more perfectly fulfilling the Master's will, when He said to those who were all equals, "Do this in remembrance of me." It is not wonderful, therefore, that those who follow the Pilgrims, as they followed Christ, still enjoy receiving the elements and symbols bread and wine - not from a priest, or a superior, or at the hands of a man standing between them and an altar, but directly from their fellows and peers, the laymen, called elders and deacons. Equally sinners and equally redeemed, to these as brethren, they, the pastors, gave honor for Christ's sake; rather than

to men who might imagine themselves of higher name or rank in the church.

A symbol is only a sign, not a proof of reality. It is sheath, husk, pod, but not food or sustenance. Hence, nothing in religion but the substance can satisfy the hungry soul that seeks what is behind the screen or shadow. The study of the Bible in Tudor days revealed to the students of it what that reality was, which neither Henry VIII nor Queen Elizabeth could give. A milk ticket is the symbol for the nourishment of human life at its beginning - of the reality which the cow can give. Yet a baby, on waking and crying from hunger, could not be satisfied with a bit of pasteboard, though the ticket be endorsed even by a pope. A bank check is not the money itself. To be worth anything, there must be coin in the vault, and cash or collateral to the credit of him who signs the bit of paper. To a boy the ball is not the game. Jesus taught that life is more than meat and the body than raiment. In religion, people who cannot read, who are unable to think hard and long, or who have no time to inquire or power to decide, may be satisfied with symbols only - candles, incense, bowings and kneelings, pictures and images; and, in most religions, they are content with these. All creeds, and even the Bible itself,

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are but symbols. Happily the Pilgrims were nobly uncontent with these and pressed on to the truth that made free.

Before the young and strong of his people sailed for America, Robinson bade them all shake off any sectarian name that might suggest exclusive allegiance to any human leader or slavish mental following of any teacher on earth — not excepting their own pastor. Winslow thus reported his words:

"And if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry, for he [Robinson] was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word. He took occasion also miserably to bewail the state and condition of the Reformed Churches, which were come to a period in religion and would go no further than the instruments of their reformation. . . . The Calvinists stick where we left them."

These were the words of a true prophet. This whole passage is well worth reading and pondering. All the Pilgrim documents and their subsequent utterances show that they believed that their teacher referred not alone to church polity, but to truth-seeking and waiting on

God. Most movements in religion come to a standstill because the springs fail. Followers imitate too closely, even slavishly, the peculiarities of the human founder, instead of drinking of the fountains and feeding at the originals which once gave their leader new life. They follow him no further than that to which he attained, instead of doing as Paul urged his brothers in the faith to do—that is, to follow him only so far as he followed Christ. In that war in which there is no discharge, it is not to the corporal, but to the colonel, that one must look for his orders.

Another striking passage of Robinson's is this universal truth, to which history in every

land and age bears witness:

"Religion is the best thing; and the corruption of it, the worst. Neither hath greater mischief and villainy ever been found amongst men—Jews, Gentiles or Christians—than that which hath marched under the flag of Religion; either [Religion] intended by the seduced, or pretended by the hypocrites."

As the earliest Christians were not, for hundreds of years, allowed to have public edifices for worship, so neither in the sixteenth century were those of independent mind. They had to assemble in private houses, or under the hedges,

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or in secret places. When they did have church buildings they put in benches and, later, pews. In still later days that meant worship by families and not merely in a crowd.

In the Pilgrim congregation, on Sundays, the men sat on one side, the women on the other,

and the children by themselves.

Besides the four elders and three deacons there was a dear old lady, a widow, who looked after the little folks, to keep them in order. Let us hear what Bradford, long afterwards, when in America, in the sunset of life and from pleasant memory, wrote about this pastor's assistant:

She "did them service many years, though she was sixty years when she was chosen [deaconess]. She honored her place and was an ornament to the congregation. She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation with a little birchen rod in her hand, and kept little children in great awe from disturbing the congregation. She did frequently visit the sick and weak, especially women and, as there was need, called out maids and young women to watch and do them other helps, as their necessity did require; and, if they were poor, she would gather relief for them of those that were able or acquaint the deacons, and she was

obeyed as a mother in Israel and an officer of Christ."

There you have it—a "live wire" in the church, a smart old lady who was a "blue triangle," a whole Y.W.C.A. in herself! Only honorable women are noted in the Pilgrim documents, such as "Widow Reules," "Widow Unwin," "Widow Ch." We are indeed thankful to Bradford for giving us this fine pen picture of at least one of them.

It is not on record as history, for the Pilgrim mothers, most probably, wrote little—if indeed many of them could write—that they all felt exactly alike; but their whole story, from Penry's wife to the last survivor of the Mayflower company, is a living commentary on the words of a woman at the Victoria Institute in London in 1919. Her theme was "The Influence of Christianity on the Position of Women." She said:

"Our supreme inheritance is the children, the world of the immediate future. The whole of Immaturity lies in our hands, and first impressions are strongest. The man makes the aeroplane and discovers the bacteria of disease, but we make the man who does these things: we make him, body, mind and soul. The man is the best General, Admiral, Legislator, Mag-

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istrate, Lawyer, Explorer, Inventor and almost all else. I feel no hesitation in saying he is far the best; but the woman forms the principles on which all these rulers respectively work. 'Man rows, but Woman steers.' Man gives the hard work, and the whole round world is his heritage to shape and govern, but woman moulds the men who rule it, and is ever hoping that the next generation will be wiser, nobler, better than the present one. We may indeed say that man has what is, but woman has what will be. The whole story of her thoughts and hopes lies always just beyond the blue horizon, out in the unknown, and if the woman is a Christian, that means that she looks toward the ideal of Christ to what ought to be rather than to what is."

Whichever side we take in this open and debatable question of the position of women, this paragraph is worthy of remembrance.

In our day the memory of Robinson, the teacher, as a prophet, leader, noble, self-effacing pastor, and one of the nursing fathers of the American Commonwealth, is honored in poetry, letters, by historical tablets in bronze and stone, and in the John Robinson Memorial Church at Gainsborough. The meaning of his prophetic words—"more light" is too clear

and too luminously interpreted by the covenants ever to be confined by application to church polity only. They form the watchword for every age. The unending duty of every Christian is to wait upon God.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DECISION TO EMIGRATE AND WHY

WE come now to the Book of Numbers — the fourth act and writing in the Pentateuch of the Pilgrims' Progress to America and toward its ideals. This is the penultimate; for the Deuteronomy, or Second Law — that is, the expansion, revision, re-presentation, and epitome of all the truth and life that had gone before — was to be written and acted beyond the sea. The new Pilgrim Republic in America interpreted and fulfilled the past with all its hopes. In A.D. 1920 three centuries in perspective show this with ever-increasing clearness.

Bradford thus sums up the life of his fellow Christians in Leyden and tells us how they felt: "There they continued divers years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet society and spiritual comfort in the ways of God, living peaceably among themselves, and being courteously entertained, and living re-

spected by the Dutch."

During these eleven years of life in Leyden, more Free Church people from England and other countries joined Robinson's congrega-

tion; which in 1620 numbered about three hundred. From the records membership in the church has been proved for one hundred and forty-three persons. Others, to the number of sixty-nine, we may, with probability, nominate to the same honor; besides those anonymous, to whom no Pilgrim document makes reference.

The best commentaries on the Pilgrim Book of Numbers and probably most useful for researches in genealogy, are to be found in the books by Dr. Azel Ames, in "The May-Flower and her Log," and Dr. Roland Usher, in "The Pilgrims and Their History," both remarkably full and accurate. Among the numbers given there were, in the Leyden congregation, eightyseven children. Of wives there were, or had been, sixty-seven.

By 1619 it had come to pass that these peaceable English people who kept Church and State apart, were, whether they would or no, involved in a national quarrel, wherein Dutch politics and religion in their most partisan forms were so entangled that they could not be separated. These English Separatists might possibly have stood aloof from the political contest, but it was part of their life to join in the vindication of their religious ideas.

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The Dutch people and nation had struggled for years, not only against Spanish autocracy in the person of Philip II, but also against oligarchy at home; and, in addition, against what was considered by many dangerous doctrines in religion, and which also in their view upheld these Spanish enemies to republicanism and to orthodoxy.

It came to pass that Robinson, their leader, became an intense partisan and champion of the truth, as God gave him to see the truth.

Still further, though the Pilgrims in this contest were all on the Union and Calvinistic side, against secession and false doctrine, they felt that, even though well settled in Leyden, they must give up their "comfortable condition" and leave the hospitable land which had given them welcome and shelter, cross the stormy ocean, and begin life in the lonely wilderness among savages.

How and why?

It is a long story, which Motley has told only in part and in a very partisan way, though brilliantly. Nevertheless, Americans, who have had their Calhoun, with a fifty-year discussion of the slavery question besides; their Jefferson Davis, Robert Lee, the Southern Confederacy, and the Civil War of 1861–65, with — on the

other side — Webster, Lincoln, Grant, and the Union army, can understand the Dutch issue of 1619, as the Dutch, in 1861, understood us when some other Europeans could not. So also Americans, especially the veterans of Meade and Lee in '63, on both sides, who at Gettysburg, in 1913, crossed the old battle-field and shook hands, may further see clearly how, in both the Dutch and American Republics, there came forth, in each case, a reunited nation stronger than before.

In 1619, in the progress of humanity the Dutch Republic had reached the point of toleration, but not of full liberty of conscience. Politics and religion, Church and State, were still yoked together. Politically the question at issue was between State Rights and the supremacy of the Central Government; that is, the will of one or two states against that of the Nation. Led by Maurice, the Unionists and Calvinists believed also in American colonization. Barneveldt and the Arminians did not. On the one side were, as a rule, the Calvinists and the plain people. "Religion," in their Constitution of 1579, meant the form which the Dutch had adopted at the Reformation — not Romanism, Anabaptism, Lutheranism, or Arminianism, but Calvinism. The Arminians, as

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a rule, were in the aristocratic classes. Down under all, nationalism was the supreme issue.

The decision and result, happily, was the triumph, most dramatically but bloodlessly at Leyden, not of the State troops, but of the Union army. In the National and International (not provincial) Synod, held at Dordrecht, in the Old Cradle of Liberty of 1579, the Calvinistic theories were declared to be orthodoxy.

Then followed a few political executions which unfortunately stained the record of the victors. Nevertheless, the triumph of the Union cause meant "a new birth of freedom." The "bloom of the Republic" in art, literature, exploration, and the colonization of America followed. Throughout, by pen and voice Robinson, as we have shown, was an eager upholder of the doctrines and democratic theories of Calvin and of the Union cause as against the aristocracy, and what he considered heresy.

The seas and continents were now clear for the enterprises of colonization and the creation of the Dutch West India Company which was to favor the settlement of New Netherland. This took place soon after.

The debate on emigration beyond the Atlantic now began in the Leyden congregation

with earnestness, for action must soon be taken. To use a Dutch word, then in common and every-day use, they must *hustle*, so as to be in America in good season. Soon the seas would swarm with Dunkirk pirates.

Should they go to Guiana, with its warm climate? Or into the North American wilderness? Between Spaniards, with their Inquisition and the red savages, there was little to

choose.

From first to last, throughout all their business negotiations their "friend at court," their champion against both psuedo-Puritanism and excessive covetousness in the London Company, was Sir Edwin Sandys (1561–1629), friend of the great prose-writer Hooker and of the founders of the colony of Virginia. Of the Pilgrim enterprise he wrote to Pastor Robinson, in 1617, of the planting of a colony in America, "which I hope verily is the work of God."

The business of chartering ships and of hiring sailors, captains, and mates (or "pilots") in London went on during the early summer. Their negotiations were made with the London Company. This was a very loosely organized mercantile body, consisting of about seventy members, of whom the names of forty-two,

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which are given by Dr. Azel Ames, are known. They were to "ingage" the "Good ship Mayflower of Yarmouth of 9 score tuns burthen," to make the "viage," as a colony transport, "from the city of London... to the neighborhood of the mouth of Hudson's river in the northern parts of Virginia... calling at the Port Southampton, outward bound, to complete her lading... to convey to and safely deliver at such port or place... as those in authority of her passengers shall direct," etc.

Of course these London commercial adventurers, whose chief object was to make money, made pretext of their desire "to do good and to plant Religion." All the subsequent history, however, showed that they were far more solicitous about pounds, shillings, and pence than eager for Gospel propaganda. We pass over the story of the quarrels and misunderstandings within and without the Company. It is certain that most of the members were not in sympathy with the democratic Christianity of the Pilgrims.

As the day of departure drew near, their pastor, Robinson, gathered his flock together and preached a sermon which was long remembered, taking his text from Ezra 8:21. Two thousand years before a band of pilgrims had

gathered to make plans for a great overland

journey and Ezra wrote:

"Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river Ahava, that we might humble ourselves before our God, to seek of him a straight way, for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance."

Very appropriate was the text. For as Ezra says he "was ashamed to ask of the King a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way," because he, Ezra, had already declared that "the hand of our God is upon all them that seek him for good, but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him"; so Robinson would not ask, as in the case once before, for convoy in the shape of a Dutch man-of-war.

In like manner the Pilgrims' Ezra was sending forth his flock, without armed soldiers or array of warships, either Dutch or English, even though the Spanish Dunkirk pirates, in war-time, lurked in the dunes of Belgium or scoured the waters around Holland and England, and though savages in America might destroy them. Yet they must get away before the Truce was over! Only the little ship Speedwell awaited them at Delfshaven, but, as Ezra and Bradford alike wrote, God "was entreated of them."

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However, after the fast and sermon they had a farewell feast. The adventurers bade good-bye to those left behind and soon the boats were moving down the canal toward the Maas River and the West.

All "lions in the way" having been duly scanned, counted, armed and provided against, faced and routed, preparations were made for the triple journey by canal to Delfshaven by a small vessel to England, and thence in the Yarmouth ship over the Atlantic. Bradford tells us: "The twelve years of truce were now out and there was nothing but the beating of drums and preparing for war." With these Separatists it was a question of life or death—between the possible crushing of the Republic, through Spanish victories in the Netherlands, or the facing of the ocean and wilderness. Their faith overcame the world.

What to take with them beyond sea was a capital and very personal question with each of these modern Argonauts. Father and mother, boy and girl, serving-man and servant-maid, master and apprentice, had each his or her view of the particular world he lived in and its special needs. Ideas of what was or would be wanted on ship and shore varied according to personal tastes or inclinations. The situation

was like that of soldiers about to break camp and to start on a long campaign. Apart from absolute necessities and the requirements of the regulations, only a small margin of personal belongings was possible or permissible. Some scanty hints are afforded us in Bradford's text and in the Plymouth Museum. There were pewter dishes for the meals and a few crocks of earthenware - for neither faience nor porcelain of China was yet more than barely known as curiosities in northern Europe. Several cradles and the comforts necessary for the babies, whether in arms or considered as posterity, must be provided. Some straight-backed chairs - the American rocker not being yet invented - a few simple remedies for illness or accident, and such like necessities, were on hand. Without doubt dolls and toys filled the thoughts of the young folks. Undisturbed by latter-day notions or the super-heated theories of sex that fill our novels, girl babies were then born that, without much oversight or prompting, took early to the emblems and implements of mothercraft. Boy babies, on the other hand, as they developed, clave unto trumpets, drums, weapons, and things of virility. We may be sure the elders read the Book of Exodus to see how the children of Israel prepared to leave

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Egypt and what they took with them. Yet we may be sure also that they did not imitate the chosen people in spoiling the Egyptians.

We do not read of live pets on the Pilgrim ship, whether the Speedwell, the Mayflower, the Fortune, or the Ann, as we do of puss on the Half Moon. It is probable, however, that some of the more diminutive of the youthful Pilgrims took along with them some companions in the form of beast or bird.

The first sound of an animal heard by the Pilgrims in the New World, even before a human being was visible, was that of the wolf; but the first beast seen was a dog. Yet this indigenous American creature was not from one of the splendid breeds of England or Holland; but a half-tamed, wolfish creature, likely at any time to hear and heed the call of the wild and yield to the forest's lure. In fact, when the kind of dogs to which we are accustomed, and which have been raised to their high estate through the care of man, were first seen by the Indians, they were more afraid of these creatures with four legs than of those with but two. Such notices as we have make it plain that when the savages killed one, they usually shot its carcass full of arrows, to show their idea of something superior. More domestic pets, in

the form of stable or barnyard animals, in fur or feathers, came much later than one would judge from the poems of Longfellow or the pictures of Boughton—the one a poet in verse and the other in color—the latter exceeding the former in reproducing the true atmosphere while also accurate in detail.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SPEEDWELL: OLD ENGLAND AGAIN

The Pilgrim congregation was now, and for the next four months from July, 1620, to be the Church of Sea and Land; for this advance company were to live on deck and in cabin until near Christmas Day. For the most part only the youngest and strongest were to make their home afloat. From the time they left Leyden until they all touched the American rock was about one hundred and thirty-three days.

We have authentic pictures of the Dutch boats in which people traveled inland, by water, in those days. As other Separatists, friends, and relatives from Amsterdam and various places, besides their own minister and other Leyden people, came down to Delfshaven to see them off, it is quite possible there may have been a flotilla of a dozen boats with a company of a hundred or more. Dr. Azel Ames makes out a list of sixty-eight passengers on the Speedwell.

The boat journey of twenty-four miles was through the canals to the broad, open space of water in front of the Reformed Church at

Delfshaven, the port of Delft. This village, like several others, once separate, has long since become part of that great city of Rotterdam which has been, since the Pilgrims set the precedent, the greatest of all gateways for emigrants from Continental Europe sailing for America. Yet Delfshaven had already, in 1620, a name and history of possibly a thousand years. On the town arms, in the center of the shield, are alternate curved bands, six white and six green, standing for living waters and fertile fields of grain and pasture. These are flanked, on the left side, by three herring, and on the right, by three stalks of wheat - symbols of food and wealth from sea and land. For centuries the trade, fisheries, harvests, and shipping of the place have been brisk.

Here in 1578 the famous admiral, Piet Heyn—a name known to every boy in Holland—was born. In 1624 he was to capture the Spanish silver fleet of galleons loaded with the white metal which enriched the Republic, and here his statue, back of the church, stands to-day. At Delfshaven, in 1573, they had cut the big dikes by which the land was flooded, the Spaniards

driven out, and Leyden relieved.

During the Reformation the monasteries, churches, and cloisters had passed over to the



VIEW OF DELFSHAVEN FROM THE RIVER IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

From an old Dutch print



THE SPEEDWELL

Protestants. The little Reformed Church edifice, so much visited nowadays by Americans and British folk, was of old the chapel of Saint Anthony. The church seal is a most interesting one, showing the town, canals, docks, church, river, and even the East India Company's warehouse, where the Pilgrims most probably spent their last night on land. The motto on the seal reads, "The harbor of salvation is alone with the God of Zion." In a word, this seal holds on its face an epitome of the Pilgrims' history and faith. With them was the Christian's eternal and verifiable truth, "Experience worketh hope."

Things looked very differently, then, from the scene of to-day, when one passes the town in the splendid steamers of the Holland-America Line as they move up or down the Maas River, in front of the Pelgrim Kade, or Pilgrims' Quay — so officially named at the author's suggestion in 1895 — or when one reaches the church by motor or trolley car from Rotterdam. The river front has changed and fashion has altered many buildings. The big island, long called the Ruige Platt, that had formed gradually since 1620, has, with the town itself, been swallowed in the great city; but the cows graze beyond, and the mighty river flows on as

of yore. Our soldier boys in France and Belgium, in 1918, knew it as "the Meuse."

It is not at all likely, as some people have fondly imagined, that the Leyden party "held their last prayer meeting" or spent the night in the Reformed Church building; but, rather, with songs and refreshments in the warerooms of the East India Company. The next morning, July 22, men, women, and children walked, and babies were carried down to the wharf or "key," where a little ship, floating the flag of England, the Speedwell, Captain Reynolds, master, awaited them. It is more than probable, not only that, as we know, some Delfshaven folk stood on the quay and watched with emotion the sailing of these brave people to the new land of mystery, New Netherland, but that a Dutch artist, quite possibly one of the Cuyps - painters of sunsets, Dutch golf, and genre was there, who, from sight and memory, afterwards painted a picture of the historic embarkation. Of this painting on wood, the artist George H. Boughton wrote to the author that it had once belonged to the Duke of Marlborough, who had bought it in the Netherlands.

Assembling his flock on deck all fell on their knees as their pastor, Robinson, in tearful prayer, commended them to the Almighty's

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care and protection. Some joyful noise, to wish them safe voyage, in the hope that the ship would live up to her name, was made by the small cannon and snap-cock guns. Then the anchor was lifted, the ropes were thrown off, and the Speedwell moved with the tide down the Maas to the North Sea.

Past the green fields - parallel with the river and symbolized by the white and green bands on the smokestacks of the Holland-America line of steamers and on the arms of Rotterdam lying far below the top of the dikes, and spotted here and there with grazing cattle, along the front of the river towns, over the fisheries, and almost in the shadows of high church towers that served as flagstaffs while they relieved the flatness of the country, the Speedwell sailed on. The orange, white, and blue of the Union flag flew over all, and these colors were last seen as the Hook of Holland was passed and they sailed toward the sunset and Old England. Instead of the low steel cupola forts of to-day, they saw only the sandy shores and wooden piles. No danger yet in the last year of the Truce of the Dunkirk pirates rushing out to capture them, though from the next year, 1621 to 1648, there were written into all the contracts of Americabound employees and passengers of the West

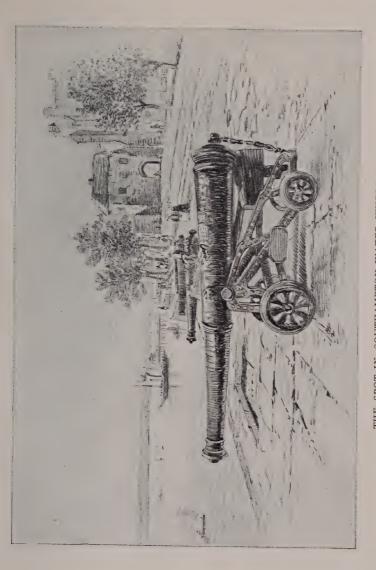
India Company, certificates of insurance and

promise of ransom.

In four days they reached Southampton, where the larger ship Mayflower, Captain Jones, master, with the London Separatists on board, had been waiting for them a week.

Yet now, though danger from pirates was perhaps past — though any ship at sea without proper papers of authorization is liable to capture as illegal — they were still in dire dread of the bishops and other defenders of the faith, even a royal one, and their spies and informers. In 1609 King James had even detained Henry Hudson in England, though he had released the Half Moon. They feared lest it should become known at London who they were, and why they — political and religious outcasts as they were — should be going to America, and in what part. Moreover, as Bradford notes, some remembered their awful experiences at Boston and Grimsby with official thieves and catchpoles.

Their fears and actual troubles were aggravated when their principal men, and the agents of the Company in London that was financing the venture, quarreled about the agreements already made in Holland or to be signed. The upshot was that Weston, on whom they had depended, went off angry, telling them to "stand



THE SPOT IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER WHERE THE MAYFLOWER AND THE SPEEDWELL ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN ON PASSENGERS



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on their own legs." This left upon the poor Leyden emigrants the burden of paying the harbor dues. To raise this sum, amounting to what would be at least \$1000 in the values of to-day, they had to sell off eighty firkins of their good butter. They got away, however, before bishops, catchpoles, or other folk could hinder. They "cut" the acquaintance of Captain John Smith, who ventured to advise them; but they took on a fine young fellow, a cooper, named John Alden, who proved himself to be one of nature's noblemen.

When all was ready a letter was received from Pastor Robinson and read to the whole company. Then each person was assigned his place, under a governor and assistants, in each ship, and the arrrangements completed for meals and service. On the 5th of August the two vessels weighed anchor and got away.

It is not certain that Captain Reynolds of the Speedwell was a scoundrel, when he now, for the first time, and not before, declared that his ship was leaking badly. Some supposed that the leak was in courage, and that Reynolds and his crew did not relish the idea of crossing the ocean and staying a year in America as agreed upon.

The real fear of captain and crew was most

probably wholly inward. They dreaded the awful possibility of empty stomachs—seeing that the bulk of the provisions was on board of the

Mayflower.

Whatever be the facts in the case, the two ships put in at Dartmouth, now a noted coal town. Here they stayed from August 12 to 23, eleven days. Here Henry Hudson, on November 9, 1609, had anchored his ship, the Half Moon, after his return from America. The Pilgrims were now bound to the country which he had discovered, and to which England made a claim that had little justification in law, fact, or custom.

Here they mended the alleged defect, but whether the cause was wholly a leak, or a sneak,

is still an open question.

Again, when out on deep water, beyond Land's End, Reynolds made the same complaint. So the two vessels put back. Stopping nine days at Plymouth, from August 28 to September 6, the passengers went on land and were welcomed by their fellow Free Churchmen and treated to genuine Christian friendship and sympathy. Of this the tradition was long maintained and has been verified, at and since the great meeting of the International Congregational Council of 1891, and the visit, with most

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generous welcome and lavish hospitality, of the American delegates to Plymouth. Now a tablet on the Barbican or place of anchorage, stained-glass windows in the Town Hall, and the arrival, in August, 1919, of the American aviators in aeroplane from America and the Azores—commanded by a descendant of the Pilgrims of 1620—keep alive and in honor the old story.

This putting back the second time was wellnigh a heart-breaking disappointment to the genuinely brave ones of these enterprising pioneers, besides the expense it incurred and the delay, which meant the facing of winter before getting under shelter. Even then none realized that it meant also failure to reach their desired bourne.

Now came another "sad parting," as Bradford says, who fitly makes comparison with a certain ancient "Gedion's armie," from which the fearful were weeded out, leaving only heroes. Verily it was a sifting, and "they that trembled at straws" were allowed to go back. It was decided to send the Speedwell to London as being unseaworthy, and to proceed with those willing to go on.

So, although the division was like an amputation, weakening the body and changing minor

plans, it was probably for the best. Already the hearts of some had failed because there were so many "lions in the way," and such fearful souls were not fitted for the rough work beyond seas, which required brave women as well as men. The final company was, in the main, an elect body. Yet, as we shall later see, some "undesirables" were "shuffled in."

Was there not, under this behavior of Revnolds, some political motive or a desire to curry favor with the king that made the skipper "sneak back to a safe harbor"? For months James Stuart had been trying to get his son married to a Spanish Infanta. With almost besotted subservience to the King of Spain, say the English historians, the royal Scot pursued this object, and doubtless Reynolds knew it. The Mayflower company was crossing the ocean to settle upon what the Spanish king claimed as his territory, and he looked on these heretics as common burglars, who had escaped out of Holland only to aid and abet the Dutch and do him an injury. We are inclined to think that this, more than any "overmasting," "spoiled trim," or anything nautical, or relating to wood or water, was the cause of the Speedwell's failure to sail into American history. The return of this ship and her arrival at

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London, whether because of refitting or through the same influence that had prevented Henry Hudson from returning to his Dutch employers, had a magical effect. Henceforth the Speedwell was a ship of good fortune to her owners.

The Mayflower sailed again from Plymouth on the 6th of September, and here, said the elder Pitt in the next century, "the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies started."

Yet far more serious than the overcrowding on one ship, and the loss, to the Pilgrim company, of their trading and fishing vessel, on which they had expected to depend for food and gain, was the mixture of bad elements in an elect company. The Gideon's band of September 6 sadly needed resifting, even before sighting Cape Cod, and this alien contingent later furnished the criminal list in the infant republic. Here already was the prototype of the unamalgamated mass in the United States that are in, but not of, the American Commonwealth. In fact, the Mayflower company - if they failed to reach New Netherland - was to be literally dumped on a sandy, infertile shore, and be as roughly treated by nature and the sullen crew as if landed by buccaneers, instead of Christian men. With scarcely any butter, no oil, not a sole of leather to mend a shoe, nor every man

equipped with a sword, and wanting muskets and armor, as Bradford dolefully mourns, they had little to depend upon beyond their undaunted souls and "the might of Him who walked the wave."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER

WE can easily guess where the fathers and mothers stood when the Mayflower was out on the ocean beyond Land's End; and also at which end of the vessel the boys and girls tried to get — if the sailors would permit. It is pretty sure that the young folks wanted to see and know about every part of the craft on which they were sailing, if they could. It was to be their floating home for many weeks.

One thought possessed the souls of their elders. It was their leaving the home land and continent for what was unknown. Theirs was a venture into times and places untried before. To being away from their own country many of the fathers and mothers had become accustomed during eleven years' absence. Most of the young people and all the little children remembered or knew nothing of any country except Holland. If, therefore, they went ashore at Southampton, or Dartmouth, as we know they did at Plymouth, England was, except in language, a strange country. Holland was the home they had in memory.

Yet even though long seasoned by previous years of exile, and hardened through recent delays and disappointments — too many to be counted — the parents loved the dear England that had cast them out. They stood long at the stern, looking to their old home land, where were childhood's memories and the graves of their fathers.

The young people, we are sure, looked ahead. When the shipmen permitted they ventured often near the prow. Ships were built in those days as if they were floating houses. The war vessels were made to appear as though siege and battle belonged to things afloat as well as to what, "from turret to foundation stone," was reared of masonry. Hence it was as two castles close together. At the stern was a wooden fort several stories high and the front part of the ship was called the "fore castle." This was the sailors' home, reserved to the tars, who called it the "fo'cas'l." No doubt, at times, in fair weather the children were allowed to play there.

Such a thing as a jib boom, or large projecting spar set out of and beyond the bowsprit, and on which long, triangular, or lateen canvas sails, reaching high up to the foremast, were spread to help in sailing the ship, was at that day un-

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known. There was a projecting spar which was set low in the deck, on which, when the wind was dead astern, small square sails could be spread.

Day after day the Mayflower ploughed her way over "the blue plain of the sea." With these land folk there was no previous experience of the boundless expanse of waters, "wherein are things creeping innumerable." In their era the life of the ocean was "multitudinous" rather than discriminated. As with the Bible translators, they talked of "creepers" rather than swimmers, even in the waters. Nor had the currents and phenomena of this mighty mass of water been studied. Indeed the Atlantic, named from the supposed lost continent of Atlantis, had, but a short time previous, been transformed, in the average mind, from a "sea of darkness" to one holding the lure of wealth in distant lands and containing the pathways thither. As yet the idea of harvests of food to be won from its depths was rather novel to English folk.

Familiar as they were with the Bible narratives, we have little doubt that they had read and re-read the stories of voyages, of travel, and of adventure told in that fascinating library of inspiration collected during two thousand or

more years. Here was the story of Noah; of Jonah — with his return ticket — his voyage ending in premature landfall and disembarkation; and the wonderfully vivid account of Paul's transit, by sea, to Rome. This description in Acts is said by scholars to be the most detailed and informing, as to ancient sailors' ways and nautical terms, in all ancient literature. Very probably the most comforting of all the Bible narratives was the account of the crossing of the Sea of Galilee and the rescue of the sinking Peter.

Yet day after day, as the wastes of water gave no sign of a land horizon, they doubtless longed to free a raven, as did Noah, to get a token — that was then certainly "wireless" — and, after the fashion of their own Norse ancestors, to try the experiment of this bird of discovery that should go forth and bring happiness by non-return — proving that land was near. Still more did they wish to send forth the dove that should bring a leaf in its mouth, in proof that normal life was soon to begin again

Between what was actually on board the Mayflower and those things which some descendants of her passengers believe, or could wish, was part of her cargo, there yawns a gulf

for them.

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as deep as between reality and stained glass; or actual biography and tombstone eulogies; or the Jesus of Syria and the phantasms of dogma - when linked to revenue. In bulk, the contrast reminds one of the mouse and the mountain. Abraham Lincoln, one of the noblest pilgrims that ever trod the world's highway, declared that the story of his people could be told in a line — "the short and simple annals of the poor." In truth, the same verse suggests more precisely a true inventory of the ancestry and material assets of the Mayflower company, than all the boasts of Mammon worshipers, or of purse-proud or Pharisaical descendants; or the flowery rhetoric of the after-dinner speeches of orators, some of whom flauntingly display the most woeful ignorance of history.

Here was a church of true believers, a body politic of loyal Englishmen, with both loyalty and patriotism tested in the fires of severe persecution and long exile. Here were home-makers, determined to cultivate the soil; true colonists, not expecting to return, rich in grit and grace, but with no other riches and in a state of clean poverty that shames all false pride and ill-gotten wealth.

The daily heaving of the log was always a matter of interest, for it told the rate of the

ship's movement through the water. It would have been strange if none of the passengers kept account of time and space traversed, for all were eager to see land. The "pilot" — that is, the navigator — after being able to tell roughly how many miles the vessel had sailed in a day, could calculate the number of leagues they were from America.

The "log" was a triangular block of wood, called by sailors the "log chip." This, with a long cord called the "log line," was thrown out behind the vessel. The record of the ship's voyage, as written down daily by the captain, was

called the "log-book."

It was because Bradford's manuscript "History of Plymouth Plantation" contained some account of the voyage of the first of the colonizing ships of the Pilgrims, that it was absurdly called, by many persons in England, "The Log of the Mayflower." In fact, this is the title by which it is specified in the decree of the Consistorial Court in London from which, officially, it came to Boston. Nevertheless, so far from Bradford's narrative being a daily journal of the voyage, the fact is that he gives no dates, except September 6, the day of starting. Altogether, there are only four or five pages, in one of his chapters, devoted to this subject, among

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the five hundred or more given to his annals. Nor does he in this narrative even so much as mention the name of the ship, which is not given in any Pilgrim document until 1622. The splendid record of the Mayflower's log has been worked out in detail by an American, Dr. Azel Ames.

In modern days the "log," used on a ship for calculating speed and distance, consists of a metal contrivance in the form of a cylinder having a revolving wheel within. This measures and also records distances and with far greater accuracy than was possible in the old days. In our time the location of the ship on the earth's surface can be determined to within a few feet. This is done by means of the reflection of a star, or the sun, in a little mirror, set in a quadrant or sextant, and thus the degree of latitude and of longitude may be worked out to the geographical minute and second. In 1620 the quarter staff was the implement used. We see its shape depicted above the sailor, who stands, with the Indian, on the seal of the City of New York.

To a man of constantly active and fruitful faith in the Unseen, as Bradford was, this guiding of one's course over the trackless waters through trust in what was invisible, yet accord-

ing to a plan which man's mind had projected. was a cheering object lesson. No one ever saw. on earth or sky, the lines of latitude or longitude. These are the product of imagination -"science" or "faith" — according as one may select the word as token of "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." In due course, by trust in God and in the imaginary lines which were yet actually efficient for working, the ship was brought to the coast of America, but not to her desired haven. Bradford let "the light that never was on sea or land" guide him. The feeling in the breast of the leader, as in that of many an humble follower, was that of a later follower in the same Pilgrim faith — "God guides me and the bird." By faith they overcame.

Besides these aids to navigation, and such others as might help the ship master to find his bourne, there was little else. The knowledge of currents, shoals, rocks, and of meteorology was of the most vague and rudimentary description. There were then, on the eastern coast of what is now the United States, no lighthouses, light-ships, fog-horns, sirens, bell buoys, wireless radio stations, or any of the apparatus calculated to facilitate communication, to answer prayer, to insure safety, to give light, or to save

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life. Most serious was the lack of charts which to-day map out for the mariner the rocks, reefs, rips, shoals, and dangerous currents. The elaborate system of pilots and pilot ships that now meet the incoming steamers and sailing vessels was not then in existence.

When at sea landsmen and passengers may be nervous, but the ship men then realize their comparative safety and enjoy it. It is the land they fear and the dangers on the coast. In fact, in the navigation of either the ocean or the air the problem is the same — whether with aeroplanes or with ships. The landing is more beset with dangers than is the medium through which the machine moves, either with keel or wheels, sails or wings.

It is no wonder that the Mayflower, which was bound for the mouth of the Hudson River, was unable to get there, but that, after much effort and failing, she stuck in the sandy part of the coast and in an infertile region. Let us listen to Bradford and note how he tells the story about the ship's adventures, probably at what is known on the charts as Pollock Rip:

"After long beating at sea they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made and certainly known to be it they were not a little joyful. After some deliberation had

amongst themselves and with the master of the ship, they tacked about and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being fair) to find some place about Hudson's river for their habitation. But after they had sailed the course about half the day, they fell among dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith as they conceived themselves in great danger; and the wind shrinking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape and thought themselves happy to get out of those dangers before night overtook them, as by God's providence they did. And the next day they got into the Cape harbor where they rode in safety."

The truth is that except in Holland, where the word and the higher practice of the craft originated, there were no pilots as we now understand this word. A "pilot" in Elizabethan times was the captain's mate. A pilot now is a man of skill who can bring the ship's prow to the spot desired, so that the plumb line is as straight up and down as a pijl, or pole; that is, taut and vertical over the place aimed at, and thus making a pijl lood, whence our word "pilot." Such a man was Frans Naerebout, born in 1729, to whom a superb memorial statue was reared at Flushing, in Zeeland,

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August 31, 1919. Had there been such a pilot on the Mayflower, the ship would have found her destined haven at the mouth of the Hudson River, where, on leaving Holland, they had hoped to find a home.

Of such "pilots"—that is, steersmen or mates—as were known and available, the Leyden people secured Mr. Clarke, who had navigated a cattle ship to Virginia the year before, and Coppin, second mate on the Mayflower, who also had been once before in America. But with the captain, mates, and all put together, they could not properly navigate the ship to the place where the Pilgrims wanted to go. "With too many captains the boat runs ashore," says the Japanese proverb.

CHAPTER XIX

THE COMPACT AND THE PASSENGER LIST

There is always, perhaps inevitably, a great difference in view and opinion between those who study or know about a thing or event, according to their method of approach—whether beginning at origins or results. The subject may be very much like a gun or a whip, a baby or a microscope—people differ according to which end they hold, or at which end they begin. Those who in historical study or in theology work forward, from the first beginnings, and they who commence at the present and move backward, will probably come into collision. They are like two locomotives moving in opposite directions on the same track.

Much foolish oratory and ignorant eulogy have been wasted on the famous Compact made on the Mayflower at Cape Cod, as though it were the beginning of all representative government, and even "the first written constitution in history." The Mayflower cabin has been styled the "birthplace of liberty," the "cradle of a nation," etc. Not a few windy orators have looked upon this Compact as

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something suddenly born, "the germ of a nation," an amazing novelty "without a parallel in history," etc.

How many of those who signed the Compact made their own signatures? How many were able to read and write? How many gladly enjoved making and adhering to it? How many felt all that it meant, or intended to keep its provisions and live up to its spirit? To how many was such a proceeding, as settling a form of social order and frame of government, congenial and habitual as second nature?

We cannot answer precisely any of these questions, but the previous history of the real Pilgrims is known. To them, in their church and social life, self-control was habitual. The orderly government for which on shipboard they voted had been a custom for years. None could join the church unless he took the covenant of mutual service and agreed to its forms of order; yes, and to progress in the Christian life. In a word, Christian democracy was their vital air. The covenant at Cape Cod was simply an outgrowth and expansion. It was an expression, suited to the new need of the church covenant, voluntarily entered upon, and which bound the conscience of each member. Its essence was self-control, in the fear of God. It

meant justice and protection to all men. It called for an attitude of constant expectation of greater blessing. In Leyden they had lived in a little republic, and they would have, even in the wilderness, none the less now. In a word, the Compact was simply the Free Church covenant "writ large."

The Mayflower Compact was not the beginning of representative government in America. This had already been made and established, on July 30, 1619, in Virginia, and was at this time over a year old. At Jamestown the people of the colony on the Potomac had met and framed a body of laws—"a written constitution that created a government." Nor was it in New England, but in Virginia, that on May 27, 1776, the first bill of rights, guaranteeing perfect freedom of conscience to all, was passed. The sixteenth article of the convention declared that "all men are entitled to the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience."

It was not Leyden church members that wholly constituted the Mayflower company, which was a rather miscellaneous body wherein were serving-maids and men, more or less ignorant, and other persons from London and its neighborhood, of whose moral character,

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social standing, and education we have the record that the original Pilgrims knew little, while we of to-day know less. These formed the unstable element in the little community. Already, on the ship, they had shown signs, not only of moral weakness, but of a determination to do as they pleased when ashore. Not being persons of high faith and strong moral fiber, nor disciplined and tempered by exile, suffering, and experiences that tested character, they formed, altogether, a very uncertain if not dangerous element in the little republic. Not having had the testing, they had not the requisite spirit of endurance in the face of still greater trials to be undergone. Hence it was quite necessary to temper the mass, and the Compact was as the fire and crucible.

The chief men of the Pilgrim enterprise saw this clearly and they took precautions in time. Bradford, who read men through and through, tells much about the threats and mutterings of this rougher element on the ship. He and other leaders could talk Dutch together and thus mature their plans, without those who were likely to oppose being able to unite in their

opposition or to have power to hinder.

In any event, the Mayflower Compact was nothing new to these people, nor was the minor-

ity strong enough to mar their plans for order. The framers, in their own church life, had lived in the spirit and practice of self-government. The threads of long practice had become

a cable strong enough to hold a state.

So the Compact was made, even though it contained two funny legal fictions, namely, that James was the "King of France" and the "Defender" of their faith. It was signed, by how many in autograph and how many by marks, we do not know, but this much is certain that afloat the captain was master and the ship and all persons were under his rule. On land, the Pilgrim Republic was sovereign. The would-be impudent, insolent, disobedient, or lawbreakers soon found who was master and what was the law. All honor to the men who made and enforced the Compact!

Dr. Azel Ames, in his unique work on "The May-Flower and her Log," has gone into the detail of this ship's life, lading, and personnel,

as has no other author.

Of the Mayflower passengers, there were, in all, from start to finish, men, women, boys, girls, babies, and servants, male and female, to the number of one hundred and four. Of

¹ The May-Flower and her Log. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston, 1901.

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these the wives, husbands, single adults, and widowers are specified in the list, with their (conjectural) occupations and ages. Every unmarried young person was under the care of a married couple or family and thus joined to it.

In his first list, Bradford names the men whose wives and children had been left behind in Leyden to come later to America. In the second list, when writing under the shadow of "the angel of the backward look," he makes a survey of the dead, of those who came in later ships, and essays a census of the survivors, of those who had married, and of their children and grandchildren, alive in 1650.

In the following list we name especially the women and girls, who might have been in the party on shore, to take part in America's first laundry day. Bradford catalogues the Mayflower company, arranged in twenty-eight groups. We leave out the names of the males.

In the Carver family, the Governor's, were eight persons: Mrs. John (Katherine) Carver, Desire Minter, and a maid servant; that is, three females and five males.

In the Brewster group were six persons: Mrs. William (Mary) Brewster, two sons, and two boys named More.

In the Winslow group of five were Mrs. Eliza (Edward) Winslow and a little girl, Ellen More.

Mrs. Dorothy (William) Bradford.

Of the Allertons, six in number, there were Mrs. Mary (Isaack) Allerton, her two daughters, Remember and Mary. May Allerton, who grew up and married Mr. Cushman, was living in 1698. She was perhaps the last survivor of the Mavflower company.

Mrs. Rose (Miles) Standish. Mrs. Christopher Martin.

In the Mullines, or Mullens party, five in all, were Mrs. William Mullins and Priscilla, her daughter, afterwards Mrs. John Alden.

Of the White party, six in all, was Mrs. William White, with her baby son, Peregrine, which means "Pilgrim," born on the ship and but a few days old.

In the Hopkins group, eight in all, was another son, born at sea and called "Oceanus." Besides Mrs. Steven Hopkins there was a daughter Constanta who made a record as we shall see.

Mrs. John Billington.

Mrs. Ann (Edward) Tillie, and her cousin, a girl named Humility Cooper.

Mrs. John Tillie and Elizabeth, her daughter.

Mrs. Thomas Tinker.

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Mrs. Alice (John) Rigdale.

Mrs. James Chilton and their daughter Mary. Mary Chilton was long traditionally the first person in the Pilgrim party to step ashore upon the rock of immortal fame.

Mrs. Edward Fuller.

Mrs. Sarah (Francis) Eaton.

There were several nursing mothers in the company, and at least two babies known by name. Perhaps these were taken ashore for air, and, possibly, the mothers worked, while the girls took charge of the infants.

To the first list given, Bradford adds biographical notes in regard to many of these pioneer young maids, some of them of much

interest.

Of Carver's household, Desire Minter, in poor health, returned to her friends in England and died there. The maidservant married and died, within a year or two, at Plymouth.

Elizabeth Tillie married John Howland. In 1650 they had ten children and five grand-

children.

Mrs. William White, left a widow, married Mr. Edward Winslow, and of this union several children were born, two of whom, in 1650, were grown and of marriageable age. The little girl, Ellen More, died soon after the ship's arrival.

Dorothy May (Bradford) drowned.

Mrs. Mary (John) Allerton "died in the first sickness," early in 1621. Her daughter, Remember, when Bradford wrote in 1650, was married and with her four children lived in Salem.

Mrs. Rose (Miles) Standish "died in the first sickness."

Mrs. Christopher Martin — "he and all his died in the first infection not long after the arrival."

All of the Mullines (first record) or Molenes (second record) "dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla the only survivor married with John Alden, who are both living and their oldest daughter is married and hath five children."

The pioneer mother, Mrs. Elizabeth (Steven) Hopkins, after twenty years of life in Plymouth, died, after one son and four daughters had been born to her there. The daughter Constanta married and bore twelve children, all living in 1650.

Mrs. Ellen (John) Billington. In 1650 there

were eight Billington children.

Both Mrs. Ann (Edward) Tillie and her cousin, Humility Cooper, "died soon after their arrival," and their cousin Humility "was sent for into England and died there."

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Mrs. "John Tillie. She and her husband both died a little after they came ashore." The daughter, Elizabeth, as we have seen, married John Howland and reared a large family.

Mrs. (Thomas) Tinker. He "and his wife and

son all died in the first sickness."

Mrs. Alice (John) Rigdale. "And so did

Rigdale and his wife" die early in 1621.

The parents of Mary Chilton, who in legend first stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock and into the settlement, "died in the first infection," but Mary married and had, in 1646, nine children.

Mrs. Edward Fuller, with her husband, "died soon after they came ashore."

Mrs. Sarah (Francis) Eaton, a nursing mother, "whose son came over a sucking child, died in the general sickness."

No mention is here made of the women and girls who came later to Plymouth in other ships.

Thirty years after the beginnings, Bradford, in revising the list, added items of interest concerning the boys of 1620.

The little boy Jaspar Carver "died next year of the common infection."

The boy William Latham, "after twenty years or more in America went to England and from thence to the Bahama Islands in the

West Indies and there with some others was starved for want of food."

Of Brewster's sons, "Wrastling died a young man, unmarried; his son-in-law lived till this year 1650 and died and left four children now living." Richard More's brother died the first winter, but he, Richard, lived to marry and have four or five children alive in 1650.

Barthe, or Bartholomew Allerton went back to England and married.

How old John Crakston was, in 1620, we do not know, but his father "died in the first mortality." The young man, about 1625 or 1626, "having lost himself in the woods, his feet became frozen which put him into a fever, of which he died."

Joseph Mullens, with father, mother, and the servant, died the first winter, only his sister Priscilla surviving.

The two sons of Mr. William White, one Resolved, and the other, the ship-born baby, Peregrine, grew up and married, the former having five, and the latter two, children.

Giles Hopkins, in 1650, was married and had

four children.

Of the two Billington boys, John died before his father, but Francis became a man, married, and had eight children.

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Henry Samson, cousin of Mr. Edward Tillie, was in 1650 a husband and the father of seven children. We can see how his Christian name was pronounced when Bradford writes his name in three syllables, "Henery." Note also how "Wrestling" was pronounced.

John Cooke, whose father Francis lived to be a very old man, had in 1650 four children.

Joseph Rogers, son of Thomas, survived his father, who "died in the first sickness." In 1650 Joseph had six children.

The son of Thomas Tinker, with his father

and mother, "died in the first sickness."

Samuel Fuller, son of Edward, had, in 1650, four children.

The two sons of John Turner "died in the first sickness."

Samuel Eaton, a little baby in 1620, grew up, married, and in 1650 had a wife and child.

In 1679, when some later hand added to Bradford's list, the only boys of 1620 then surviving were Resolved White and John Cooke, the last one being alive in 1698.

Bradford in 1650 said: "Of these 100 persons which came over first in the first ship, together, the greater half died in the general mortality; and most of them in two or three months time.

... Of those few remaining are sprung up above

one hundred and sixty persons, in these thirty years, and are now living in this present year, 1650.... And of the old stock... there are yet living... near thirty persons."

At this date 1650 there were no widows.

A later hand has added: "Two persons living that came over in the first ship, 1620, this present year, 1650, Resolved White and Mary Cushman. The daughter of Mr. Allerton and Mary Cushman is still living this present year 1698."

In the list of the Mayflower's passengers as set forth by Ames, there were of adult males, 44; of adult females, 19; of male young people, 29; of maidens and little girls, 10; or 102 in all. Of the men, 26, and of the women, 18, were married. There were 25 single male adults and one unmarried woman — Mrs. Carver's servant. Perhaps she deserves a memorial, as the first of that noble army of "old maids" in New England without whom one can hardly imagine how the life of churches and charities could be maintained.

In the list of men whose occupations are known, there were 2 carpenters, 2 tradesmen, 10 servants, 4 mariners, 2 printers. Other trades or professions represented, each by one person, were those of the cooper, silk dyer, wool carder,

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hatter, merchant, physician, smith, soldier, and tailor. Traditionally there was also a shoemaker. At different times the men had changed their occupations and worked at other trades and crafts, and it is probable that it was at Plymouth that the "all-around Yankee" - so conspicuous in American tradition and so prominent in reality throughout the whole of our national history — here began his multitudinous and varied career. Many a Pilgrim man was a whole department store in himself, and well fitted to do many and varied things. Their two long experiences in earning a livelihood - one of these being under the spur of poverty, in a foreign land, and amid new and strange experiences — had trained these sturdy pioneers to tackle new jobs and face unexpected obstacles. There is no education, not even in a university, equal to that of earning one's own living. So, all things considered, probably there never came to America a company of people better fitted within and without, with grit and grace, for endurance that meant final triumph.

To-day at Provincetown a superb tower, after the model of the famous one at Siena, in Italy, and dedicated August 20, 1907, commemorating the Compact, serves as perpetual memorial of the past and as a beacon to those

at sea. The corner-stone was laid by President Roosevelt and the capstone celebrated by President Taft. The chief living educator of the nation, Charles W. Eliot, made the address, portraying the Pilgrims and pioneers in industrial cooperation. Miss Barbara Hoyt, tenth in generation from Elder William Brewster, unveiled the bronze tablet. The hymn, composed by the author of this book, was sung, and Dr. E. J. Carpenter, historian of the occasion, afterwards wrote the book "The Pilgrims and Their Monument." Honored representatives from England and Holland made addresses. Memorial stones, or bricks, from Austerfield, Leyden, Delfshaven, and Siena are built into the graceful monument, that stands like a white finger pointing to that Heaven, from which the City of God - to the men who look and wait for her coming - is ever descending, in glory and beauty, "like a bride adorned for her husband."

CHAPTER XX THE GLORIOUS WASH

Weary of the sea and its monotony, and of ship life, with its trying discomforts, the cry of "Land ho!" was heard joyfully. Entrancing were the distant views of the evergreen trees and the sight of forests and of land birds, and of the shore, even if low and sandy as in Holland, instead of with white cliffs as in southern England. When announcement was made that, on the day after Sabbath rest, all who wished could go ashore for the washing of clothes, we imagine there was a beating of pulses, clapping of hands. and dancing of young feet. What fun for the lads to gather wood and make a fire, to camp out, to cook things, to eat in the open air, and thus to return for a season to outdoor life. Every boy, by nature, has a secret ambition to be, dramatically at least, a pirate, or a savage, or a scout, or a hunter; and here was a splendid opportunity to return to the primitive. The girls, no less than the boys, yearned for new sensations and for something to do, while all were glad enough to stretch their limbs and tread on grass and sand, even though there were no

flowers to pick at this season of the year, when drizzling rain and fog, cold wind and colder waters, made sneezes and coughs more general than desirable.

This was the inauguration of our national institution of a Monday wash. Nevertheless, the first which has been recorded was less English than Dutch, as any one knows who is familiar with housekeeping in Holland, of which most of the boys and girls were natives. In the Low Countries is the original home of linen for underwear as well as for lace and tapestry. Muslin, or cotton cloth, was still unknown in western Europe. Linen was the ordinary material for underwear, whether for shirts, stockings, or petticoats; all other garments being woolen, hempen, or linsey-woolsey. The same flaxen fabric, starched and bleached as white as snow, and with the Puritans usually without frills, fluting, or crimps, furnished the material for collars, cuffs, and headkerchiefs. Hats and bonnets for women were not seen among the Separatists. In Professor Robert W. Weir's painting, completed in 1845 and set in the rotunda at Washington, one of the women on the Speedwell is decked in a gorgeous gown, and with a Gainsborough hat trimmed with a long ostrich feather. But this picture was made in

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days before the story of the Pilgrims, or plain people, was disentangled from that of the Puritans of Salem who were better off in worldly goods.

By the year 1620 linen in the Low Countries had become cheap and in general use for the body, while bed sheets, ticking, mattresses, and pillow-cases were common. Large quantities of "Hollands" or Dutch linen were exported to England, taking the place, for bedding, even in huts and cottages, of the rushes on the floor. with the log of wood for bolster and sack of chaff for a headrest. In the Dutch houses, in which most of the Pilgrims had lived, some of them for a dozen years or more, and in which they had reared their children, no housekeeper that had an ordinary supply of linen ever thought of having washday once a week. That was a mark of poverty. Unless people were very poor and had no store of linen, the usual custom was to keep in a room by itself, generally in the attic at the top of the house, the frequently changed underclothes; that is, the white goods, to be washed only once a month or less often. This argued that the family had a linen closet with ample fresh supplies, and were not obliged to go into the laundry industry every seventh day. A bride's dowry was often the rich store of

linen which she brought to her husband's house to make a home, and this custom, not unusual with us, originated in the Republic. In fact, the ordinary English word "Hollands" applied to the best linen fabrics continued in use until quite recently.

Snowy whiteness was the mark of the Puritan maiden's costume, harmonizing subtly and charmingly with her general carriage as a true and appropriate symbol of her character. With the Puritan, whether Huguenot, Dutch, English, or Scottish, cleanliness was next to godliness. To this day a washerwoman in France is called a "blanchisseuse," or whitener. In Holland "bleeker" is only the original and older spelling and pronunciation of the "bleacher," who blanched fabrics. The famous Bleecker Street, on Manhattan, is the witness of both a trade and a family.

In the case of the Mayflower party, it had been one hundred and thirty-three days since they had left their Leyden home, with only an occasional opportunity to live up to their standards of personal cleanliness, during what meant really a half-dozen transshipments, or voyages, longer or shorter. Hence their needs and desires. At Cape Cod, next to their yearning for godliness, expressed in law and mutual compact,

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came their desire for what was the next virtue, love of cleanliness.

Surely there never was a happier washing party. What provision, or in what quality or quantity, of soap, lye, or cleaning substance they had on the ship, is not known; but once on land, fuel and soft water were as plentiful as was the willingness of hands and hearts to make use of them. In our minds we can draw a picture of the strong men swinging their axes and hewing down the red cedar trees. Doubtless they cut the saplings and stripped them of their branches for poles to support the clothes-lines, while the boys gathered the brushwood for quick kindling. Then on two forked supports the cross-piece would be laid, the kettles filled and hung, and the fire started to furnish hot water for boiling the clothes. No lucifer matches were then known, but flint, steel, and tinder, aided perhaps with a little gunpowder, met in sparks; and, presto, a lively blaze! A stream of pure water, soft for suds and easy rubbing, flowed from a spring near by, and sweet was the smell of the burning juniper or red spruce.

We can imagine several hours spent over the tubs. It must have been right good exercise for feminine muscles — so long cramped in the cabins. The clothes-lines were probably hung

from tree to tree, unless poles were set in the sand for the stretching of the drying lines. Quite possibly some of the heavier garments may have been spread out in the sunshine on the clean sand.

Since the minds of the Pilgrims were ever rich in reminders of Scripture precedents, some may have thought of Gideon's fleece, laid out on the ground, for a token of mercy and an answer to prayer. Perhaps the men extemporized rough timber frames, with poles for drying, in both wind and sun, and called them "clothes-horses," after the analogy of the Dutch word "easel," which means the "little donkey," to hold the artist's canvas.

To-day, after three centuries, neither the spring nor the red spruce can any more be found. The one is covered by the salt sea, or perhaps it has ceased to flow. The trees at the water's edge have disappeared under the woodman's axe, though still plentiful on the distant hills. Yet the fragrance of the juniper's coals on that washday still starts pleasant memories. The thought of it still lightens toil in many an humble home, for those women were figures in a great history. On Provincetown sands they made sweet and clean the clothing of the men and kept dainty their own bodies and garments.

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That washday stands in history as an event initiative to a grander history, in which toil was honored. One cannot but think of George Herbert's verse, concerning the spirit which "makes drudgery divine." Of ironing-day, when the clothes, whether starched or not, were "mangled" or smoothed out, we are not told, but probably the best that could be done, under the circumstances, was done.

Yet, all unconsciously, this act of cleansing was, for most of these maids and mothers, a symbol of sorrow and the robing for even a longer pilgrimage. It proved to be the anointing, as it were, for their own burial. Within a few days, Dorothy May Bradford, falling overboard, had found a grave in the waters. Of the eighteen wives the bodies of fourteen, before the winter was over, were under the sod. The vernal equinox found the Pilgrim company reduced one half.

There had already been three burials between the casting and the weighing of the anchor. From their floating home when at sea a sailor and William Butten, the servant boy, died and found each an ocean grave. Bradford's wife was drowned in the harbor. The angel of life had come once during the voyage, the angel of death twice. Of those who found "a vast and

wandering grave" in the great deep, and of her whose earthly life ended in calm water, and of those who were given earth burial, one might say, including all:

"They sleep as well beneath the purple waves
As those whose graves are green," —

save that of those who died, whether on land or water, one might also add that, of one and of all, the places of sepulture were equally unseen; for, lest the savages might count the losses of the diminishing band and thus know their weakness, no mounds were raised above the soil. The earth was leveled to hide the mournful fact. Whether on the solid earth or the restless sea, the fifteen wives lay alike

"In the grave's democracy."

Nor can one think, even in Bryant's words, of any one of these early martyrs:

"His part, amid the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green";

or find visible honors, even in the democratic custom of the Moravians. Their cemeteries—as, for example, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or at Zeist in the Netherlands—show no upreared monuments nor any ostentation of grief or wealth.

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Life's conflict over, it is, as with our sons who sleep where,

"On Flanders fields, the poppies blow Beneath the crosses row on row";

for there is "no sepulchral stone to mark the spot." The dead, whether dying in high office or in obscurity, age or youth, bishop and babe alike, are given equal honor — only a flat memorial slab resting on the grave's bosom. Yet over them nature weaves a green carpet of loveliness in grasses or wild flowers, which was denied to the first Pilgrim mothers.

Nevertheless, in the equality of faith and hope in Him who is able to clothe mortality with immortality according to the mighty "working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself," those who slept in Him were laid to rest.

Who were these illustrious "wash-ladies" who thus on Massachusetts soil made labor honorable while adding to the æsthetics of life? Let us scan Bradford's list, made a generation later, when the little girls of that historic Monday morning had become brides, mothers, grandmothers, and last survivors. We do not usually begin at a washtub for genealogies, nor need we swamp the narrative with names, but rather briefly annotate the list. There were

menservants and maidservants galore in the company; but we rather think that, for the joy of treading the solid earth once more, all went ashore who could, and took part, even to the tubs, just for the fun of it, when activity in the open air meant delight and health.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW WORLD: AMERICA

EXCEPT at spots along the Atlantic coast, very little of the new world of America was known in the England of 1620. One hundred and twenty-three years had passed away since the ship from Bristol, commanded by the Cabots, had sighted the New Found Land. The continent was not then popularly called America, nor were its limits known, its coasts mapped out, or its parts articulated into a whole. It was not until our day, in the twentieth century, that its northern lands and waters were even fairly well explored.

Very little, therefore, was known by any, even experts, concerning the real character of the soil, climate, or inhabitants, of what the English, after 1609, called, with questionable assertion, "the northern parts of Virginia." There were few or no charts for the use of navigators. It was because of this dearth of special knowledge that "the first ship," as Bradford always calls the Mayflower, was not to reach her desired haven.

Learned ethnologists and acute students of

civilization, with those who hold theories of its rise and decay, declare that upon the glaciated area of the earth the noblest human races in all the earth have arisen. Be this false, or be it wholly or only partly true, the largest concentration of English-speaking people, mostly Pilgrims and Puritans, settled in the region of the glacier-scratched bed-rocks and of the melted ice masses that had created soil and left boulders plentifully on the landscape; from which fact theorists may develop their doctrines.

So far from being unknown, this eastern coast had already been often visited by the adventurers and fishermen of France and the other European countries fronting the Atlantic. Cape Cod was a familiar point of land for the sailor. Possibly the men on a hundred vessels had seen it, before those of the Mayflower. Dutch navigators had sighted and named it. Gosnold in 1609 had given it its English name, to which sailors clung even when others later called it Cape James, after the king. The very first findings of the Pilgrim explorers were proofs of wreckage and of fortune, good and bad, from the Old World. Not only men, but European women and children, had come to these shores in the fishing boats, and some had here found their graves. Even the color of the

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hair of the dead child found by the first exploring party was recognized. The bay had been surveyed and a very good map made of it, and the place called Plymouth, by Captain John Smith, who also first named "New England."

Nevertheless, the spot where the Pilgrims landed and began life in the New World was not the goal at which they had aimed, nor the bourne where they had hoped to settle. Long years afterwards Bradford mourned the straitness and poverty of the place, from which so many of the original comers emigrated farther inland. Did Providence order it?

As to the native inhabitants it was better for the Pilgrims that the first neighbors of the exiles should be savages than to have had only the loneliness of the land and the menace of the wild beasts ever before them. The presence of these Indians developed the manly virtues of vigilance, circumspection, and courage in the Pilgrims. Surrounded, as they were, with savagery, human and natural, they were saved from that softening of fiber which man must ever avoid if he is to replenish and subdue the earth and make nature, not his master, but his servant. To grapple successfully with difficulties and obey the divine command, these pioneers needed stimulus and even provocation.

On the other hand, it was good to cultivate friendship with the first owners of the soil. On the whole, the mutual relations of these white and red men were highly creditable. Perhaps both lived up to their lights.

Who were these Algonquin Indians? The bounds of their habitation were east and north of the Iroquois, who dominated most of the tribes in eastern America. The frontiers of the great Confederacy, called "The Long House," were the Hudson River and Lake Ontario. Very little was then known of the differences and varieties within the red man's world. Now, with our knowledge of their languages, traditions, traits, and history, we can clearly discern the position and quality of the North American Indians, with as much accuracy as we distinguish between Italians and Swedes, Hindoos and Arabs, Chinese and Japanese.

This much is certain, that the eastern Indians—that is, of the coast or tidewater region—were of the Algonquin stock and mainly hunters and fishermen. As on an island in a great ocean, surrounding them on all sides, was the forest federal republic of the Iroquois, compared with whom the Algonquins were a much inferior race of people. Yet in their long evolution and struggle with nature, these had won

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many victories and gained experiences which they put at the service of their guests, the white men. It is more than probable that in its prolonged fight with famine during the first year or two, when constantly confronted with the menace of starvation, the Pilgrim colony would have failed and the people all died, except for the kindly aid of their red neighbors. The Indians taught the white men how to go out on the seashore at low tide, to tread out the sand and mud, in order to get at the clams and other shellfish for food. Many a time did a dish of clams and cup of cold water form a Pilgrim dinner. For months at a time the exiles had no grain; for years no milk, butter, or edible delicacies. Then, too, the immigrants were ignorant of the cultivation of maize. It was Squanto who taught the white men how to plant the chief of American grains. They were "not yet well acquainted with the manner of Indian corn," as Bradford tells us, even when they had no other grain. Still further, the natives taught them de utilitate stercorandi, which Cicero writes about; that is, the use of home fertilizers - how to plant a fish in a hill, along with the seed kernel, thus providing both moisture and the needed elements. Verily Squanto deserves a memorial statue as the first American agricul-

turist in New England, even though his later record was tarnished with selfish intrigue — an infirmity common to all sinners. Besides this rich food grain, the white man is indebted to his red brother for tobacco, maple sugar, snowshoes, and wampum, or shell money, which for the Pilgrims ushered in an era of prosperity.

Other local devices, habits, and accommodations to the climate enabled the Pilgrim to get into harmony with his environment, make nature his helper and friend, and thus to survive and flourish. In these our days, when in ideal, pictorial, plastic, monumental, and literary art, the Indian is the choice of artists, when his figure is seen on our coins and State seals, when also the first Americans themselves reproduce in play and tableaux the very ancient and the less ancient legends and traditions, as well as Longfellow's idealizations of New England life, when the Indian's poetic and sonorous names cling to our mountains, rivers, and landmarks, when tens of thousands of them are our Christian brothers, our fellow soldiers in the army, our friends and acquaintances whom we honor, and when we know them as statesmen, orators, and philanthropists, men of ideals and character, it is well to do justice and acknowledge fully our debt to our predecessors on the continent.

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What was the temper of these early and local sons of the soil? What was their attitude toward the new-comers? One nineteenth-century artist in bronze, in depicting the initial Indians of colonial days, shows us a veteran warrior and a young brave. The attitude is dual, as befits the joy of youth and the sedateness of age. The one rich in impulse has little knowledge; while the other possesses the perspective and vigilance born of long experience. The lad, delighted with the novelty, waves the friendly branch of welcome and bids the stranger advance. The elder, in austere pride and cold dignity, perhaps with the feeling of a superior as lord of the soil, and certainly that of an equal, awaits the meeting with deliberation tempered with vigilance.

To these Indians of this northeastern coast there had come already some bitter and discouraging experiences. The white strangers from over the sea were slave-catchers; for this was the golden age of the trader in human flesh. The social conscience of the world had not yet been awakened. Our Anglo-Saxon fathers were not the least sinners in this cruelty of man to man. In our language the very name for a Russian—that of Slav, or Slave—reveals the habits of our ancestors. For centuries even governments, notably that of the British, made the

basis of their treaty-making and diplomacy the advantages to be gained in the slave trade. In the original draft of the American Declaration of Independence Jefferson had inserted a clause indicting the King of England as a slave-catcher. In the debate by Congress this was stricken out, it being nearly a century ahead of the time when the conscience, first of England and then of America, awoke in protest against what John Wesley branded as the "sum of all villainies."

It was not, therefore, to be expected that these coast Indians should joyfully welcome, with inviting gestures, open arms, and smiling faces, a company of men of whom they knew nothing and who came with arms in their hands. To them, at first, the advent of the Mayflower company seemed what might be merely a fresh invasion of slave-catchers, cheats in trade, or ruthless occupiers of land which the natives may have held sacred, as containing the graves of their fathers.

Happily for the Pilgrim party there were a few natives who had had pleasant experiences of trans-Atlantic humanity and one, at least, who had even seen the white man's world beyond the great deep. Among these was Massasoit, who stands out as a truly noble character. On the other hand, Squanto fell away from his

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initial reputation, and is seen to have been one of the first great American grafters, trying to profit selfishly at the expense of both white and red men. Yet he repented and prayed that he might go to the White Man's Heaven.

Nor need we blame these men from oversea, of Puritan mould and unquailing courage, for severity, at times, in their dealings with bad Indians. It seems to be but the plain truth that the Pilgrims, in their whole policy, were more sinned against than sinning; for what dangers and troubles they had with the natives fell to them rather from the native intestine quarrels, jealousies, and cruel ambitions — ever rampant in savage life — than from their own actions. For the most part, the Pilgrim policy and actions show creditably their determination to do justice and love mercy.

Indian heraldry and sign language, together with tribal and family organization, their social customs, superstitions, religion, and the mind of the Indian, are well worthy of study — even for the testing of our own ideals. It is certain that the red man was in progressive evolution, and that the white man at first interrupted and hindered this development. Happily in our time this is changed.

In one notable instance both parties under-

stood each other without a word spoken or any documents written with pen and ink. Mutual sight and insight wrought peace. When hostile savages sent their sign of war, a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin, the Pilgrim Governor returned the symbol stuffed with powder and ball. The reading and understanding of both messages were instant.

Nevertheless, one may well ask the question implied in Pastor Robinson's letter of 1621 who fired the first hostile shot on New England soil? Why does not Massachusetts, like New York, own a treasury of many wampum belts, significant of treaties of peace and of mutual agreement between red and white men? Why no "Covenant of Corlaer"? Why no memories of a just man's name enshrined in Indian speech and tradition as is that of Arendt Van Curler who was born in Nijkerk in the year of the Pilgrims' voyage - and still applied as a title to the British king? Why no pictured wampum belt, like that showing William Penn and a brother Indian hand in hand? Both were founders of a peace policy with their red neighbors. Why, unprovoked, did the Indians let fly their arrows at the Pilgrim explorers? Why was there a "first encounter" and an initial volley from the white men of the Mayflower, against

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the ancient inhabitants of the soil? The new-comers were trespassing on the aboriginal domain, which, however, they thought belonged by right to "Christians." They recognized the European doctrine of land tenure in pagan regions, which was first taught by the Holy See, that "the heathen" were the rightful inheritance of the "saints." The pope's bull of May 3, 1493, had divided the world between Spain and Portugal. In both papal, Tudor, and Stuart law, it was proclaimed that all savage lands belonged to "Christians."

No such doctrine of the divine right of Christians to seize the pagan inhabitants was held in the Dutch Republic, or by the settlers of New York or Pennsylvania. In their documents the right of the aborigines to the soil was explicitly recognized, and with them formal treaties of peace were at once made, the land being bought from them before permanent occupation by the whites.

Nevertheless, no such agreements between the red and the white men could have the moral sanction or the binding force of treaties made by men on the same levels of culture. What the Indian meant was to allow the white men to come as guests. The savages knew nothing of transferable property in land, guaranteed by

signed documents, or of sale and possession in fee simple. They could and did imagine nothing else than joint occupation. In the Middle Region the first mutual approaches were equally friendly; while in New England the contact of races was one of mutual hostility and of almost permanent misunderstanding.

Yet it was no fault of the Pilgrims that this was so, and there are two explanations, both

valid.

When Mark Twain told the English that they were "the only modern people mentioned in the Bible," they laughed heartily — that is, some time after they recognized that he was joking. He quoted from the Beatitudes — "The meek shall inherit the earth." Claiming their right to the North American continent, because of Cabot's peep, in the high latitudes, at a small portion of it, the King of England called America, north of Florida, his own and that of his successors, heirs, and assigns.

The crown parceled out the land in charters granted to various trading companies, very much in the style of Norman feudalism—from the vestiges of which England is not yet wholly free. It was out of these charters that the colonies grew into States and the Federal Government of the United States had its evolution.

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Against this theory of land possession and tenure, common to nations of southern Europe and inherited from them, was that of the Dutch. They declared the soil of the new countries to be settled to belong so far to the natives that their claims must be satisfied and titles extinguished before foreign ownership was or could be claimed or colonization be made. Hence in the charter of the Dutch West India Company it was stipulated, not that the settlers might, but that they must, buy the land of the Indians; and this they did. The precedent in North America fixed by the Walloon Governor, Peter Minuit, in his purchase of Manhattan, was the one followed regularly and often in New Netherland, and again by William Penn, who was half Welsh and half Dutch. To this the local records and wampum belts still testify. In New England, not the pretext, but the fundamental reason for the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts to Rhode Island was a political one; namely, he vehemently insisted that the English lacked a valid title to the land, which belonged to the Indians, and that the King of England had no just right to the soil either to claim or to give awav.

There is perhaps still another valid reason for

the necessity, laid upon the Plymouth men, to shed blood in self-defense. There was, in eastern America, outside of the Iroquois Confederacy, no such political unity that implied moral and personal responsibility laid upon individuals or local bands of offenders who broke the peace. Even the credit of Penn's treaty, "never sworn to and never broken," as Voltaire boasted, was probably due as much to the Iroquois as to the Ouakers. The Delawares, or Lenni-Lenape Indians, as vassals of the mighty Confederacy, were held, under pressure of the Iroquois, to the older and greater "Covenant of Corlaer." Had the same unity of mind and responsibility of action been in working vitality with the Massachusetts Indians, there would, in all probability, have been no "first encounter" with the white men.

Why, from the Indian's point of view, was a flight of arrows their first greeting to men of such noble character as the Pilgrims? They came, not only as friends, but were of such scrupulous honesty as to wish to pay even for the corn found in the land.

It was no fault of the Mayflower men that they were first attacked. We shall see how it happened.

CHAPTER XXII

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH AND HIS LITTLE ARMY

THE word and name "Miles" means a soldier, and the Pilgrim captain and hero had not only physical valor, but what many a dashing war-

rior lacks - moral courage.

Of the personal history of Standish (1584-1656) previous to 1620 little is known. At the end of Bell Alley, in Leyden, in which many of the Pilgrim people lived with their pastor, and the "church" - which, like those churches mentioned in the New Testament, was not a building of any kind, but a company of souls in, or out of, a house - there was a "commandery" or barracks, in which the British auxiliaries, or "help troops," were quartered. Here, most probably, both the Separatists and the men who earned the king's or the queen's shilling met and got acquainted with each other. Pastor Robinson evidently knew Standish well. In his letter to Bradford, dated December 19, 1623, he mourns that any Indians were killed by his people. "How happy a thing it had been if you had converted some before you had killed any."

Robinson lived in a country where prison reform had already begun. He wrote suggesting "the punishments to a few and the fear to many." Then he adds, summing up the character of Standish, "Consider the disposition of your captain, whom I love and am persuaded the Lord in great mercy and for great good hath sent you him, if you use him aright. He is a man humble and meek amongst you and toward all in ordinary course."

A splendid commendation surely! Robinson had no anxiety about Standish, that he would be cruel or bloodthirsty, but he feared that weaker men might unjustly kill and then justify themselves from the example set before them

by the captain, but misunderstood.

While on board the ship and pressed by Captain Jones and the crew, as Bradford several times mentions, to get off as soon as possible, and settle down—a party "tendered themselves" to explore the land for a place of settlement. Thinking that a river was in sight, sixteen well-armed men, under Standish, faced the possible dangers of exploration and set off along the beach on the 15th of November. Soon they saw five or six human beings and a dog approaching. These at once ran into the woods. "The English followed them, partly to see if

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they could speake with them and partly to discover if there might not be more of them lying in ambush." The Indians continued to retreat and the whites followed the trail left in the sand. Darkness coming on, the squad, after posting sentinels, went into camp for the night,

during which nothing happened.

In the explorations continued next morning, they lighted upon a pond of fresh water. Here they took their first American drink. They found some cleared cornfields, in stubble, besides the remnants of a habitation, with a kettle and sawed plank. Their first sight of maize or Indian corn gave them a surprise, as they noted several colors upon the cob. They could not decide fully as to the geography of the place; but, fearing lest their families should worry over their absence, they returned to the ship, having found no real river or place to settle upon. Possibly the children at this time made their initial acquaintance with pop-corn.

The shallop having been repaired, the second exploration was made in her and on the water. This time, made cautious lest the Indians seen should have given the alarm and come upon them in numbers, thirty men went on the venture. It was soon made clear that there was no ship harbor, but they found hoes and Indian

huts, with plenty of corn and beans. These they brought away, for which six months later they made payment.

This little voyage proved to be their salvation from famine, and perhaps from the starvation which impended some months later; for the corn found served them for seed and a new crop in the spring. Thus, their first boat voyage in American waters yielded an even balance of disappointment and blessing.

Foul weather followed, for they were now in a bleak land that promised speedily to weed out the weak and spare only the strong. Starting out again, on December 6, "intending to circulate that deep bay of Cape Cod," they took ten principal men and some sailors. The ground was frozen hard and white with snow. and the salt spray, freezing on their coats, glazed them with ice. Arriving at the bottom of the bay by dark, they saw ten or twelve Indians busy at something. The shores being "so full of flats" they had hard work to find a landing-place. They built a barricade of logs and boughs. Then posting a sentinel, they lay down to rest, tired enough. The light of the Indian fires was visible in the distance.

When morning came they divided into two parties for the coast and the woods. They

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lighted upon the Indian camp of the night before, at which the red men had cut up a small whale or grampus. On the beach lay also two carcasses blown by the strong wind on to the flats. No acceptable place for a town could be found, and not till night did the two parties meet.

This time a stronger barricade was built, to the height of a man, the space being enclosed on three sides in order to guard against being surrounded by the savages. A fire was made in the middle. Then they lay down for rest, not knowing that at daylight there would be a battle between men still in the stone age and those of the iron age.

At midnight the watcher called out, "Arm! Arm!" A hideous cry thought to be that of wolves, but really an Indian war-whoop, was heard. Standing to their guns they made ready, but nothing happened. A couple of muskets, promptly shot off, possibly saved them from a rush of Indians. So, wrapping their loaded flintlocks with their coats, to keep their powder dry, they rested until 5 A.M. Then, after prayer, and while breakfast was being got ready, some went to the shore. Finding the tide not sufficiently high they came back for food.

Suddenly the same cry heard during the

darkness, but with variant note, now rang in their ears. One of the men nearest the woods came flying into camp, shouting, "Men, Indians! Indians!" In a moment arrows flew all around them. Without panic, after two guns fired, Standish posted a couple of his men at the entrance, ordering them not to shoot until they had taken good aim. Some had run down to the beach to get their guns. The others, quickly donning their armor, and seeing that the Indians were "wheeling about them," grasped their cutlasses and were ready to rush out and charge the foe. Securing their firearms the men from the boat let fly at the red men, who all ran, except one bold fellow, who stood behind a tree. At short range he shot three arrows. He stood his ground while three bullets from excited men failed to hit him. At last, after deliberate aim taken by a musketeer, one ball came so close as to knock the bark and splinters about his ears. Then, after a defiant war-whoop, he fled. Most of the white men started in pursuit, running a quarter of a mile or so and firing two or three shots. Returning, some of them found their coats, which had been hung up, pierced with shafts, but no man had been hit. Thereupon they gave thanks and praise to God. Gathering up some of the arrows

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they sent them later to England as trophies and curiosities.

Embarking once more and following the advice of their pilot, Coppin, they pointed the prow of the shallop to the promised harbor. A terrible storm arose which broke their rudder and shivered their mast into three pieces. By hard rowing and with intrepid spirit, though barely escaping shipwreck and missing the expected harbor, they finally got ashore on an island (Clark's) and camped out, enjoying mightily a big fire, while happy to be free from Indians.

During the night the wind changed and it froze hard, but the next day, Saturday, was sunshiny. So they dried their clothes, put their guns in order, and gave thanks to God. They kept Sabbath conscientiously. It is this episode that is illustrated in the granite, in high-relief, in the façade of the Congregational House on Beacon Street in Boston. The work was done by a Spaniard during our war with Spain in 1898.

On Monday they were glad to find a harbor fit for shipping, with Indian cornfields and fresh water in running brooks near by. Returning to the Mayflower they told the good news and all were happy at the thought of soon living under a roof

soon living under a roof.

During December 15 and 16 the ship beat about and reached the desired haven. On the 25th, or Christmas Day, they "began to erect the first house for common use to receive them and their goods." Thus of necessity they reverted to the ancient plan of all living under one roof, in a "house," without separate apartments save as those were made by dividing off the space by means of temporary curtains. The story of the evolution of the modern dwelling-house is one of fascinating interest. In the case of the Pilgrims separate homes were to come later, on Leyden Street, the first and oldest in New England, named long afterwards.

Continuing the military history we note that when the common house had been built it was made at once a fort, a church, and a home. Four cannon were landed and mounted in battery on the roof. These, we may be sure, had a powerful moral effect upon the hostile Indians who saw or heard the big guns fired. On February 27, 1621, a military company was formed, with officers, drummers, trumpeters, etc., and Standish was given full military authority.

Not all the men liked discipline. One of the captain's first acts was to function as provost or chief of police. The ruffian Billington, besides refusing to obey orders, had given impudence to

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his superior officer. So the captain had the mutineer tied by the neck and heels and put in the guardhouse for twenty-four hours.

A more agreeable task fell to Standish when Massasoit, with twenty warriors, leaving their knives, bows, and arrows behind them, entered the settlement. The Governor and some men in armor, with the captain, drummers, and trumpeters, met their red brothers and a treaty of peace was made, with due presents, potations, and eatables.

On another occasion Standish was sent to accomplish what is now often done by telegraph or telephone and the local police; that is, to catch a thief. An Indian had stolen some beads and a pair of scissors from the trading shallop while it was lying in a creek. Standish served notice on Aspinet, the chief, that he must deliver up either the goods or the thief. Then, refusing all gifts or courtesies, he went away. The sachem, after flogging the culprit, and making the women bake bread for the crew of the boat, came to Plymouth next day to make apologies. This he did in such form, by kneeling and licking the hands of the great white chief, as to produce more merriment than solemnity.

Bastions and gateways were added to the fort

in due time and the soldiers were trained to act as a fire company. Of this they had need, profiting by a recent experience of danger. Looking from the ship, still in the harbor, the sailors thought the Indians had made an attack and set fire to the common house. It proved, however, to be only a blaze caused by a spark from the hearth fire which had kindled the thatch on the roof. Carver and Bradford had to rise from their sick beds to put out the flames and thus save the building from explosion and total loss.

In mid-winter, when the dangers of starvation, like a gaunt wolf, faced them, Standish took boat to Barnstable Harbor. There, ever vigilant, he overawed all treachery and, in

trade, gained the needed corn.

After Winslow had been kind to Massasoit, visiting and helping him in his sickness, the sachem, in gratitude, revealed a plot of some of his bad neighbors to attack and kill all the Plymouth people. The aborigines hoped thus to wipe out the settlement of the aliens, as had been more than once done in other places, from Raleigh's time to theirs. After a council of war the captain and eight of his bravest men were sent to the wigwam of the conspirators. In a hand-to-hand fight seven Indians were slain, and one was afterwards hanged.

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According to the custom of ages, in Europe and Asia, these men of the seventeenth century "made an example." In the old countries they — that is, kings and judges — even dug up corpses to cut off and stick up the heads. They even hanged coffins with chains, in the barbarous savagery of revenge. The head of the ringleader, Wituwamut, was impaled on one of the palisades of the Plymouth fort. These were the days when, not the reformation of criminals, but only their punishment, was sought.

At another time, on the outside of the main gate, according to the custom followed as a deterrent in the old countries, the skull of a bad Indian, duly executed, was nailed and remained fixed for a long time. A pair of wrens made their nest where a man's brains had been, using the spine-hole as entrance and exit and seemed happy enough. How the children must have clapped their hands at this odd bird-box!

Standish figured in other adventures, less romantic or amusing. One of these was a voyage to England on business for the Pilgrims. Another was a naval expedition to Penobscot, in which the two colonies "Old" and "New" joined. A Frenchman had carried things with a high hand and confiscated a trading station. Again, in 1645, the captain made ready to lead

a company of soldiers in the expedition against hostile Indians, which was under the authority of the New England Confederation. Standish thus, in his lifetime, served under no fewer than five sovereignties.

In later years, from 1631, he, like Brewster, made his home at Duxbury, where to-day stand his house and an imposing memorial shaft reared by his descendants and admirers. He was one of the most important personages in the seaside republic. His sword is said to be incised with two inscriptions, one in Cufic, and the other with Arabic characters, which is in the museum at Plymouth. It may have been forged before the Christian era, and possibly used in the crusades. Was it captured first from a Saracen or a Moor, and again in the Netherlands from some Spaniard, whose ancestor helped to expel the Africans? In 1881 an Arabic scholar professed to read the mediæval inscription thus: "With peace God rules His creatures and with the judgment of His arm He troubles the might of the wicked." This seems to be the Oriental view of the Divine; while the motto of Massachusetts may be cited as the human view of the case.

It verges on the ridiculous to picture Miles Standish as either a typical Pilgrim or a Puri-

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tan, as does Lowell; while Longfellow's sketch is pretty poetry, but not, in detail, historic fact. He was a brave soldier, and, like Ulysses Grant, will be remembered chiefly in this line of service and duty. Whatever may have been his deepest convictions, or at what spiritual fountains he fed his soul, his conscience was clear and his sincerity genuine. Right well does he deserve the stately memorial shaft and the bronze statue which, at Duxbury, serve to remind us of a true hero and a loyal soul.

Seen in perspective there was no case in which Captain Standish misused his power as a military man. In every instance he and his force obeyed the orders of the civil magistrate. The Pilgrim Republic gave the world a noble example of self-government, of the people, for the people, and by the people. This discipline and subordination of the citizen soldiers to law and order became the model for a nation.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FIRST WINTER AND THE GREAT SICKNESS

So long as the people called Pilgrims followed the ordinary routine of life on land, whether in the north country of England or in the Netherlands, they enjoyed at least ordinarily good health. When, however, they were transferred to crowded quarters on a small ship, with wretched accommodations, poor food, bad ventilation, and few or no comforts, the seeds of disease, even before they landed, were sown in their bodies. What can now, in the way of nourishment and safeguard, be foreseen and furnished for a long ocean voyage, was not then known. Cruises of three years or more, like those of Nordenskjöld, who found the northeast passage to Japan, or of Amundsen, who achieved the northwestern water path from the Atlantic to the Pacific, can be taken without fear of scurvy - the ancient scourge of the sailor. Now seamen long imprisoned, even in icy seas, come out in splendid health, whatever be the limit of time or space. Our own Schlev-Greely expedition, and Peary's triumph at the North Pole, show of what the human

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constitution is capable when the body is well nourished.

Of old, naval enterprises were often ruined and whole fleets frequently prostrated with the scurvy. Within our time garden vegetables, especially the onion, with the citric fruits, have almost wholly conquered this dread disease. In some navies only the very old surgeons have seen a case. Added to this is the knowledge of preventive medicine that saves annually millions of lives and which has enabled man to conquer climates. Still further, the "leech-craft," that reveals the power of insects as carriers of infection, has armed the white man who must live in the hot countries against tropical diseases. What was for the individual as well as in epidemics formerly classed as "mysterious" or "the act of God" has been brought into the light of science. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" is still with us, but we can arm against its coming and shorten its stay among 118.

At home, or in Holland, these people followed a regimen that, in its working in daily life, is better than the whole apparatus of modern cure, with its serums, anæsthetics, tonics, and sedatives, with the various and villainous patent medicines or nostrums that sell chiefly

because of lying advertisements. Better than all these put together, with also the array of hospitals, trained nurses, and the droves of young men and women graduated from our medical schools and equipped with the last new theories — whether "still in the air" or thoroughly tested - the devices and the muchheralded methods of therapeutics and surgery, was and is a correct method of life. Theories of medicine change with every generation; this, never. Most of these modern things, excellent though they be, are only able to cure. Gospel precepts and common sense do not and did not wait for a cure. They anticipated it. That rule was and is prevention through cleanliness, plain food, good sleep, purity of life, abstemiousness, exercise, fasting, and whatever fortifies the constitution against the assaults of disease from within or from without. While warding off or neutralizing infection through external influences, right living also keeps the inner machinery of body and mind in perfect condition yielding a daily delight in life. Of the house we live in we ought to be intelligent tenants.

With the Pilgrim mothers and maidens no high heels on their shoes tilted the bodily frame out of the perpendicular, producing round shoulders and in later life mysterious nervous

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and other disorders which are usually charged to "Divine Providence." No gluttony, excess of flesh food, luxury of pastry, confectionery, sweet drinks, or other fat-producing excess of nourishment spoiled the lovely figures of the women or buried the normal female outlines and proportions in masses of unlovely adipose. As well as Boerhave of Leyden, or any professor of modern science, they knew that "disease enters by the mouth," and that women, probably as often as men, "dig their graves with their teeth." The sum of the wisdom of Boerhave, whose fame extended from China to England, was condensed in his three rules, "Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels regular."

Nor is it at all likely that, since Queen Elizabeth had a narrow waist — which every imitating courtier and dandy, whether male or female, tried, with more or less success, to imitate, using the stays and lacings of the period — many of the Puritan women followed that very high and very bad example. Their poverty was a blessing, even as their simple life was an ideal, and they had daily an amount of exercise sufficient for the maintenance of health. Their dress was neat, wholesome, and attractive, while securing good circulation and digestion. Except

mention of hard and prolonged labors for a livelihood, we have in Bradford's History no reference to disease among them, while in their various places of sojourn or even during their minor

voyages.

How changed was all this during the first two months of their settling in America is recorded by Bradford with a pathos born of experience. Theirs was a chronicle of death rather than of life. We read of no births, but of over fifty deaths, leaving but one half of the company alive. In Bradford's doleful and varied vocabulary we read of the "infection," "the sickness," and the "visitation," which fell alike on those afloat and those on shore, "so as almost half of their [ship's] company died before they went away." Pale death, as the Roman poet pictured, with equal footstep knocked at cabin door and at the common house on land.

Is that the reason why "Horace" is such a favorite name in New England families?

A recent writer tells us that, whereas the bottom of the modern sea, from 1819 to 1919, between the two continents facing the Atlantic, might be traced by the ashes of the coal burned in the furnaces — and soon to give way to cinderless oil fuel, that feeds the motors of steamship or aeroplane — before this era of steam the

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track under the waves, from 1600 to 1800, was made by human bones. On the contrary, the scores of burials of the Mayflower's crew and passengers, whether slid from the plank into the deep or carried from the sick house, were almost every one, indeed all except two, at the end of the voyage.

Why and how? Such an episode of fatality seems incredible to-day; but let us remember:

I. Their crowded quarters. Many an Erie Canal boat is larger in cargo space than was the Mayflower, of only 180 tons; which carried the crew, 102 passengers, and stores and food for both the outgoing and the return voyage.

2. Of the Leyden party a majority had been afloat over four months. Scurvy, or a tendency to this disease, must have been prevalent.

3. Their limited accommodations meant crowding beyond the possibilities of comfort, to say nothing of health.

4. Their bill of fare was very limited and their monotonous diet tended to scurvy. There were no anti-scorbutic rations; nor, except when at home on land, in practice of common sense and the guidance and control of their palates did they have a scientific conception of the value of vegetables as preventives. Meal,

salt meat, and beer made the routine, served probably twice a day.

5. Excepting in a general way the dangers from infection of the well by the sick, through sneezing, coughing, expectoration, and the kissing, even of babies by their mothers, were not known or suspected.

6. Although not an exceptionally cold winter the lack of good boats fitted for landing facilities and the necessity of the men, and possibly, at times, the women and children, of wading part of the way ashore in the icy waters, amid sleet and spray, was the cause of their colds and pulmonary troubles. Several times before they landed the snow, several inches deep, had to be shoveled from the ship's decks.

7. Before their separate dwellings could be built they were huddled together in the one common house. In the cold winter the atmosphere must have become charged with germs. All the elements of infection were concentrated for vigorous efficiency.

Every detail considered, it is no strange thing that, when the flowers appeared on the earth and the time of the singing of birds had come, only one half of the party were able to greet the fresh glories of nature in the long bright days that followed the vernal equinox.

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The close connection, now demonstrated, between cleanliness and health and between filth and disease — perhaps we might add between routine and unsuspected impurities in food and air—was not as yet discovered. Preventive medicine was next to unknown. The sick person was expected to "take something." Quacks and nostrums abounded then almost as much as now when a gullible public is constantly fooled by advertisements, and more people die yearly of patent medicines than are killed in war.

If the health of the Pilgrims suffered from lack of food there was at least one strong reason. The English had not yet habitually taken to supplying their wants out of the sea. When they prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread," they meant only grain and flesh. Even the Bible word "meat" means food of any sort, and the English say "butcher's meat" when they refer to steaks and chops. While the Dutch and Scotch had long before found the harvests in the sea, the English held aloof and talked about "the contemptible trade of fish." Captain John Smith, in his tract on fishing, urged his countrymen to imitate the Netherlanders and make England rich. We read of French, Dutch, and Scotch vessels coming to fish statedly on the American coast before 1620, but it was only

after the Mayflower's initial volyage that the English went into the fishing business on the American coast. Only by degrees did the success of the English come anywhere near that of the Dutch in drawing wealth out of the exhaustless mines of the ocean and turning "the abundance of the seas" to human sustenance. The reputation of the Cape Cod and Gloucester fishermen in the American north, the enterprise of the whalers of New Bedford in the seas of Asia, and the creation of a splendid preparatory school for the United States Navy, as well as of explorers and world-wide navigators, adding untold wealth and annals of valor and fame to our Nation, form a later story.

The first flower noticed by the Pilgrims in their new home came to them as the harbinger of spring and as nature's welcome. In a sense it was a cheering symbol of their own life and experience. Most probably the maidens who first saw and gathered this dainty flower — a thought of God — recognized in its beauty and perfume the emblem of their own difficulties and triumphs. Down below the leaves of the dead past this exquisite flower pushes its way upward, and in the very face of the frost it opens its petals. In an atmosphere chilly and discouraging it blooms in glory.



THE PILGRIM EXILES
From a painting by George H. Boughton



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So the Pilgrim movement in the secrecy of dark repression, but rooted in the ages of faith, began its life. Under the icy ban of king and prelate it made its growth to strength and beauty. Despite the chilly climate of disapproval and opposition it rose above all obstacles, to become a thing of glory, perfuming the atmosphere around it. Precious is the symbol. Eternal be its charm.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PILGRIM REPUBLIC

Whole volumes have been written in description of the Pilgrim Republic. A rich library of fiction and poetry portrays the life of the Pilgrims, both real and imaginary. It is our purpose only to glance at the growth of the enterprise as these pioneers turned their ideals into realities. How far were they successful?

The Pilgrims soon won self-support and economic success. This impressed Europe because it was quickly visible. It encouraged others to dare and to do. It made enterprises of colonization seem reasonable. Nothing succeeds like success.

Yet, as seen in the perspective of centuries, the Pilgrim triumph was even greater, spiritually. The Pilgrims opened a new chapter in Christianity and gave the precedent for the distinctive character of American religion as contrasted with that of Europe from which it differs; but in what?

The best answer is given in the words of

Philip Schaff:

"It is a free church in a free state, or a self-

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supporting and self-governing Christianity in independent but friendly relation to the civil government."

So it happened that the first vivid pen-picture of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was of them at worship, and by a Belgian.

Visitors came early to the seaside republic begun in 1620 on the sandy shores of Massachusetts. These have each left us their accounts, in languages other than English, of a pleasurable reception. Governor Peter Minuit, himself a Walloon of Manhattan and New Belgium, sent his secretary, a Belgian, Isaac de Rasières, who was also a church officer and elder, to bear friendly greetings to Plymouth.

Since dangers near at hand seemed more dreadful than those from Dunkirk, Bradford's previous warning to the prospective Manhattan visitors was directed against the numerous pirates and kidnapers on the American coast. These man-stealers made no distinction of black or white in selling slaves in Virginia or the West Indies. It was probably in accordance with such good advice that the Walloon envoy made his journey overland. He trusted his life to the native savages more willingly than to such "Christians" as then made the Atlantic coast a terror, thus taking less risk.

To be captured and chained for life to the oar on a Spanish or a French galley, or to faint under the hot sun or the lash, in the tobacco country, farther south, what odds? Even in 1664, at the British conquest of New Netherland, Plockhoy's socialistic Christian colony on the Delaware was ruthlessly destroyed by Sir Edwin Carr, and the white men sold into slavery in Virginia. Until the early nineteenth century both governments and private persons competed furiously with each other to catch and sell slaves and amass wealth by trading in human flesh. As late as 1772 John Wesley angered "practical politicians" by branding this traffic as "the sum of all villainies."

The correspondence from both Plymouth and Manhattan was in Dutch; Bradford, Winslow, and others being fluent in the use of this noble language of freedom. Bradford adds that the Dutch were "full of complimental titles."

This was true. The Dutch republicans believed that any man, if worthy, ought to be saluted with a politeness equal to that used in dealing with lords and ladies, and, especially, if the men thus honored were allies. Their States-General, or Congress, was a body of "Their High Mightinesses," and they demanded and they received the same respect as did kings.

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They were like us Americans, who expect our presidents or ex-presidents, when in Europe — Fillmore being the first — to be accorded the same honors as are paid to crowned heads.

The mutual salutations of March 9, 1627, were both to their fellow Christians and to their comrades in arms in the cause of freedom against autocracy, even against that King of Spain who, Bradford said, sought nothing less than to "obtain and possess his pretended monarchy over all Christendom."

There was a reason why the Dutch addressed the Pilgrims as brave men worthy of noblemen's titles, for they honored those with character, but without titles, equally with those possessing patents of nobility. They did no more to the Plymouth people than they were accustomed to do to and for themselves.

Governor Bradford's answer, in Dutch, was couched in an equally friendly spirit. A trade began that continued with mutual benefit during several years, until the competition of Virginia, amounting almost to a monopoly, drew off the business. Bradford's reference to the recently renewed alliance of the two nations—for the eighty years' war of independence was to continue until 1648—and the details of trade concerning beaver and other skins, to-

bacco, fish, corn, and various commodities, are interesting, but most of all are these words, which no American or any descendant of the Pilgrims ought ever to forget: "Now, forasmuch as this is sufficiente to unite us togeather in love and good neighbourhood, in all our dealings, yet are many of us further obliged, by the good and curteous entreaty which we have found in your countrie; haveing lived ther many years, with freedome, and good contente, as also many of our freinds doe to this day; for which we, and our children after us, are bound to be thankfull to your Nation, and shall never forgett ye same, but shall hartily desire your good & prosperity, as our owne, for ever."

A large part of the permanent prosperity of the Pilgrims came from their later trade in the Connecticut River Valley, which the Dutch, who called it the Fresh River, had early made known to them. "They [the Dutch] seeing them [the Pilgrims] seated in a barren quarter, told them of a river called by them the Fresh River, which they often commended unto them for a good place, both for plantation and trade, and wished them to make use of it; but their hands being full, they let them pass." Afterwards Indians induced them to come and they

went.

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In this era the Dutch led the world in the enterprises of trade, commercial progress, and the mechanism of finance. Not until 1694 were there banks in England, though these had been established in Holland. Hitherto the Pilgrims, being without coin, had done all their "trucking" for furs, fish, etc., by barter. Now, strange as it seemed, America, and not Europe, furnished the needed money. In the Iroquois forest republic, shell money had long been the accepted currency. The settlers in the Hudson and furtraders in the Mohawk Valley quickly found out this medium of exchange and made use of it. De Rasières told Bradford about it and the Pilgrim Governor at once took the hint and bought "about fifty pounds worth." At first this new money "stuck," going off slowly, until "the inland people [Indians] knew of it and afterwards they could scarce ever get enough for them for many years together." Wampum gave a wonderful impulse to the economic history of New England.

On Sundays at Plymouth, as De Rasières tells us, at beat of drum the men formed in front of Captain Standish's house, each with his gun in hand.

Then they marched three abreast to the meeting-house, the sergeant leading and the

came the three chief men, governor, preacher, and commandant. Like all English military officers, in times old or new, and even to this day — as we see in London on the streets and even on the bronze statue of "Chinese" Gordon in Trafalgar Square and in Canada — their jaunty captain carried in his hand or under his arm a little cane or "swagger stick." Each adult male, ever vigilant, took his gun inside the meeting-house, thus initiating also the custom of sitting at the end of the pew, so as to be ready for an attack, whether by white or red men.

My friend George H. Boughton, the artist, from the Walloon's description, though with artistic license, has made a spirited picture of this processional over the wintry white ground to divine worship.

We may now look at another sort of visitors and denizens and see how they were treated in the Pilorim Pepublic

in the Pilgrim Republic.

While those of the Leyden company were people of good stock and handsomely illustrated the old saw, "blood will tell," there were in the second generation at Plymouth many strangers, with some disorderly characters and degenerates from among those who

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had been of the lot "shuffled in" from London. These persons had little of the tolerant spirit of the original company, who were the best of Catholics in the true sense of that noble word. In fact, the real Pilgrims were "sufficiently liberal to tolerate illiberality." With such odd characters as the young man, Roger Williams, of 1630 — by no means the same in spirit as the sedate Governor of Rhode Island in 1660 - and with such clerical scamps as Lyford and the lunatic Rogers, they were patient, forbearing, and friendly. Even when convicted of misbehavior the culprits from among this riffraff of cranks and obnoxious folk were only mildly punished. The original founders of the colony were opposed to the enactment of too severe laws, even against the unruly elements and wild fanatics, who, having come in from abroad. had also lowered the tone of the community. The punishments, which were only occasional, were rather for offenses against decency than for religious opinions.

In studying a man's life we must judge him, not according to tradition or common report, or because of his reputation, or the acts of a particular day or year, but in the light of the ruling ideas and public opinion of his own age, and also of his time of life as well as of his

whole career. We must know the circumstances which helped to make him either great and

noble or petty and contemptible.

The young Roger Williams whom the Pilgrims knew was a mixture of most disagreeable traits and elements, blended with rare and noble qualities. He was, in fact, a cantankerous saint, who seemed to have a passion for insulting the intelligence and trying the patience of his friends. Years afterwards, with a grand and ripened character, the mellow Christian who ruled Rhode Island won the hearts of the red men and became the prophet of religious freedom, to be honored to the end of time. The immortal fame of this figure in our colonial history rests not on his early oddities, but on his steadfast character in mature life. when he had forsaken most of the follies of his youth and was pressing on to ideal manhood. Rhode Island has done well to crown her capitol dome with a golden statue. It is not of Roger Williams, but of the ideally perfect man, who has reached "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Of sad necessity was the execution of the murderer Billington, who was "one of life's fools, whom only death would treat as the equal of other men." It was "in the grave's

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democracy" that he won his highest honors. He was that sort of a hero which dime novelists and cheap picture shows like to get hold of, thus stimulating to crime the weak and the degenerate. Bradford's record, exact, save the spelling, as that of the most careful court stenographers of to-day, reveals the story of this first American gunman. "He way-laid a young man, one John New Comin (about a former quarell) and shote him with a gune, whereof he dyed."

The execution of Billington did not take place until "They used all due means about his trial and took the advice of Mr. Winthrop and other [of] the ablest gentlemen in the Bay of the Massachusetts. . . . [Billington] and some of his had often been punished for miscarriage before." Hubbard tells us that "the murderer expected that, either for want of power to execute for capital offenses, or for want of people to increase the plantation, he should have his life spared; but justice otherwise determined and rewarded him, the first murderer of his neighbor there with the deserved punishment of death, for a warning to others." In a word, the murderer was a brutal coward as well as a hardened transgressor.

The Pilgrim Republic adopted many a

"laudable custom of Holland," as our National Government did later. One was the early provision made for maimed or crippled soldiers. The first law in favor of pensioning ex-soldiers was passed at Plymouth in 1636. Any "returned" or maimed soldier was maintained all the rest of his life at the public expense. Eight years later Virginia also passed a similar law.

While the survivals from our primeval brute nature persist in human beings, force is necessary to secure the enforcement of law. Every good government must have at its call a certain amount of organized power to carry out its mandates. The fact that a small but welldisciplined army existed at Plymouth was the means of restraining wicked men, red and white, all along the coast. This made it easier and safer for the decent people in the ten or a dozen settlements already attempted in New England, and for the Puritans who came later. Among the scoundrels in the "bad lot" that kept augmenting was one Thomas Morton, who made himself a true "lord of misrule," as Bradford calls him. He "maintained (as it were) a school of atheism." Certainly his deliberate purpose seemed to be to bring back paganism in its most licentious form. He had heard "the call of the wild" and joyfully

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obeyed it even to beastliness. His headquarters were at Mount Wollaston, which he named "Merry Mount." With Indian squaws and degenerate white men he made this place a hell on earth. Among the settlements where lived respectable people and also weak-minded folk, there was danger of moral infection. To his retreat this cave-man attracted the worst elements in savage and European life — even degenerate savages and "heathenish Christians."

Here then at its very beginning was a menace to the civilization of New England imperiling all decent social life. Of the real danger of an epidemic of immorality, there was already a frightful example in Canada. The French homes suffered terribly from a moral plague. Hundreds of coureurs de bois, or wood-rangers, deserted their households, wives, children, and the decencies of life to dwell in the forests. The restraints of religion, of propriety, and of industry were thrown off, and these men reverted to savagery. Taking squaws for companions and living among the Indians, they became, to all intents and purposes, like them. This "call of the wild" threatened to overturn New France. Ultimately, this, more than any other single cause, led to its fall.

Anglo-Saxon pluck was against all this sort of thing, and among the Pilgrims a determination to resist it was formed. Just here the value of a disciplined military force was made evident and availed of by the community.

"So sundry of the chief of the straggling plantations meeting together agreed by mutual consent to solicit those of Plymouth (who were then of more strength than them all) to join with them to prevent the further growth of this mischief and suppress Morton and his consorts before they grew to further head and strength."

Several friendly letters and warnings, which were sent first to Morton, met only with impudent defiance. "So there was no way but to take him by force." Standish and his men were ordered to march on Morton's fortified house.

To defend himself and his harem the libertine, first of all, loaded himself and his garrison with strong liquor. Then he tried to make a machine gun of his carbine by ramming in a variety of ammunition until the barrel was about half full. Then he set "diverse dishes of powder and bullets ready on the table" for quick firing. When summoned to surrender and the leader having answered in defiance, the

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drunken crew came out to shoot. Before it had percolated into Morton's boozy brain what was the matter, the alert Standish had knocked his blunderbuss aside and made the big lout his prisoner.

In this battle nobody was hurt. The only blood shed was in the form of a few drops from one stupid fellow's face. He was so drunk that he ran his own nose upon the point of a sword held by another man as he was entering the house. "Had they not been over-armed with drink, more hurt might have been done." So wrote the witty Bradford, who, with his keen sense also of humor, could always see the comic side of such incidents. No doubt he had a hearty laugh when Standish delivered his official report of what a fool had made so funny. For a joke it would be hard, even in comic opera, to beat this actual performance, which Bradford staged for posterity. Motley, with his 'prentice hand, tried to make of this episode a novel, upon which, however, as his biographer, Dr. O. W. Holmes, says, there fell a "merciful oblivion."

The Puritan Sabbath, when established as a national English custom, proved to be one of the nation's strongest moral bulwarks and one of its greatest economic blessings, in building

a sure foundation of material prosperity; for nothing so conserved the physical energies and the virile temper of this great people. After nearly three centuries of trial it is seen to be perhaps the greatest possible preserver of national vigor. It was the Puritan Sabbath that from the stored-up vigor of generations formed in 1914 a large element of success in enabling Kitchener's "contemptible little army"— so stigmatized by the Huns—to withstand the onrush of the Germans. From one point of view we may say that the Sabbath-keeping nations turned the scale in saving civilization.

In its freshness the Puritan Sabbath was something notably, or at least perceptibly, different from either the later Puritanical dilution or the modern caricature of it. In many ways the Puritan movement in its origin was a turning away from mediæval degeneration to primitive purity and the freshness of antiquity. With the Puritans, who entered so largely into the Old Testament inheritances, following the model there set forth, the Sabbath, or Rest Day, began on Saturday at the setting of the sun and ended at sundown on Sunday evening. Hence the Puritans and Pilgrims "kept Saturday night." Unmatched in descriptive poetry is the picture of the home as made clean, beau-

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tiful, and radiant with the spirit of the Puritan, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns, who declared that "from scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs." This lover of the good things of life, this "illegitimate child of Calvinism," knew and bore witness to the truth. It is the Scottish Puritan Sabbath that explains much of the inexhaustible vigor of the Scottish people, unwasted along the centuries and ever manifested afresh throughout the earth and in every line of human endeavor when the call to duty sounds forth. In Puritan homes and cities Sunday night was a time of mental relaxation and clean amusement so that the "long" and "monotonous" and "dismal" Sunday, upon which modern caricaturists of the Puritan and Pilgrim, with their thick-laid tints of soot and tar, descant, is largely an imaginary one. Upon this institution as a target they spend their shafts of wit in vain, for all who love the working-man and his beast strive to maintain the divine ordinance, while those who encourage the profiteer and the oppressor of the poor are apt to denounce the Lord's Day as a gloomy relic of the worthless past.

There was nothing either of the "goody-goody" spirit or modern "revival" temper or

method, with the Pilgrims, nor any of the vulgar machinery, stage carpentry, and noisemaking of the sawdust trail, nor were there among them the manners of the baseball diamond or grandstand. Nor was their stern resolve "like the crackling of thorns under a pot." No sputter, jet, or rocket fire with them, nor any sequence of quickly cold ashes or burnt stick! The flame in their souls was rather as the glow of anthracite. As with earth's ages, so with their inheritance of the Christian centuries - the sunbeams of æons of truth had changed their form, but not their potency. Not for them novelty and delusion, but the rock of eternal truth as God gave them to see the truth!

CHAPTER XXV

PROSPERITY AND EXPANSION

What the race of man in its evolution — or its divinely guided education — would be without the aid of our friends and servants, the dumb brutes, gives food for thought. In the air, the waters, and on land these creatures preserve the balance of nature, so that no one of their species dominates the earth. As helpers, guardians, burden-bearers, fellow workers, producers of manifold things of necessity and ornament, and as comrades of man in the subduing and replenishing of the earth and helping to gain dominion over all elements and forces, the birds, beasts, and fishes are the allies of man. It is the domestic animals, however, that are very near to him, and even at times as those of his own household.

Defoe might have been prompted to write his story of Robinson Crusoe, less from Alexander Selkirk, and possibly also the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson" from other hints than from the Mayflower company, virtually marooned on the sandy and almost barren shores of Massachusetts. It is a curious

fact that the family name of him "at whose prompting the Pilgrim Fathers went forth to settle New England" - as the Leyden tablet declares - has been borrowed for the heroes of both of these popular books for boys which have gone through three hundred editions.

Though there were dogs, pigs, and chickens in Plymouth before 1624, there were no cattle until that date. Longfellow puts Priscilla Mullens, the bride of John Alden, on a white heifer for a bridal tour before the cow's daughter had arrived. In 1627 there were twelve of these food-giving animals — one for each thirteen persons.

It is not our purpose, even if space permitted, to tell in detail about the finances of the Plymouth Colony. This has been done in a manner so complete, and so far surpassing all former efforts, that we refer the reader to the latest book on this subject. 1 By 1627 the Pilgrims had won economic independence, paid their debts, owned the land they lived on, and were free from all bondage to the men or companies that had financed their venture. Many colonists had preceded the Pilgrims in attempts at settlement in the New World. These, for the most part,

¹ The Pilgrims and Their History. By Roland G. Usher. 1918.

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gave precedents of failure. The Pilgrims furnished the precedent of success.

Further events that but slightly affected either the young people or the American development were union, in 1643, with the other colonies in the New England Confederation and the absorption of the Plymouth or "Old" Colony with others in the one large royal province. The former, never very satisfactory in its work, lasted until 1686, when both the king and his servant, Sir Edmund Andros, were defied, because they were law and covenant breakers.

In 1692 the story of New Plymouth, which had seventeen towns and thirteen thousand inhabitants, ended; for in that year it became an integral part of the British Province of Massachusetts. This included what is now Canada — which our fathers, during 1774 and 1775, eagerly hoped would cast in her lot with the thirteen colonies. In this they were sadly disappointed, and when the flag of the United Colonies was raised at Cambridge, January I, 1776, it had not fourteen stripes thereon, but only thirteen. For as of old in the flag of the Federal Republic, in which the Pilgrims had nourished their strength, each stripe, until July 4, 1776, represented a colony, and after that a State in the Union which had become the

United States of America. Federal government is not well understood even to-day as yet by the British people at home, and many a Briton is puzzled at our system of government, though Australians and Canadians understand it more easily.

To those living in the times of the Pilgrims their economic success in pounds, shillings, and pence, in land, food, cattle, and fish, in ability to hold their own, and in power to increase and offer attractions of worldly success to settlers, were what most powerfully impressed the world. To the seventeenth-century European it was something before his eyes. To us, it is a priceless inheritance. Their moral stamina, their unquailing faith, their sublime courage, their demonstration of the soundness of the American idea of self-government, are what impress and inspire us. The secret of the Pilgrim power and glory lies in the homes they made and the families they reared.

The Pilgrims brought up their own children in the best of all schools — a Christian home — and under the eyes of parents. With these fathers and mothers there was no deputy or substitute. Nor has any university yet been found superior to maternal love. The most decisive, formative, and important period in human life

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is comprised within its first two years. It is this era of infancy that differentiates man from the brute. Within those twenty-four months the infant acquires more, relatively, than during any other two years of its life. No horse or dog born on earth has ever learned more or exceeded in potency of intellect the two-years child. So say the psychologists, and they speak with science.

No sad sight, such as that possible in an alleged higher civilization, and which is often seen, of the banishment of little boys and girls from home by parents, too indolent or too selfish to rear their own children, into distant schools, to be cared for by strangers, was then in practice, even if the Separatists had been rich enough to indulge in this luxury. Nor had the extreme theories of Plato, though old and well known to the Pilgrim scholars, as well as to modern dreamers, any power over the minds of these people, who lived in brotherhood and put many good communal ideas into practice, while avoiding communism.

How early the settlers of New England were called "Yankees," or how the term originated, no one knows with certainty, for no one has yet proved his pet derivation to the entire satisfaction of all. My own idea is that "Yankees" is

the form which a Dutch word took, after being spoken by the Indians of New York, who passed it on to the white men "down east." In Holland it is an old term, still current, when men are ready to quarrel. Hans is apt to call Pete a "cheese head"; or, in his vernacular, Jan Kaas, which, as a Dutchman pronounces it, is "Yankase," sounding very much like "Yankees." What looks like the singular of a noun — that is, "Yankee" - and later in time than the apparently plural or noun form, was at first employed only as an adjective. Yet, as used by the Indians and adopted by the white men, it did not connote disdain or reproach; but rather, in time, from being neutrally descriptive it came to mean whatever was notable or excellent; just as the phrase, "the Bostons," was later among the Iroquois descriptive of those who had taken up arms against King George III. In our day the "Yanks" in Europe and the spread and prevalence of national ideas and sentiments over those born only of localities and States have made our hundred million people accept gleefully the name of "this glorious Yankee nation." "The Yanks are coming" was, in 1917, a song that thrilled and helped to save Europe.

The initial Pilgrim success and, with our later

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generations, the Pilgrim glory, made England only too ready to recognize and to welcome back her once outcast children. This success heartened not only the Free Churchmen, but the whole body of the people of the British Isles. None saw so clearly the meaning of the struggle of '61 as the Lancashire operatives. In Edinburgh, first, and then in Manchester, stands the statue of Abraham Lincoln, as well as, in London, that of Washington. It was our English friends, who, even before the Americans, saw in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address the elements of immortality. Happily for the coming union of all the English-speaking peoples, the revision of our schoolbooks by scholars will enable our American people to see that the cause for which the Whigs in Parliament, from 1770 to 1836, labored, was the same as that for which Washington and the Continentals fought. The victory of 1783 was followed by bloodless triumph in 1830.

With the rise of the High Church party and the dominance of Anglicanism in religion as its sequel, under the Tudor and Stuart dynasties, began the England of two differing ideals, between which most thinking Americans sharply discriminate. They exist and are potent in the mind of every thoughtful American who is criti-

cally familiar with British history. Of his mental images of the two Englands, one is that represented in the union of Church and State, of politics and religion, with its citadel in the Established Church, which is looked upon, by those aspiring to be fashionable, as a social clearing-house. This is the England of the Stuart kings, of Laud, of old Toryism and the House of Lords, of rotten boroughs, of the German King George, of privilege, of titles of nobility, of hereditary parasitism, of aristocracy and of snobbery.

The other England is that of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, of the Free Churches, of Pitt and Burke, of Wilkes and Barre, of Gladstone and Lloyd George. The England of law that is older than kings — compacted of the forces that produced the Whigs, who, from 1763 to 1830 were fighting the same battle and were in the ranks of freedom with Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, and of the spirit of democracy, manifested, for example, by John Bright and the Lancashire operatives, who saw into the meaning of the American struggle of '61 — that is the England admired by the overwhelming majority of Americans. There was no such England when the Pilgrims were driven out to be fugi-

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tives and exiles in the Dutch Republic. The England of privilege, aristocracy and peerages, of traditional and law-enforced religion, with the junkerism and snobbery directly bred therefrom, and of mediæval custom and ceremonial emptied of meaning, is the England admired by a small American minority, and those not of the most desirable class. With either view neither religious opinion nor practical godliness has any necessary connection.

CHAPTER XXVI

COSMOPOLITAN ELEMENTS IN THE PILGRIM COMPANY

Those who, on the one hand, are familiar with the original records and autographs of the Separatists in Leyden, and those who, on the other, get their information from and listen only to the after-dinner speeches and the rhetorical transfiguration of the Pilgrims, have very different ideas and even conflicting emotions.

To the first set, who are students, the impression is that of a very cosmopolitan company. To those who are auditors only, the notion is born and foolishly persists that the people who came over in the Pilgrim ships were of unmixed English origin. This nourishes also the fancy that the United States is a New England, and the American people a sort of annex to Great Britain, or one of her daughter nations, like those of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. In fact, our popular historiography, having been produced in larger measure in one section only of the country, has been so far Anglicized that this idea, so opposed to facts and records, is further expanded to the detriment of truth

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and to vast confusion in both Europe and the United States.

Those who imagine that the settlers of Plymouth were all of English stock and ideas, or exclusively of one religious sect, or that they all held exactly the same opinions on all subjects. or on any one of them, are seriously mistaken. Even when Robinson's company were in Holland there was much variety in blood, language, opinion, and ideas. In reality the Pilgrim mothers and fathers were, altogether, from no fewer than seven nations. This is the testimony of the records in Holland, as Kist, Swalue, de Hoop Schaeffer, and others have published them, and as we have seen and read them. At least three languages, English, Dutch, and French, were spoken among the people of the Leyden congregation.

Probably all the children born between 1609 and 1621 could talk Dutch and some of them French; while probably a dozen or more could also read and write the two languages of the Netherlands. In a word, from the time when both the Southern and the Northern Separatists left England, they took into their company enough people of Continental and of non-English British stock to form a true type of our American Republic, which cannot accurately

be called a New England, but rather a new Europe.

Those also who imagine that either Robinson's company or the Plymouth settlers were all of one way of thinking, or were of one sect or creed — that is, like the New England Congregationalists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with their rigid rules and creeds - are "off" in their notions. In the latter case those who were to join the church were first "propounded" to the congregation, voted on, and then received into fellowship. But they must first assent by voice or subscribe with pen and ink to a creed, which was composed often of many articles and was a miniature system of theology. All this was very different from the church life of their predecessors in Holland.

Roughly speaking, the Pilgrim Fathers had no formal creed; that is, no rigid dogmatic statement of opinion or theory of religion to which they must first subscribe and then be held accountable. They were Christians, and cared little for any other name. In place of this credal form, which in other churches was laid on the consciences of those either baptized in infancy (christened) or admitted in mature years, the Separatists made a covenant which

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was a sufficient bond to hold them in vital union. In fact, they detested and left the Church of England, chiefly because they were required to subscribe to rigid forms of creed and to a routine of ritual and ceremony. By them this Anglican Establishment was usually spoken of as "Egypt."

Parents bringing their children for baptism were not obliged to assent to the formulæ of the Roman, Anglican, or Dutch churches, though publicly covenanting to have them educated in Christian doctrine, according to the Augustin-

ian or Calvinistic theories.

In the membership of Robinson's church, in Amsterdam, at Leyden, and in the congregation at Plymouth, were at least seven nations represented, and members who had been brought up in the Welsh, Anglican, Scottish, Walloon, French, and Dutch churches. In fact, Robinson received into fellowship, or invited to the communion table, members of all these churches. Theirs was a true Catholic, or Union church. Robinson did not like any of the current names, whether "Brownist," "Separatist," "Anabaptist," or "Independent." We do not know that he would have cared even for the name "Congregationalist." The term "Pilgrim" is one only of late growth and local usage, based

entirely upon a sentence in Bradford's History—which was not written until some years after the landing of the Mayflower. The word, as now applied, was unknown, probably, until coined in America. Its first use was in 1798, and that

of "Pilgrim Fathers" in 1799.

John Bastwick, one of his members and a student at Leyden, quoted Robinson as saying that he would never have separated from the Church of England if he could have enjoyed the liberty of his ministry there and not have been obliged to follow its ceremonies and to do that against which his conscience revolted as an insult to his Master—subscribe to a hard-and-fast creed and to the compulsory use of a ritual.

In the Pilgrim narrative the famous historical figures appear not all at once, but from time to time. Robert Browne and the author of the Martin Marprelate tracts were pioneers; but Penry, as being the first Pilgrim Father, led the procession that still moves toward the City of

God.

Miles Standish, so far as known, was not a member of the Scrooby, the Leyden, or the Plymouth church. Bradford makes no mention of him until the Mayflower anchored at Cape Cod. Then he stands forth as the leader of the volunteers who were ready to dare and

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do, facing the wild beast or the savage in exploration of the unknown wilderness.

Nor was John Alden, the cooper, met with until the Speedwell reached Southampton. Whether the first-named, the soldier, held to the mediæval or to the Reformed faith, and whether the second, the cooper, first opened his eyes in Ireland or in England, as claimed, are still unsolved questions. Both were typical men of high honor, conscience, vision, and enthusiasm, just the men to found a state. Standish, besides being courageous as a grizzly bear, was both a scholar in military literature and a master of the art of war. If John Alden had not Irish blood in his veins there was in him that Celtic dash and fire without which both English literature and history would lose half their charm.

The additional immigrants from Leyden who arrived later on the Pilgrim fleet were well-seasoned people of Christian character. These church members and useful citizens had been already tested in the trials of the Pilgrim fellowship. Yet besides these were scores of people of very uncertain ability or character, who, from time to time, were shipped over by the same company that kept back Robinson. Added to these were scores more of shady

reputation who came of their own accord or venture; or, as Bradford says, "at their own particular." They were the grunters, groaners, fault-finders, grouchers, pessimists, and the generally dissatisfied, who want something else and are always looking for a scapegoat. Not a few of these worthies gave up trying in their own way to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Returning to England — in most cases to be probably more or less of a burden to others - they circulated all sorts of stories, mostly falsehoods, as to the badness of the soil and the people. In any land, climate, or situation such people would relate the same tale of woe. As was told to "dear Brutus," they were "underlings" without blame to the stars.

A yellow streak was found even in the ministers which the Plymouth Company in England unloaded in America. Among the several clerical gentlemen of the wrong kind who were sent over to try the Pilgrim soul was one John Lyford, a Puritan preacher in the State Church in England. Lyford's appointment was made against the protest of Winslow and Cushman who were present at the Company's meeting in London. With his wife and four children he came to Plymouth.

This clerical person was soon hand in glove

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with John Oldham, the ringleader of the malcontents in the little republic, and especially of the "Particulars" who were "separatists" from the Pilgrim ideal and order. Oldham began active operations of mutiny by refusing to take his turn at guard duty. He reviled Captain Standish, called him outrageous names, and even drew a knife upon him. Thereupon Oldham was promptly taught what military discipline meant. He was clapped into the guardhouse and kept there until his choler cooled.

Lyford, without asking leave of any one, held meetings on Sunday and carried things with such haughty manners and a high hand that Bradford called a town meeting. The whole gang of the "Particulars" was summoned to answer the charge of plotting to ruin the Pilgrim Colony. At the trial Oldham called on his dupes to sustain him, but they were dumb; for Bradford showed them, in court, the letters of the accused, which as a magistrate he had intercepted. After the trial and conviction of the two culprits Lyford confessed his perfidy and was exiled.

Oldham, having been deported, came back again as impudent as ever. After rearrest and the cooling of his temper in the guardhouse, he was brought out and made to run the gantlet

down to the boat, each musketeer giving him a thump on the buttocks as he passed. Afterwards he lost both his temper and his life in a quarrel with Indians, who used the tomahawk.

One need not subscribe to Palfrey's dictum that of the Pilgrims only "eleven are favorably known. The rest are either known unfavorably, or else only by name." There seems to be here in this summary the animus of both the hostile Puritan and the pronounced churchman. To use the localisms in use in a small portion of the United States, it seems the stricture of a

"Liberal" upon the "Orthodox."

In the main, as rank and file, the Pilgrims were of the plain English people and mostly country folk; but, led by four or five mighty men of vision and ability who would adorn any age, they achieved wonders. Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, Winslow, Carver, and Standish, representing rich culture, theology, law, diplomacy, military science, and executive ability, were the leaders, but all were infused with one spirit which animated the whole. Every one of these varied talents was called into play and used oftener than once. Of the morally protective influence of Standish and his little army in behalf of the colony, there can be no two opinions.

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As to the ethnic origin or ancestry of the Pilgrim Fathers born in England, Dr. M. E. Aubrey, of Cambridge, England, tells us, in 1919, that six of them came from Yorkshire, nine from Nottinghamshire, two from Lincolnshire, seventeen from London, seventeen from Kent, eleven from Essex, and thirty-two from Norfolk.

But what of those bearing French, Dutch, Belgian, Welsh, Scottish, or Irish names? For the origin of such as Sowle (Soule), Mullens, Alden, Tilley, Prower, Holbeck, Minter, Dotey, Barnes (Barentz), Houghton (van Houten), Timmerman, Hanks, Hanson, Hoffman, Jennings, Jordan, Kern, Freyer, Gerry, Hamel, Knapp, Fiske, Bates, Gibbs, Dwight, Danvers, Packard, Trevore, Walker, Potwin, Rogers, Bertram. Best, and others, which we have met with in the archives or documents, we must look to other lands than England, even though those who bore them may have first opened their eves on English soil. From the twelfth century there had been a steady stream of emigration from France, Flanders, and Walloon Belgium into England. This after 1567 swelled into a flood. Within a few generations most of these names in their original form had disappeared. because they had become anglicized. In most

names beginning with *de*, *van*, and other prefixes, the initial syllable was dropped or coalesced with the stem.

Even if genealogy-hunters, who shudder at the idea of a non-English pedigree, can prove that the parent or grandparents, or even the several generations, of this or that person were "English," one can still, with reasonable probability and often with demonstration, show the origin of the family name in one of the countries of the Continent, or in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, or Scandinavia. One who has read much in the lists of Walloon, Fleming, Dutch, or non-English British names, especially in the eastern or southern counties, sees and knows how mixed is the so-called English stock, and, manifold more, the American. It is even probable that at least one fourth of the twenty thousand or more of the people who came into New England before 1645 were Welsh, Irish, Scottish, or of Continental origin. Of this fact the true American, who is a real student of ethnology and racial traits, is proud.

In a word, the "Pilgrim Fathers" — that is, the Scrooby pioneers, the Leyden congregation, the Mayflower company, and the immigrants brought over in the later Pilgrim ships, to the Plymouth Colony — formed a true type of the

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people of the United States. Predominantly English, reinforced from the three other nations in the British Isles, and enlarged in their ideas as well as in their numbers from Continental Europe by men and women who were mostly of French and Netherlandish descent, they made the best sort of a mixed company, and prototypes of the true modern Americans.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PILGRIM INHERITANCE

The Separatist movement to Holland, aided powerfully—like the pebble which in the brook at its source diverts the course of the stream—to turn the current of English history.

This exile in a foreign land involved toil of both body and spirit. It was analogous to the labor of breaking up the century-matted soil of a prairie, but the plough was driven beam deep into the crusted, insular soil of English

conservatism.

The influence of Separatism, reinforced by Puritanism, made inevitable the civil war which, led by Cromwell and inspired by Milton, broke out a generation later. Without it England, long drifting to despotism, would have become as Spain or Germany. The Englishman, Arber, in saying that without that political thunderstorm the regeneration of British society and the constitution would have been impossible, voices what is now the conviction of a majority of English-speaking people. Green, the State Churchman and historian,

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proves that most of the moral forces that have made the England of our time—so vast a blessing to the world, so pleasant to dwell in, so rich in the motherhood of self-governing nations, and of which the American descendant is so proud—came from the Puritans; and of these the Pilgrims were the best and most consistent representatives.

The whole story, from first to last, of the Pilgrim spirit and polity, as against those of extreme Puritanism, showed that the Leyden and Plymouth men sought out, embodied consistently, and allowed to others a noble and unselfish individualism. This, when safeguarded and restrained by an enlightened conscience, is the most effective preventive of autocracy and despotism. Yet this spirit - at the antipodes of lawlessness, which declares that "property is robbery" - reaches its best expression in brotherhood. When thus blended, it resists alike the soulless corporation and the ultraegotistic ruler. No other principle has been so deeply inwrought into American life, or is vet so potent for local and national good, as this vital element in the Pilgrim polity. Over and over again has this been demonstrated, while it has won also the most generous acknowledgment in the world at large, especially since the

Great War and victory of 1918. "Under God the people live."

Some illustrations, arising out of personal experience, have made clearer the particular work given by Providence to the Separatists to do.

Theirs was the glacial age in English political and religious development. The Pilgrim movement was that flower ever blooming out of the human heart — the yearning after God - which survived darkness, gloom, and cold. The Pilgrim story reminds one of the little pink blossom of the Primula Mistassinica, now rarely found in the Empire State, and only on the shady side of the ravines and rocky sides of streams that were scooped out ages ago by the grinding ice mass. The story of this pre-glacial flower, the oldest in the Commonwealth, is one of vigor, tenacity, perseverance, antiquity, and beauty sempiternal. Labrador, in July, reveals vast areas of its pink glory. The more southern glens boast its beauty in May.

So America, even in time before the mother country, appreciated this superb product of her own soil, and entered into the full inheritance and blessing of the Pilgrim glory, with its ever-abiding fragrance. In this, our age, England is glad enough to recognize and ap-

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preciate what is peculiarly American and what lies at the roots of our national democracy,

while we are happy to reciprocate.

It is well also to study the Pilgrim inheritance, as visible in other parts of the United States, distant from the threshold rock. In the tenth generation, throwing the light of interpretation on both Dutch and English traits, I found this opportunity in a place where the successors of both Pilgrims and Holland forbears had long dwelt and intermarried. These strains of blood, equally interesting, showed some characteristics as distinctive as are the streams of Arve and Arveiron, in the land of the Swiss; but in the main, virtues and defects were balanced in each and both. In other neighborhoods also there seemed to be the noblest of rivalries without clash and of much emulation with little envy. Such a place of Indian name, in which I dwelt nine years, was Schenectady, where names famous in Pilgrim. Puritan, Walloon, Dutch, and Huguenot history, were as notable as their bearers were friendly and neighborly.

In Boston, which did not become a city until 1834, during seven joyous years, and at Ithaca, New York, which bears, in its speech and local peculiarities, the earmarks of the Midland and

Eastern English counties, I noted traits of character and peculiarities of speech which still linger in the three places. These enable one to interpret the life of our ancestors and to picture again to the imagination the "old lands our fathers held so dear."

Yet I find myself unable to award praise to one sort of American more than another—Easterner or Westerner, Northerner or Southerner, Yankee or cosmopolitan. In traveling through different parts of our country, ever with hearts and homes open to my enjoyment, it is a constant surprise to me that the people in one part of our country should, for any profound reason, think themselves any better than those in the other parts.

The conclusion arrived at was, rather, that the virtues and inheritances from the cosmopolitan Pilgrim pioneers and those like them in spirit had been widely disseminated. We Americans all, like the Separatists, have had to outgrow some of our less pleasing inherit-

ances.

In the three hundred years that have elapsed the various churches have learned much by experience under conditions different from those in the Old World, and even more from each other, to their mutual and general ad-

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vantage. What is manifestly true of the religious is equally and demonstrably true also in our social and political life. Because of the sisterhood of States the advantages of one section have or may become the blessing of the National Commonwealth.

The life course of the State and of civilization is like that of the human body, which is continually changing. Our physical organization casts out the old and incorporates new elements, so that the entire substance, in limbs and trunk, is renewed every five years. Before forty years have passed a man has used up the substance of eight bodies, while still in possession of the one body in which he lives.

In the study of history it is ever the duty of the student to learn what in the past is effete and out, and what is permanent, new, and in fresh vigor. It is like the difference between fact, which is something dead and done; and truth, which is ever living and eternal. No one has more clearly stated this law of life than Paul, the cosmopolitan Christian, who tells us that "though our outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day."

This principle of ever-renewing life explains also what is so often seen in history. A certain body of people starts out with grand ideas and

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noble principles; but after several generations they settle down into stupid unprogressiveness and even become reactionary. They are fossils, rather than living, and therefore growing, organisms. These same people keep the name, while the reality of the original spirit in the founders has passed away. Be it Buddhism or Christianity, or let the battle-cry, motto, or place of habitation be what it may, this is the law of decay. The springs dry up. They harden in mannerisms and barren tradition, but are dead. The Council of Nice stands for one specimen in the museum of history; and the Council of Trent for another. The petty sects, now dead, but once vigorously alive. suggest infusorial earth.

Renewal of life in religion as in society and government comes only from those in whom are the inner workings of aspiration after a higher life. Men that are acute enough to pierce the veil of their old traditional life, which to them is the rotting shroud of a dead past, would make progress and keep the race from stagnation; but in one way or another such men are usually sent by their fellows to join the glorious army of martyrs. Those who want things to continue as they are, men identified with vested interests, in love with their

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own mental indolence, or sodden in lust of lucre and steeped in worldly ambitions, use the name "heretic." They raise the cry of "crucify," preliminary to the action of Church and State when Caiaphas and Pilate join hands in planting the cross. From this spirit the Separatists suffered.

The Pilgrims took the risk, had their ideals tested, proved their threefold devotion at home, in a foreign land, and beyond the sea in the wilderness. They won a glory that centuries have not dimmed. It is ours to live up to those ideals.

Whatever be the faults and failings of the Pilgrims, when judged at the bar of history theirs was an honest, earnest attempt to apply the law of Christ to Church and State—the only true democracy. They survived the crucible and acid tests of persecution, both petty and grand, in banishment, poverty, hunger, loneliness, and ecclesiastical nagging. This spiritual valor, this human greatness, displayed by people in humble and lowly life, is surely equal to that of the mighty and famous. "All service ranks the same with God." The Pilgrim heroism has been, and will continue to be, the inspiration to art and literature, in ever fresh interpretations and in church- and state-

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craft in new applications. The creations of true genius "for glory and for beauty" will be to the enduring splendor of both the underlying facts and simple truth. The prophecy of Pastor Robinson will ever continue in course of glorious fulfillment.

Applying the prism of the Bible to analyze and discriminate the colors in the variant spectrum of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, it may be said that, while both were rich in Hebraic culture and spirit, the former were more like men of the Old Testament type, as Moses, Samuel, or Ezra; while the latter, perhaps more immediately familiar with the Scriptures of the New Covenant, remind one more of Paul, John, and James. Besides the ancient Hebraic cast of mind both were rich in the spiritual culture suited to the saints of the synagogue. Yet it is manifest, from both the higher and the lower criticism of their writings and a survey of their respective histories, that the Pilgrims, besides being the more assiduous students of the New rather than of the Old Testament, tried the more earnestly to embody its spirit and teaching in their dealings with men.

Very few of the infirmities and errors rightly ascribed to the Puritans, especially in the line

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of the witchcraft delusion and the persecutions of men and women of differing creeds and forms of faith, can be told of the Pilgrims. This is the case despite the fact that vulgar tradition makes little or no discrimination. It is true, even though speakers and writers, from whom we expect better things, are, on this theme, continually mixed in their rhetoric and afterdinner talks. We Americans are steadily rising as a people above the Puritans and entering into the nobler Pilgrim ideals.

Those who can find no intrinsic necessity or warrant of permanency from Jesus Christ for the artificial distinction between "lay" and "clerical" will behold in the whole Pilgrim story nothing disruptive or divisive, but rather a principle of sound construction. Hid in its three measures of meal the Pilgrim leaven has wrought mightily; not in a trio of countries only, but measurably in all the earth. Whether among the sixscore millions in the homelands of English speech or in the mission fields of six continents, the Pilgrim model of life and government is followed more or less closely.

The Pilgrim Church still lives in the eightyfive thousands of living descendants of the Pilgrim Company and in the hearts of all who are blessed with the children of the world's first

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great pilgrim, faithful Abraham. Between the two poles of independence and fellowship, poised upon the New Testament, the needle of her choice and duty swings tremblingly ever to her Lord and Master, Christ Jesus the revelation of the Father.

It behooves all not to sit idly at the fountains of the past, neither to glory in pedigree so much as in divine power freshly given day by day. To live up to the ideals of the fathers, to enter more fully into the true spirit of the originals, by having sound minds and bodies, and by feeding our spirits as they fed theirs — that is the true Pilgrim inheritance.

NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA.

CHRONOLOGICAL FRAMEWORK OF THE STORY OF A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE



CHRONOLOGICAL FRAMEWORK OF THE STORY OF A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE

A.D.

1165. The weavers of Worcester claim rights of conscience. Punished as heretics.

1270. William of Occam asserts the supremacy of the Scriptures.

1324-1384. John Wycliffe, the Lollards, and the Bible in English.

1380. Act passed for burning heretics in England.

1483-1540. Luther in Germany.

1484-1531. Zwinglius, Independent, in Switzerland. 1485-1603. House of Tudor, Henry VII to Elizabeth. 1487. Star Chamber established.

1491-1547. Henry VIII. 1541. "Defender of the Faith."

1503. Margaret tarried in Scrooby, on her way to marry James IV of Scotland.

1509-1564. Calvin in France and Switzerland.

1516. The Greek New Testament. Erasmus.

1521. The Anabaptist Movement. Champions of a free church in a free state. Democracy applied to religion.

1526. Tyndale's version of the Bible.

1528. First Protestant martyr burned in England.

1529. Fall of Wolsey.

1530. Spinning-wheel introduced from Germany.

1534. England breaks with Rome.

1540-1567. Guido de Bray and the Belgic Confession.

1549. First Prayer-Book in English.

1550-1633. Robert Browne, Reformer and Free Churchman. 1552. Flight of English Puritans to the Continent.

1553-1558. "Bloody Mary," Queen of England.

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- 1556-1644. William Brewster, Elder in the Plymouth Church.
- 1558-1603. Elizabeth, Queen of England, Defender of the Faith.
 - 1560. Geneva Version of the Bible. In constant use by the Pilgrims in their three homes.
 - 1564. Death of John Calvin. Shakespeare born. The Huguenots in Florida.
 - 1567. Flight of the Protestant Walloons and Flemings from Belgium.
 - 1567. Alva invades the Netherlands. Flight of the Walloons and Flemings to England and Holland. Mary, Queen of Scots, dethroned.
- 1571-1622. Henry Ainsworth, Pastor and Hebrew scholar.
- 1576-1625. John Robinson, Prophet and Leader.
 - 1577. William the Silent proclaims liberty of conscience. "Religion free for all men."
- 1579-1581. The Dutch Republic and Declaration of Independence. Religion, in the house, free for all.
 - 1582. At Middelburg, Robert Browne's book on "A Free Church in a Free State."
 - 1586. Six thousand British soldiers sent to aid the Dutch.
 - 1587. Mary, Queen of Scots, executed. Davison imprisoned. Brewster at Scrooby.
- 1587-1588. Little gatherings of Independents in London.
 - 1588. Martin Marprelate tracts.
 - 1589. Dordrecht a center of printing Free Church publications.
 - 1590. John Penry, martyr and first Pilgrim Father.
- 1590-1657. William Bradford, Historian of the Pilgrim Company and Governor of Plymouth Colony.
 - 1591. Francis Johnson, book-burner at Middelburg, converted.
 - 1592. First known Congregational Church formed in London.
 - 1593. Earliest modern Congregational Creed.
 - 1593. Martyrs of Independency.

- 1593-1595. Flight of the London Free Churchmen to Amsterdam.
 - 1597. Attempt to settle Rainea, in Newfoundland. Controversy in Amsterdam as to clothes.
 - 1602. The church at Gainsborough. The Covenant, heart of a Congregational Church.
- 1603-1625. James I of England.
 - 1604. Scrooby congregation formed. John Calvin, having displaced the sway of Augustine over the mind of Europe, trained the leaders of the Reformed Church, applied representative government to religion, and laid the ethical foundations of modern civilization, dies at Geneva.
- 1606-1669. Rembrandt, born at Leyden, the painter of Puritanism.
 - 1607. Flight of the Scrooby Church to Holland.
 - 1608. The year in Amsterdam Refugees and Separatist churches.
 - 1609. The Great Truce in the war with Spain. Henry Hudson, in the Half Moon, enters the Delaware and Hudson rivers. Robinson and the Scrooby company remove to Leyden. Growth and consolidation. Peace and prosperity.
 - 1612. "Pilgrim" Settlement. House in Leyden bought. New Netherland and New England receive their names.
- 1609–1619. Maurice and Barneveldt. Testing of the Dutch Republic. Secession and coercion. The Union triumphant. Federal government vindicated.
- 1616-1619. Brewster's printing-press in Bell Alley.
 - 1619. The Great Synod of Dort. Robinson champion of Calvinism.
 - 1620. Debate on emigration. The Mayflower leaves London, July 15. Sailing of the Speedwell, July 23. Arrival at Southampton, July 27. The Mayflower and Speedwell sail from Southampton, August 5. At Dartmouth, August 12-23. At Plymouth, August 28-September 6. Voyage

of the Mayflower, September 6-November 11. Exploration and adventure, November 27-December 20.

1621. The Common House, Fort, and Church. The Great Sickness. Return of the Mayflower. Standish appointed Captain. The ship Fortune arrives. Thirty-five immigrants.

1622. First marriage in the colony. The ships Charity

and Swan arrive with immigrants.

1623. The ships Ann and Little James arrive, with one hundred immigrants.

1624. Edward Winslow writes the book, "Good News from New England."

1625. First cattle imported.

1625-1649. Charles I of England.

- 1627. Isaac de Rasières visits Plymouth. Tells of wampum or Indian money. His picture of Pilgrim life. The Pilgrims are free. Attain economic independence.
- 1630. First capital punishment. The great Puritan immigration. Boston founded.

1635. Connecticut settled.

- 1637. Jepson dies. The Leyden real estate of the Pilgrims sold.
- 1638. First house of worship erected at Plymouth.
- 1642. Civil war in England. Emigration to America suspended.

1643. Brick watch tower at Plymouth.

1643-1684. The New England Confederation.

1649-1658. The English Commonwealth.

1650. Puritan notions in Church and State influence legislation and modify Pilgrim ideals.

1657. Bradford dies, having written the "Historie of Plimouth Plantation."

1658. Last traces of the Pilgrims in Leyden.

1660-1685. Charles II of England.

1664. Treacherous conquest of New Netherland.

1676. Second fort built, with palisades ten feet high.

- 1683. Second house of worship at Plymouth.
- 1685-1688. James II of England.
 - 1686. Cross and pine tree flag. Sir Edmund Andros arrives.
 - 1688. The English Revolution. King William III. The colonies north of New York made into one province.
- 1690-1850. New Plymouth, with seventeen towns and thirteen thousand people, ceases to exist. The story of the Pilgrims lost in that of the Puritans.
 - 1741. Plymouth Rock reidentified by Elder Thomas Faunce. First celebration at Plymouth in honor of the Pilgrim Fathers.
 - 1774. Bradford's manuscript disappears.
 - 1775. Plymouth Rock split in half, while removing the liberty pole, inscribed with "Liberty or Death." The upper portion remained in the town square until 1834, and separated for one hundred and five years.
 - 1799. First use of the phrase "The Pilgrim Fathers."
 - 1817. Edwin White's painting of the "Signing of the Compact."
 - 1819. Old Colony Pilgrim Society formed.
 - 1820. Daniel Webster's famous oration on the Pilgrims.
 - 1823. Leyden Street: original name First; later Broad; renamed at Plymouth, Massachusetts.
 - 1824. Pilgrim Hall erected at Plymouth, Massachusetts, by the Pilgrim Society.
 - 1834. The upper part of Plymouth Rock again removed to an enclosed spot near Pilgrim Hall. Painting of "The Landing of the Pilgrims," by Henry Sargent, of Boston.
 - 1845. Charles West Cope's fresco painting in the corridor of the House of Parliament, first entitled "A Puritan Family Embarking for America." Several years later, after repeated protests, the

title was changed to "Embarkation of the Pil-

grim Fathers in the Mayflower."

1845. Robert W. Weir's painting of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers," at Delfshaven, in the Rotunda at Washington.

1848. Dr. C. N. Kist, of Leyden, recovers the names

of the Pilgrims in the Dutch archives.

1853. W. H. Bartlett, English artist, writes the book "The Pilgrim Fathers."

1855-1856. Bradford's manuscript found at Fulham Library. Printed.

1850. Corner-stone of the National Monument at

Plymouth laid.

1860. Schwartze's historic painting of "The First Sabbath of the Pilgrims at Plymouth."

1865-1904. George H. Boughton's interpretive pictures of Pilgrim life.

1872. Charles Lucy's painting, "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," in the new State House in Boston.

- 1880. The two separated parts of Plymouth Rock reunited in its old place of 1620. Granite canopy erected.
- 1885. Statue of the Pilgrim, by J. Q. Adams Ward, Central Park, New York.

1889. The National Monument at Plymouth in honor of the Pilgrims completed and dedicated.

1801. "International Council of the Congregational Churches of the World" held in London. Bronze tablet in honor of John Robinson unveiled at Levden. Memorial windows and commemorative exercises in the Town Hall and granite slab in honor of the Pilgrims set in the Barbican, at Plymouth, England.

1897. Bradford's manuscript received in Boston.

1898. Two bas-reliefs in honor of the Pilgrims on façade of the Congregational House in Boston.

1902. The International Social Club, "The Pilgrims," formed in England.

- 1904. The General Society of the Mayflower Descendants formed, with the periodical "The Mayflower Descendant."
- 1906. Bronze tablet in honor of the Pilgrims unveiled at Delfshaven.
- 1907. Corner-stone of Memorial Tower at Province-town, Massachusetts, laid.
- 1909. Bronze tablet in honor of the Pilgrims unveiled at Amsterdam. John Robinson Memorial Church dedicated at Gainsborough, England.
- 1910. Memorial Tower at Provincetown, Massachusetts, dedicated.
- 1913. Bronze tablet in honor of Robert Browne and the Separatists unveiled at Middelburg. Memorial shaft and effigy of the Mayflower unveiled at Southampton, England. Sumptuous annotated edition of Bradford's "Historie" issued by the Massachusetts Historical Society.
- 1919. International Memorial at Geneva, one panel depicting "The Compact." Arrival at Plymouth, England, near the spot whence the Mayflower sailed, of the American aeroplane, N.C.-4. Committees formed in several countries for celebration in England, Holland, America, and colonies, of the tercentenary anniversary of the Pilgrims' landing at Plymouth.



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